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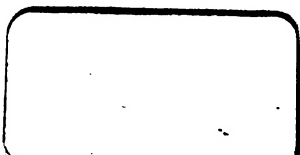
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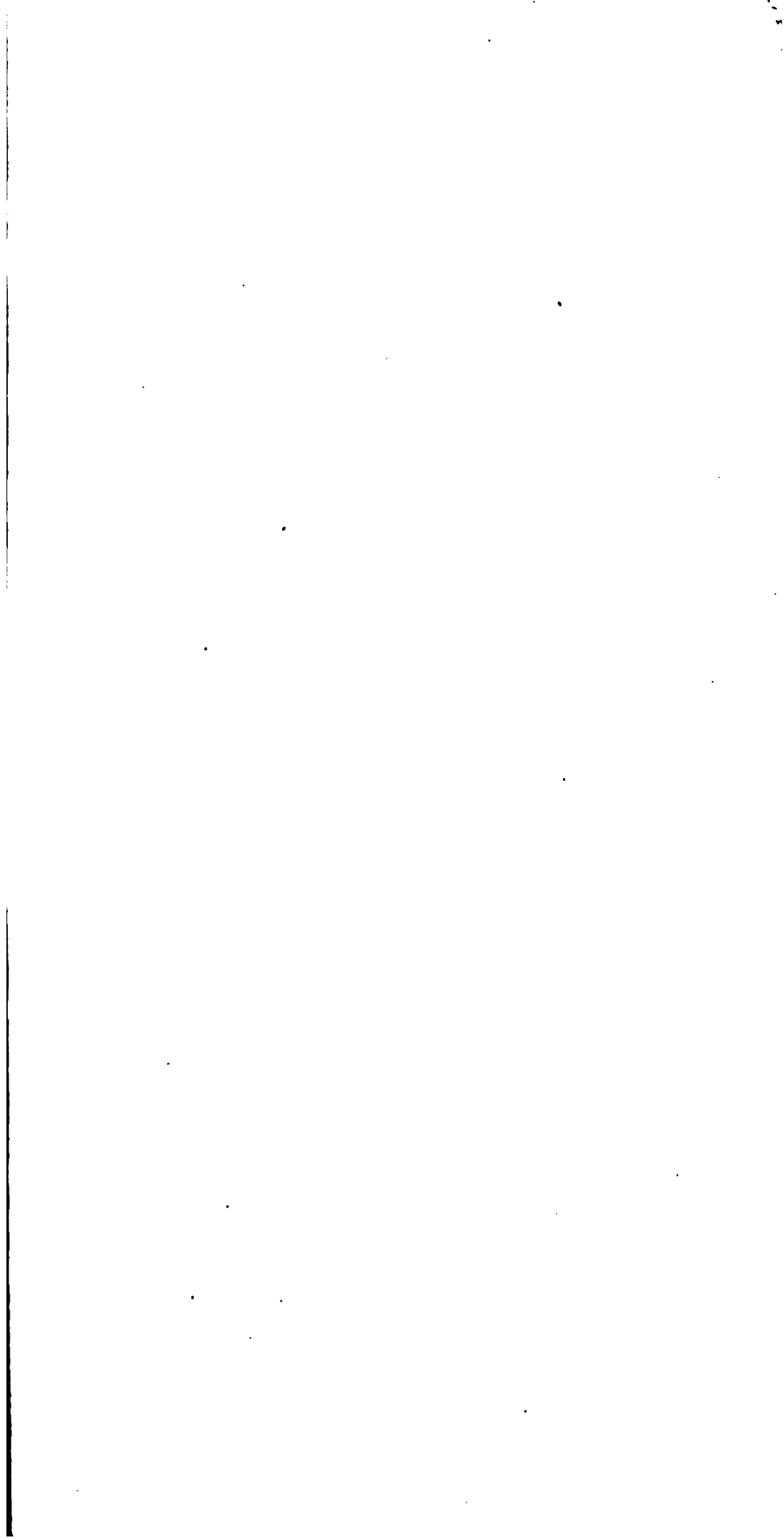
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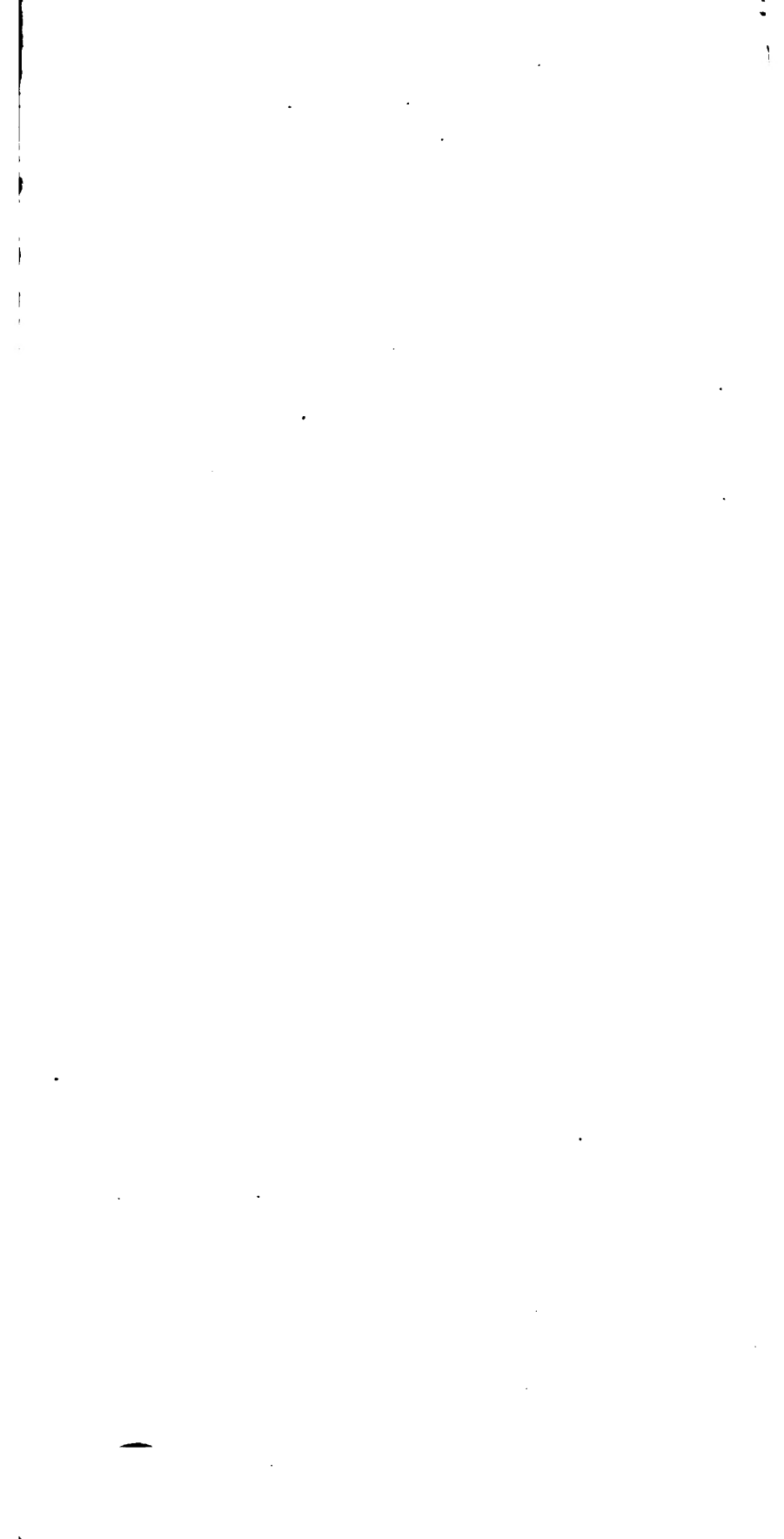
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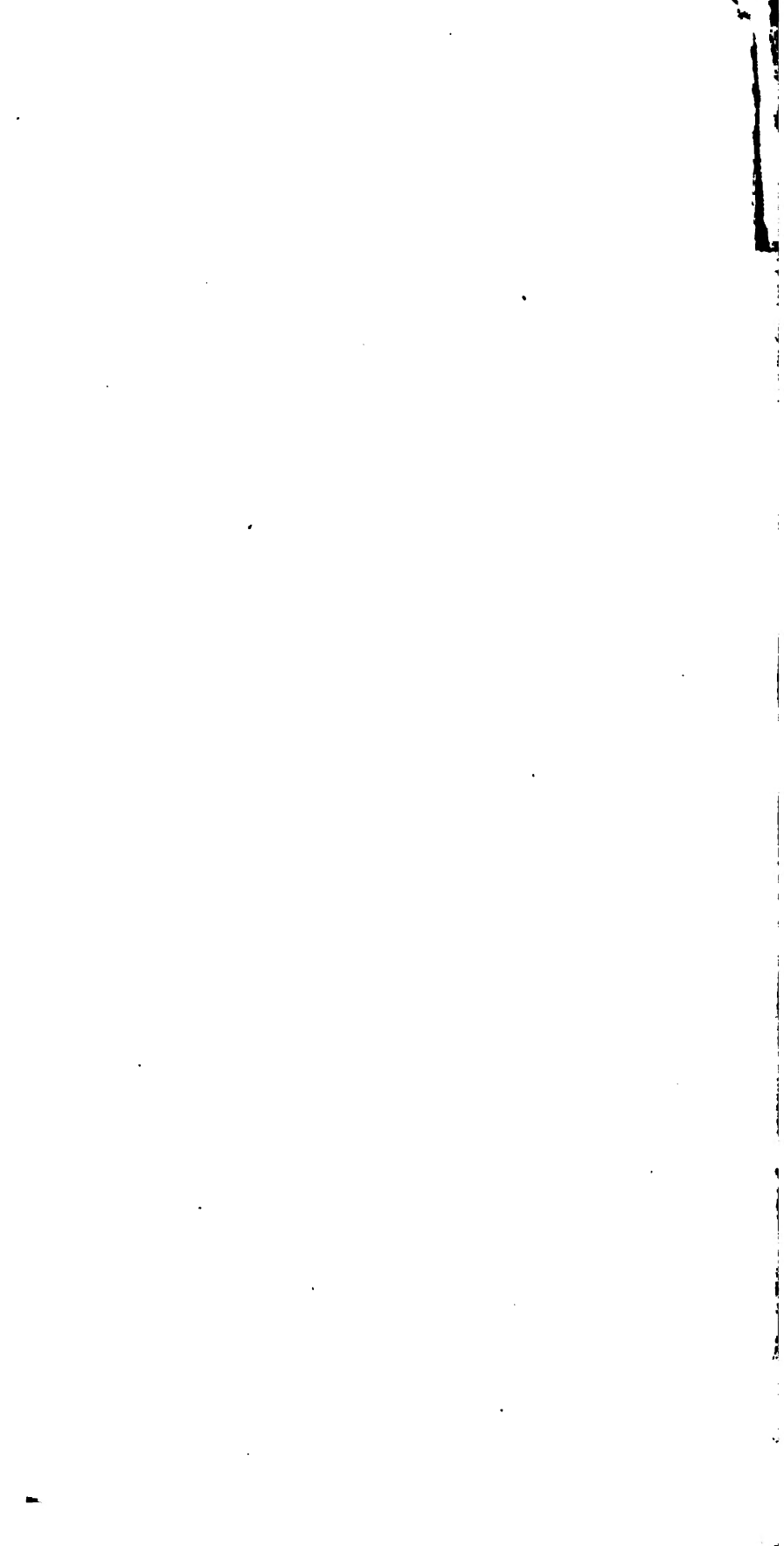
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THE



BACHELOR OF ARTS

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE
DEVOTED TO UNIVERSITY INTERESTS
AND GENERAL LITERATURE



VOL. II

No. 1

DECEMBER, 1895

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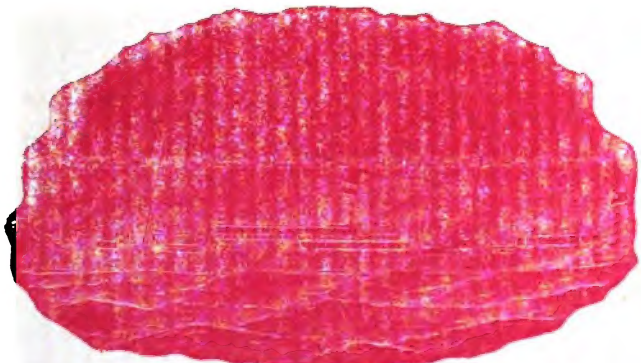
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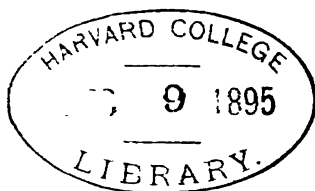
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THE BACHELOR OF ARTS

VOLUME II. *December, 1895.* NUMBER 1.

THE CHRISTMAS BELL.

The little country parish of Lande-Fleurie had an old bell and an old *cure*.

The old bell was so cracked that when it was rung it produced a sound which resembled an old woman's cough more than anything else in the world. It saddened one to hear it, and sent the spirits of the laborers and shepherds in the fields down away below zero.

The *cure*, *l'abbé* Corentin, was sound and hearty, in spite of his seventy-five years. He had borne the storms of time better than the bell. His face was as pure and simple as that of a child. It was also as fresh, and pink, and blooming, and would have caused the envy of any city-bred dame of high degree. His hair was white and silken. He was adored by his flock, by whom he was justly esteemed for his good heart and charity.

As the time approached for the *abbé* to celebrate the fortieth Christmas festival of his charge, his parishioners resolved to offer him a present of considerable value, to mark, in a becoming manner, their esteem and reverence, and to make the Christmas, that year, memorable.

The three churchwardens went quietly from

house to house, and when they had made an end of collecting, went to the old *cure*, handed him the money, and begged him to take it and buy a new bell therewith in the neighboring town, and have it ready for Christmas Day.

"My children," said the worthy old *abbe*, "my dear children . . . it is evidently the good God, who has . . . so to say, in some way . . . done this. . . ."

More he could not say, for his voice was broken by emotion, and he murmured to himself softly :

"Nunc dimittis servum tuum, Domine, secundum verbum tuum, in pace."

Early on the following morning the *abbe* set out for the town where he was to buy the bell. He had to go on foot for two leagues—that is to say, to the town of Pont-l'Archeveque, the principal town of the province, where he was to take the diligence.

It was a beautiful, warm, sunny day—the birds and plants alike seemed to enjoy the pleasures of that brief summer prelude to winter.

And the good old *abbe*, whose ears were already full of the ringing of the bell which he was going to buy, walked gayly along, like St. Francis of Assissi, partaking of the blithe gaiety of Nature, and the rare tonic of the fine air.

As he neared Rosy-les-Roses he noticed on the side of the road a troupe of strolling players who had unharnessed their horses. At a short distance from the wagon an old dead horse was lying on its flank. Above his poor carcass the crows from the surrounding hills were already flying.

The owners, an old man and an old woman,

were sitting on the edge of the ditch bitterly lamenting the loss of their horse. They were gypsy players, and were clad in the ragged finery of the stage—so ragged that the shreds would scarcely hold together.

A beautiful girl of about fifteen years of age ran out suddenly from the ditch, and, hastening toward *abbe* Corentin, held out her hands toward him, crying: "Charity, *monsieur le cure*, charity, please. *Pitie—pitié—nous avons desespoir . . .*"

Her voice was a singular mixture of sweetness and hoarseness, and her words were modulated like a gipsy's song. The poor child, whose skin was the color of snow, was very scantily clad in the dirtiest possible garments; but her eyes were large and lustrous and her lips red like ripe cherries; her arms were tattooed with flowers, and a ring of copper encircled her raven-black hair, which was arranged fan-fashion on each side of the head, as one sees it in the ancient Egyptian pictures. She was an exquisite picture—a charming little Carmen!

The *abbe* slackened his pace and drew from his porte-monnaie a small piece, two sous, but, as he noticed the beautiful eyes of the child, he stopped and began to question her.

"Tell me your troubles, *ma pauvre petite*," he said.

"My brother," she explained, "is in prison. Some knave said that he stole some fowls. It was he who found food for us; so now he's gone we have had nothing to eat for two days. But it is nothing . . . We can but die once."

The *abbe* put the two sous back in his purse and took out a silver coin.

The girl continued : " I can do some dancing and some juggling and *ma belle mere* can tell fortunes. But neither of us can earn anything now the villagers are afraid of us and won't have anything to do with us. The fact is, we look too neglected and miserable ; so we are despised in every town and village we enter ; and now that our horse is dead, what shall we do ? What will become of us ? *Helas ! Helas !* We will lie down and die."

" But," demanded the *abbe*, " cannot you look for some work in the country ? The crops——"

" The country folks are afraid of us and pelt us with stones. Besides, we have never learned to work. If we had a horse and some money for clothes we might make a living in our own way of business. But now there is nothing for us but to die. *Helas ! Helas !*"

The *abbe* put the silver coin back into his portemonnaie and took out in his hand a gold coin which he did not show.

" Do you love the good God ?" he asked solemnly.

" I shall love Him if He comes to our aid," replied the girl cautiously.

The *abbe* felt the weight of the money which his parishioners had given him for the bell. It seemed like a dead weight at his girdle. What was a bell—to this destitution—to this misery ?

The beggar girl riveted the *abbe* Corentin with her fascinating eyes. They were very strange—and beautiful.

" Are you a good girl ?" he queried, meaning a virtuous.

" *Good ?*" echoed the gipsy with astonish-

ment, not comprehending the drift of the *abbé's* question. "Good? Why—of course—*cela va sans dire.*"

"Say then to me, my poor girl, 'My God, I love thee—I will praise thee, oh God, forever!'"

The girl's eyes filled with tears, and she remained silent. The *abbé* had unbuttoned his cassock and was getting the bag of money, when the gipsy snatched and caught it quickly and said:

"*Monsieur le cure*, I love you! For you are no less than the good God yourself!"

And she ran joyously with the gold to the old couple who were sitting on the edge of the ditch, mourning for their dead horse.

Abbe Corentin stood a moment looking, then continued on his way toward Rosy-les-Roses, thinking of the wretchedness which it pleased God to allow many of his people to live in, and praying the Almighty to enlighten the mental and spiritual darkness of the gipsy, who evidently had no religious feelings, and had possibly not even been baptised.

Suddenly it occurred to him that as he had no money and could not get the bell, it was not worth the trouble of going on to Rosy-les-Roses, and so the *abbé* retraced his steps.

For the first time he began to doubt the wisdom of what he had done, and asked himself how he could have acted so injudiciously as to give a large sum of money—which did not belong to him—to strolling players.

He hastened his steps, hoping to see the gypsies again. But on the roadside he found nothing but the carcass of the horse and the broken-down wagon. The strollers had utterly disappeared.

He reflected upon what he had done. Without doubt he had sinned grievously—he had abused the confidence of his parishoners, had misused money which had been intrusted to his keeping—he had, in fact, committed a theft! There would be no Christmas Bell!

He thought with terror of the consequences of his crime. How could he hide it? How was it possible to make restitution? How and where would he be able to find a hundred crowns? And how would he in the meantime be able to answer those who should question him? What satisfactory explanation could he give of his conduct? How ridiculous it was!

The sky grew gloomy, the green of the trees on the horizon seemed to turn a deep gray and large drops of rain began to fall. The *abbe* was overwhelmed by the dreariness of creation.

Fortunately, he was able to slip back unnoticed into the presbytery and hide himself in his study.

“You back already, *monsieur le cure*?” demanded his maidservant, an old scholastique. You haven’t been to Pont Archeveque, then? heh?”

The *abbe* told a lie:

“I missed the diligence at Rosy-les-Roses. . . . I will go another day. . . . But, listen, don’t tell anybody that I am back.”

On the following day he did not say mass. He remained shut up in his room, poor soul, not daring even to take a stroll in his orchard.

But the day after a parishioner came to seek him to administer the extreme unction to a dying man at Clos-Mossu.

"*Monsieur le cure* is not back yet," said the housekeeper.

"You are mistaken; here I am," said *abbe* Corentin, coming forward.

While returning from Clos-Mossu the *abbe* encountered one of his most pious parishioners, who asked :

"Well, good father, had you a pleasant journey?"

The *abbe* told a lie for the second time :

"Oh, charming! charming! I was pleased to have the little change——"

"And the bell?—is it all right? Does it sound well?"

Again the *abbe* told a lie. In fact, it was getting impossible to count them now—the lies!

"O magnificent, simply! It sounds like silver. The tone is exquisite. When you give just one stroke it goes on sounding so long that you think it is never going to end—it is like a nocturne of Chopin—it tells you so much——"

"When shall we see it—surely by Christmas Day?"

"Very soon, my dear friend, very soon. But first of all there is some engraving to be done, you know—the baptismal name, the names of the god-father and god-mother, and a few texts of Scripture; and that will take a little time, you see."

"Scholastique," said the *abbe*, when he reached home, "if I sold my armchair, clock and cupboard, how much do you think I could get for them—could I raise a hundred crowns?"

"You wouldn't get more than three pistoles ;

for, with all respect, all your furniture together isn't worth four sous."

"Scholastique," responded *abbe* Corentin, dismally, "I will not eat any more meat. It doesn't agree with me."

"*Monsieur le cure*," replied the old servant, "all this is not natural, and I am sure there is something behind all of it. Since the day that you went to go to Pont-l'Archeveque there has been something strange. What has happened? You have not been the same——"

She plied him, good woman, relentlessly with questions, so that he ended by confessing all to her.

"That doesn't astonish me at all," she said, when he had finished his story, "your soft heart will be the ruin of you yet. But don't let that disturb you any more, *Monsieur le cure*. I'll explain the state of affairs and will get the hundred crowns together for you, never fear—bless your dear old heart!"

Scholastique invented all sorts of stories, which she retailed to every comer—the bell had been cracked in packing it, and it had been necessary to cast another. When the new one had been cast the idea had entered the *cure's* head to send it to Rome so as to get it blessed by the Pope, and, of course, it was a long way to Rome, and the ceremony took some considerable time, too.

The *abbe* let her talk, and became more and more miserable. For not only was he responsible for the sins which he had himself committed, in connection with the affair, but he was also to blame for the lies that Scholastique was telling on his behalf, and the load of sin assumed colossal dimensions. Pray day and

night as he would, he bent under the burden, and gradually the paleness of terror spread over his emaciated cheeks, which were formerly as fresh and ruddy as a child's.

The inhabitants of Lande-Fleurie were astonished at such a long delay. All kinds of rumors began to spread. The blacksmith said that on the day the *abbé* was supposed to have gone to Pont-l'Archeveque, he himself had seen their spiritual leader in the company of a gay woman of suspicious character at Rosy-les-Roses, "and," he added, "that's how the money has gone—take my word for it."

A strong party was formed against poor *abbé* Corentin. When he walked down the street there were some who did not cap to him, and he even heard, occasionally, murmurs of hostility. The poor old man was overwhelmed with remorse, and thought that all the guilt rested on his shoulders. But, much as he was cast down, he felt that he was not thoroughly repentant for his sins.

He felt that although he had acted very imprudently in the matter of the gypsy, and had given rashly the money which belonged to others, nevertheless he had acted on the spur of the moment, and that it was not in any case a sin of *deliberate* commission. His extravagant and unreasoning charity might have been, he persuaded himself, a very message from God to the poor benighted soul. And through all he saw the big dark eyes of the exquisite little gypsy, mournful and bathed in tears. . . .

But as Christmas approached the anguish of his conscience became greater and greater. His crime seemed to grow, so that one day, after resting an unusually long time in prayer,

he resolved to get rid of his sin by confessing it publicly before his flock. Ah, yes—it was his duty. He would confess it all; publicly, on Christmas Day!

All the cold, sweet night before Christmas he spent in a long vigil beneath the white moonlight. He saw a vision, and a spirit strangely beautiful, and looking exactly like the gypsy child, came to him as he remained on his knees. "Peace!" it said. "Charity shall cover a multitude of sins" (St. Peter, 4, 8.)

He ate no breakfast, but remained in prayer until the good old Scholastique came to him and told him it was Christmas morning, and time for service.

He made his way to the church, and read the lesson. The church was filled with flowers, and crowded with people.

As he ascended the pulpit stairs he was pale and almost paralyzed with emotion, but he displayed the firm heroism of the martyrs of old. He commenced:

"My dear brethren, my dear friends, my dear children, I have a confession to make to you. . . ." Then he paused and prayed to God for strength.

At that moment the clear tone of a bell came from the belfry—sweet, clear, and musical as silver. The old church was full of the sound, which lingered in sweet music as if loth to die away. Every head turned at once, and an astonished whisper broke simultaneously from all present:

"The new Christmas bell! the new bell! the new bell—at last!"

Was it a miracle? Had a bell been sent

from heaven to save the honor of the good, kind and charitable old priest?

Or had the good scholastique been to the rich American ladies, who lived this winter in that pretty old *chateau* only three leagues from Lande-Fleurie, and were said to be as rich as they were charitable—and had the ladies prepared the pleasant Christmas surprise for him?

I think the second explanation would be perhaps less difficult to grasp than the first!

However that may be, the inhabitants of Lande-Fleurie never knew what old *abbe* Corentin had had to confess to them. The new Christmas bell was sweet and beautiful to him on the evening air as a nocturne of Chopin.

Adapted from Lemaitre by J. Matthewman.

THE HOLLY LEAF.

Though ruddy ways with rime are frore,
And bitter days are brief,
No hint of wintry change comes o'er
The gleaming holly leaf.

As changeless as the leaf in hue,
With all its vernal sheen,
Doth love deep in my heart for you
Keep its perennial green.

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

A CHRISTMAS SNOWSCAPE.

Christmas bells are ringing
On the frosty air ;
Christmas music's flowing
Through the woodland bare.

From the hazy cloud-land
Drift the snowflake stars
Through the ashen sumachs,
Through the pasture bars.

All the prospect's sculptured,
While the wind at play
Garlands shrub and gate-post
Down the meadow way.

Now the storm has vanished
And the sunbeam glows
Till each crystal sparkles
Violet and rose.

And the Christmas sparrow
Makes the glad air ring,
Dreaming all the snowdrifts
Flower banks of spring.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

DICK'S CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

I.

Charley Dickson, or "Dick," as he was commonly called, sat at one of the neat little desks devoted to pen and ink and note paper in the Athletic Club. It was quite late—nearly one A.M.—and very few were left playing billiards or sitting at the little drinking tables. Dick was a well-built, handsome fellow and had given a good account of himself in college on his football team. He had come down to New York with a great many introductions, and had been, for three years, somewhat conspicuous in society. He was a favorite with the ladies, a good dancer, always jolly and companionable, and possessed of the rarest good health. He had been fortunate in securing a good position with a fair salary in one of the large insurance companies downtown. The salary had been sufficient until Dick began to get more or less into "the swim." Money flies in New York even if one merely sits still. As someone has aptly said, it always costs each year five hundred dollars more than one's income to live in the glorious metropolis! Dick found that his clothes and living at the club, with a little dinner party now and then, and the theaters, and his boxing and fencing, took a good deal more than his salary. He hated to call on his father for money—but he was obliged to do so more than once. It always brought a long reproving letter from his "governor," who was a strict, old-fashioned lawyer in a small New England town.

Dick felt in conscience bound to *read* these long paternal letters, if he did not apply them. It was the penance he paid for the check he received. But when he had dutifully read them—for he was really very fond of his dear old “governor”—his natural jollity asserted itself again, and he fell to thinking of the many things the check would buy. For example, he “needed” a Tuxedo dress coat. He “needed” a dozen new shirts. There was his bill for dues at the club to pay. How fast the money went, to be sure!

It got to be December 22d, and a raw, gusty, disagreeable day it was. Dick, who had been out to a theater party, dropped into the club on his way home, to write up to Massachusetts that he didn't see how he could *possibly* go up to Bleakfield for the Christmas holidays that year. He was needed at the office, “work was pressing,” etc. The fact was, Dick was “strapped.” He had lost \$50 the night before at the pleasant but seductive game of poker at Tom Hodge's rooms, and now, as he sent off the letter, he contemplated a lonely holiday week of it, with gloomy forebodings. To be sure, there was the Grantley's ball and the dancing class, and a theater party Christmas week; but he loved to go home to his family in the snowy country these holiday times. He had never before missed a Christmas at home!

He sat at the writing table at the club, conning his letter to his father, and, feeling too depressed to continue, summoned a waiter and ordered a stiff brandy and soda. What would the Governor say? What would his mother say, and his two sisters? He found he had

not actually enough money to buy them a present! His salary wasn't due till January 1—but he had drawn on *that* to the full already! He never had been so hard up before in his life!

The "B. & S." gave him a temporary resolution, and he signed, sealed the letter and mailed it to Bleakfield, and then walked home to his boarding house, feeling that it was a dreary thing he was doing at this "jolliest" season of the year. He was "strapped," "busted," "done up." He owed money. He had not been very fast or wild, but he had got in the habit of spending money foolishly. He sent flowers, for instance, twice a week to Miss Nellie Windham until the flower man positively refused to charge up another bouquet. He rode about in hansom cabs and coupes instead of street cars. He was always ready for a rarebit at Del.'s or the club after the theater. What young, happy and healthy New Yorker isn't up to all these little extravagances?

When he let himself into his boarding house he found in his room two large boxes and a small one, carefully wrapped and having a decidedly Christmassy air about them.

"Oh dear!" he groaned. "Who in the name of mischief has gone and sent me a present? Now, I've got to return them, I suppose!—and how can I?"

He unwrapped the boxes with a melancholy despair. In one was a handsome pair of boxing gloves from his friend Hinckley, costing at least \$10; in the other was a set of studs and sleeve buttons, marked "Toofunny," and costing at least \$20 more. He didn't need the boxing gloves—he had recently bought a set—

and the sleeve buttons were very similar to those he had already had. He looked at the card of the girl who sent them :

Miss Sara Peyton,

11,401 Delaware Ave.,

Buffalo, N. Y.

On the back of the card was written :
" With Merry Christmas. I shall be at Aunt Grantley's during the holidays."

He had a momentary fleeting sense of gratitude to the pretty and, what is better, wealthy Sara Peyton, with whom he had had a " desperate " flirtation at Bar Harbor the previous summer ; but it ended in the reflection that, doubtless, he would be expected to " do the agreeable " in the way of flowers and theaters for Sara when she arrived in the city, and where, pray, was the money to come from ? She was a stunningly handsome, nice girl, of course, and he liked her very much—for a *summer*. As a winter girl he had had no experience with Sara Peyton whatever. But alas, her coming meant money ! Should he bolt the town ? Where could he go for the seven days from " Merry " Christmas to " Happy " New Year's ? Hoboken, Brooklyn, or where ?

In the third (and largest) box some friend had sent a handsomely mounted deer's head and antlers—(he knew the taxidermist's bill alone could not be less than twenty-five

dollars). He went to bed feeling just as if he had foolishly purchased the jewelry, the boxing-gloves and the antlers, and would have to pay for them on the morrow, when the bills came in!

All night he tossed about in bed with the most restless dreams. He thought he saw his family seated at their Christmas dinner, and over the back of his vacant chair was a dismal floral "tribute," "*Gone, but not Forgotten!*" Everyone at table spoke of him as dead and buried! He woke up only to fall into a more hideous nightmare;—he fancied he was standing up before the altar and being solemnly married to the eldest Miss Grantley, who was famous for her shelving front teeth, sloping forehead and retreating chin! He was awakened in the morning by the maid, who informed him that there was a messenger boy waiting with a bundle for him in the hall below.

"I guess it's a Christmas present!" said faithful Bridget, grinning.

Poor Dick groaned. He had the boy sent up, and with him came a beautifully-worked pair of slippers, "from his cousin, Cornelia Hadley." So Neelie had remembered him too? The little note said she sent them early, so that he could take them home to Bleakfield and wear them before the old family fireplace when he smoked his pipe. He knew Neelie would expect a nice little "Toofunny" present in return for the pretty slippers, and he resolved to stop on the way downtown and see if "Toofunny" would trust him "for a few days." The thought cheered him as he dressed and ate his breakfast. He could buy a dozen silver knick-knacks and send them about

in neat little "Toofunny" boxes. Everyone would be satisfied. They needn't cost much—a dollar or two—and when "Toofunny" sent his bill in—why—he would ask them to kindly postpone it a while. He thought, too, that he could see Jackson meanwhile (who borrowed a fifty from him last summer), and dun him for the "mon." Of course Jackson would feel bound to return it by this time. He started downtown to his office that cold, crisp December twenty-third, with a light heart. He would pull through somehow or other.

But unfortunately "Toofunny" ungenerously refused to part with any of his cunning little trinkets except for actual hard cash, and Jackson, whom he accidentally met at lunch, intercepted *his* request by asking for a further loan himself! He appeared very much provoked when Dick refused. "Did I not borrow that fifty all right?" he asked, with a show of virtuous indignation.

"Yes, Jack,—but I'm strapped, and I want the money—"

"Well,—it's no time to dun a fellow at Christmas-time," and Jackson bade him good day curtly, and turned on his heel.

Dick knew he had made an enemy, for thus it is that a "loan oft loses itself and friend."

That afternoon at the office there came in a few more Christmas presents by mail. One, a valuable book from an old classmate at Harvare. Another, a handsome silver-handled stick from one of the men in the office. It was expected that on the morrow he would start for his home in Massachusetts, and so the presents began to tumble in upon him thick and fast for two days before the 25th.

Poor Dick was overburdened and overpowered by his Christmas presents. His abject despair was heartrending as, on his return to his boarding-house uptown that night, he found his table stacked with presents from all the plutocratic Bakers, his cousins, young and old!—seven presents—to be returned at once in kind!

Aunt Susan Baker—his mother's sister—lived in a very fine house on Madison avenue, was possessed of a wealthy husband and five leggy children of assorted sizes. They never invited him there to any *especial* dinner or party, but gave him one of those general, indefinite invitations "to drop in and dine at any time." The result was he never went to Aunt Baker's, except on rare Sundays. He thought at first that his aunt might have shown him a little more attention. The Baker cousins had always spent a few weeks of their summers very cheaply, at Bleakfield, but it was never suggested that Dick's sisters, or Dick himself, should be entertained in the grand house on Madison avenue. Dick's father and mother were full of a high, sensitive New England pride, and if they came to New York, always, of course, stopped at a hotel. Like many striving-to-be-fashionable New York people, the Bakers saw no reason to cultivate their country cousins, and regarded the visiting in Bleakfield as a pure act of kindness on their part and not returnable in kind. There was but one way to "pay those Dicksons off," they said,—"by Christmas presents." Each Baker, young or old, gave each Dickson an expensive present, each year. Dick's sisters responded in worsted work, drawn work and prettily

tin roof of a neighboring empty house. He sat up and rubbed his eyes. The clock said two o'clock. It was Christmas!—and—and—

"Are you Santa Claus?" he asked of a strange, dark-looking figure of a man half covered with snow, who pushed up the sash and leaped into the room.

"Santy Claws? Not much!" said the man in a low, husky voice. "Say, young feller, I'm after them there ornymints—see? (pointing to Dick's presents set out on a table). Now, is't to be aisy, or is't to be this ere persuader?"

At the instant the intruder whipped out a bulldog revolver and leveled it at Dick's head "I need a few Christmas presents—see? and them silver ornymints seem A1—fust class! I want 'em in me bag—see? I ain't got no frens fer to give me nuthin', so I helps myself. So is't to be aisy?"

"Oh—you're *not* Santa Claus—I'm awake and—you are a burglar!" said Dick rising. "Yes, a burglar!"

"Right you are, pard, I'm in the per-fesh—"

"Well—I'm glad for one thing," laughed Dick, "you're not Santa Claus with any *more* presents!"

"Naw—you've got too many, see? I ain't got none, pard. S'help me! No one takes pity on me—a fren'less orfing!"

"Well," said Dick, "I'll take pity on you. I won't collar you and drag you down stairs, if you'll *get out—at once!*"

"Go easy, pard—so it's fight?"

Dick had not trained on his college football team on the rush line for nothing. Quick as a flash he knocked the pistol out of the burglar's

hand. Then biff! bim! biff! The fellow did not know how to use his dukes! An upper cut—he lay stunned on the floor, half senseless.

Dick looked down with pity on him. "I need not have hit him that *last* one," he reflected regretfully.

At first he thought of rousing the whole boarding house—then he remembered how it would frighten some of the delicate young women and children in it, and desisted. The fellow would come to in a minute and then he would mercifully pack him off the way he came in and say nothing about it.

"What a fool to think he could best me!" thought Dick, compassionately, "and what a queer east side specimen it is!"

"Giv' us a drink, Capt'n, I say!" gasped the burglar, lifting his head a little. "You done me up. I trow up de sponge. I ain't in it wid you. Lord! what 'av I struck?—a haricane?"

Dick laughed. He went to his closet and brought out a bottle half full of whisky. He poured out a liberal supply in a glass and gave it to the fellow, who swigged it off with an amusing alertness.

"Say, Cap, 'ere's awishin' yer a merry Christmas! That's good," he said. "Now, what are ye goin' to do wid me? I want to know, fer I've got frens ter visit. See?"

"Get up and get out," replied Dick as he lit his pipe. "I've decided not to prosecute."

The burglar rose slowly. "Do I git me gun back?" he asked with a solemn leer.

"No," said Dick; "that's another Christ-

mas present from you to me, see? It isn't proper to take back a Christmas present!"

The burglar sidled over to the open window. He was the oddest, dwarfishest, owlishest east-sider Dick had ever seen. He had a large dustman's bag with him, into which, until he met with such unexpected opposition, he had contemplated placing the many new "orny-mints" scattered over Dick's table and about the room.

"An' am I agoin' out into de cold night winds wid me head sore and widout me kit full? Oh, dis is terrible!—an' Christmas time, too. Howly Moses!"

Dick cocked his feet up on the table amused. "It is hard," he laughed. "The way of the transgressor is always hard! But you ought to be thankful I haven't called in the police!"

The burglar glanced furtively at the table loaded with presents.

"Say, Cap, are you dead agin gettin' presents? Say—I'll buy 'em off ye—dere bargains!"

"What d'ye mean, you rascal?"

"Say, Cap, me an' me pard sold a hoss to-day, an' here's de greens. (Holding up a roll of bills.) Yes, a hull fifty, Cap. Say, I'll buy 'em off ye!"

Dick looked over the many useless and expensive presents the Bakers had sent him. He was not averse to a sale of some of them. He thought of his dear old home in Massachusetts. It seemed a perfectly fair method of raising the wind—a plan he had not considered before. "Bowery Mike" (as the burglar stated his name to be) had suggested it.

"Why, Cap," said Bowery Mike, "you've

got too much swag here. You haint got no use fer it all, see?"

"True," said Dick. "More things than I want."

"I'll give you fair prices—an' trade fair. I ken sell 'em an' make a turn dis holiday week, see?"

Both now entered with spirit into the trade; presently the Bakers' presents and several beside were carefully deposited in "Bowery Mike's" dust bag, and Dick, not without a certain guilty feeling, counted over the fifty dollars and found the money was not counterfeit. "Bowery Mike," loading his swag on his shoulder, turned to go.

"Now," said Dick, thinking aloud, "I'll say a burglar got away with these things, if they ask me."

"Give me a good half hour, Cap, an' I don't care what ye say, see?"

"You can have till morning!"

"Say, Cap—that's fair; an' . . ."

"Well, what?"

"Any old clo's, Cap'n. A pair of shoes, say? It's Christmas, Cap."

"So it is," said Dick, going to his closet. "Here's an old suit for you, Mike, and here's some old shoes. Stop! Here's my last year's spring beaver."

"It's a fine fit! See?" and Mike pulled the London Bond street tile way down over his ears, laughing. "Well, it's many thanks to yez, Cap—an' it's merry Christmas! So long!" He turned to go.

"Stop, Mike!" cried Dick, seized now with a desire to do the square thing by the burglar, who had taken such a load of undesirable

presents off his hands. "Here's a shirt, a collar, a necktie and a pair of socks. Put them on now and look like a gentleman, give up this burglarizing business, settle down an' start a lawful trade somewhere. Did it ever occur to you?"

"Bowery Mike" gurgled with glee.

"Put 'em on, sir? Course I does—an' be a gent—course I will! Fer it's me nater, Cap, see? 'Cause I'm an orphing child that ain't agoin' to prevent me bein' a gent; no, sir!"

And in a few seconds he had hustled off his old, dirty clothes, and shoved them into his "kit," and hustled on his new "goods." "Bowery Mike" did not look so bad as a "gent." Dick eyed him critically, laughing.

"You need an overcoat this weather," he said, gazing admiringly at his own handiwork. "An overcoat and a stick, and you might walk up and down Fifth avenue, and no one would know you hadn't just stepped out of a club!"

"It's me native genteelity! See?" said "Bowery Mike," striking an attitude.

Dick shouted with laughter. His Christmas was not to be so gloomy after all.

Dick dove into the closet and brought out an overcoat which had done good service two winters before.

"It's a little moth-y, Mike, and I'm ashamed to give it to you . . ."

"Moths? What's them?" asked Mike, seizing the coat.

Dressed up now like a swell in Dick's old clothes, which were a little too big, but gave him freedom of motion, as Dick remarked, "Bowery Mike," full of gratitude and bowing

and scraping his way, with many a "Merry Christmas and a 'Appy New Year," his kit on his shoulders, leaped on the window-sill, opened the sash, and disappeared like a veritable St. Nicholas.

Dick took a fresh filling of "Old Bob Lee Best Prime Virginia" and stuffed it into his briarwood, lit it and sat down to think. He heard the window tapped after a moment, went to it, opened it cautiously. "Bowery Mike" had come back again.

"Cap," he said seriously, "me an' me pard 'll put up a hunderd on yez agin Dooney Harris, for a six-round go at the Bowery Theayter. See? Quanesberry rules, hard gloves. Dooney's a-lookin' fer a fight. Is't a go?"

Dick's face was a study. "Lord bless you!" he laughed. "Do you think I'm a prize fighter?"

"Yes can fight as Bowery Mike's Unknown, see?" said the tough seriously. "An' the boys won't get on."

"Thanks! But I'm not in the business."

"Beggin' pard'n, Cap. Merry Christmas agin!" And "Bowery Mike" disappeared again, this time for good.

Dick sat down to think again. Had he done right to sell off a lot of his useless Christmas presents to this scamp? He did not need them. He needed the cash more. The Bakers would never know nor never care what became of their expensive gifts. They were his, and he had a right to do what he pleased with *his* own. What need had *he* of silver-backed hair brushes? What earthly use could *he* make of silver-mounted blotting-paper pads?

And then the glorious thought came over him

—*now* I can go home—and I can repay those Bakers in kind!

Hastily glancing over a time table, he saw that if he wanted to be at home for his Christmas dinner, he must leave by the eight o'clock express the next morning. Like all good New Englanders, his family dined in the middle of the day. What stores would be open at eight? Perhaps they would *all* be closed on Christmas holiday—and how would he purchase his presents for those Bakers! He took up the sleeve buttons and studs Sara Peyton had sent him; whatever he did, he felt he could *not* bring himself to part with *them*. Sara's pretty face beamed down on him from a photograph on the mantel. She was a dear, sweet *summer* girl as ever lived. He thought he loved her—at Bar Harbor. Would he care as much for her mid the snows and rains and slush of a New York winter? But a present—yes, a present must go to *her* at once, and hang sentiment!

Before he went to bed he made a careful list of every one whose present he *must* return. There were just twenty people! It would cost him five dollars to reach Bleakfield; that would leave forty-five dollars for gifts to the twenty donees. But would he have time in the morning?

The morning came and Dick rushed out after a hasty cup of coffee, and sought far and wide for a store in which to find some suitable present.

Up and down Sixth avenue he madly tore, fully aware that he had hardly half an hour left. Nothing was open, except drug stores, and what could he buy in them? He went into one, bag and umbrella in hand,

ready to dart off at the last moment for that eight o'clock train at the Forty-second street depot.

"What can I do for you?" said a dapper clerk, rather amazed at seeing so early a customer.

"I—I haven't much time. I've got to get—twenty Christmas presents!" gasped poor Dick. "What have you got?"

The dapper clerk pondered. At last he suggested:

"How would twenty hair brushes and combs do?"

Dick scouted the suggestion.

"Would *not* do? Well—how would twenty cakes of fine soap go?"

"Not to be thought of!"

"Well—sponges!" The clerk scratched his head for inspiration.

"Ridiculous!"

"Male or female gifts?" asked the clerk, catching a little of Dick's excitement.

"Both! Oh, hurry please!" cried Dick.

"Twenty bottles of *Our Sure Cure*. . . ."

"Sure cure of what?"

"Everything!" cried the clerk. Measles, mumps, chilblains, scarlet fever, pneumonia——"

"No, no, you infernal idiot!"

"Do they live in Jersey? Give 'em fancy boxes of quinine."

"Oh, ridiculous!"

"Do they live in Lonelyville? Give 'em Darne's Cure fer Homesickness, or a set of almanacs."

"They live here, man—*here* in New York!" And Dick thumped his fist on the counter in
rage.

"Oh, *do* they? Well, then give them sets of ear-stoppers—just out—the latest thing going for ears. Can't hear newsboys, L roads, cable-car bells, milk wagons in the morning. Can't hear the breakfast bell. They sell like hot cakes, sir."

Dick stamped his foot and cast a wild, hurried eye over the bottles and showcases. It was the usual avenue drug store, with the usual nostrums, soda-water fountain, scented soaps and jars of violet and blue in the window for the gas to shine through at night. There was nothing in the way of a Christmas present which caught his desperate eye. There were jars of toothbrushes and jars of licorice cough drops, and there were flannel pads and chest protectors. He turned distractedly to leave the store.

"Ah! I have it now!" cried the dapper little clerk with a bright glance at Dick.

"What?"

"*Cologne!*"

"Dick dropped his bag on the floor. "Why had I not thought of that?" he said. "Of course, cologne. Your very best. Twenty bottles. Quick, man! Look alive! Here's a list. Names and addresses. Send 'em along to-day. *Now!* At once! Stop. I'll take four in my bag. How much is the lot that way?"

The dapper clerk figured a moment on a pad of wrapping paper. It seemed hours to Dick. Finally he drawled out: "Twenty bottles fancy eau dee cologne. Imitation cut glass. Our best. Forty dollars, please."

Dick threw the money on the counter, grabbed four bottles "for the loved ones at home," and rushed out of the store.

"That man's mad as a hatter! he's gone crazy over Christmas!" remarked the dapper young clerk sagely. "Some folks do. *I* don't. I use Gootenbottles Sassparill!" and the proprietor not being around as yet, he helped himself to a highly delicious glass of soda water, flavored with that extract, as a Christmas gift all to himself!

Dick just barely caught his train. He jumped on the last car as it swung out of the depot; but he had no further mishap and arrived at Bleakfield unexpectedly and doubly welcome, for the jolliest dinner in years.

How happy he was to get home! How delicious the crisp air! The light covering of snow on the great evergreens and under the bare maples—how it scintillated in the sun that glorious Christmas day! And the dear old New England homestead, with its tall white pillars, and its box-bordered flower beds—how much *home* seemed to him then!

Ah, the numberless college boys in New York at Christmas time! Adventurers, most of them, seeking a livelihood in the vast city. Honest boys from West and East, North and South. Some have homes just as beautiful as Dick's in New England, which, poor chaps, they won't see this year! Too bad they can't go home; too bad their Christmas must be spent in gloomingly reading the papers in some cheap boarding house; too bad they have not the tender, loving hearts of their mothers and sisters close to them at this time! But let them be brave and honest and hard working, and the time will soon come for this, the merriest, jolliest vacation of all the year!

"For my part, I like my bottle of cologne the best of all my presents," said his mother with glistening eyes, as she gazed at the handsome, honest face of her son at dinner.

"And I . . ." said his father, laughing.

"And I . . ." exclaimed each of his sisters.

"What is *your* best present, my boy?" asked his father.

Dick hesitated a moment. "I rather think I like a little bulldog pistol best. A friend who happened in last night gave it to me. He dropped in very unexpectedly. Just like—Santa Claus!"

His mother kissed him and he told her it was the happiest Christmas of his life. "Because," he said, very gravely, "I *hate* presents, you know. All men do. They'd rather buy their own things—and then one has to return them or be thought mean. I'm generally too hard up to return mine. But this year, by accident, I've had enough to pay every present back—it never happened before. Each Baker, great and small, gets a present from me!—cologne's the stuff! Sara Peyton, too—but it means loads of flowers besides,—for *her*. . . ."

"Oh, she's an heiress—and that's in the way of business. You'll get it back in time!" laughed one of his pretty sisters, who was engaged, and wanted everyone else to be, too.

"Well—Sara is all right as a summer girl," said Dick, hesitating, "but as a winter girl—I—I'm not so sure. . . ."

And then he sighed lugubriously, and his sisters laughed, and called him, justly, a great big, strong, nonsensical darling!

"But my cologne," he protested. "The Bakers—won't *they* like it?"

"They will never send you another Christmas present as long as you live! *Like it!* They'll be perfectly disgusted!"

"Thank the Lord for *that!*" and Dick jumped up, grasped the sister nearest to him, and danced a waltz, in the happiest frame of mind possible.

J. M. FENNERS.

IN THE COLLEGE LIBRARY.

Alone, absorbed, she sits, and reads
From heavy tomes of dingy brown
The history of ancient deeds,
Of old beliefs, of worn-out creeds ;
And, flooding all the open space,
The sun shines in upon the place,
Rests lightly on that fresh young face,
Revealing, in her simple grace,
Elizabeth in cap and gown.

What though no lover may adore ?
And marble heroes all look down
With cold eyes changeless evermore
At this sweet girl, a sophomore—
I know no picture half so fair
As she is, with her dark brown hair,
Her earnest face, her quiet air.
May Heaven bless her reading there !
Elizabeth—in cap and gown !

CORNELIA E. GREEN.

HOLLY BERRIES.

Verily this is an age of sofa cushions, and every poor woman in the land rejoices and hugs herself with delight when she thinks of this economical method of giving a pretty Christmas present in return for a grand piano or a solid silver dinner service. For she usually thinks it is nobler to give an inexpensive gift than to receive one, and for weeks before Christmas her busy needle flashes and twinkles in the sunlight and the gaslight, preparing the presents, whose greatest expense lies in the express charges, which must be paid in advance. In bygone days the stocking-bag, or calendar worked on panels of birch bark, fastened together with a bow of blue ribbon, was the customary return for a handsome prayer rug; but these have passed into disuse, inasmuch as their pecuniary cheapness was too apparent. But now the silk cushion has come upon the scene as the sentimental equivalent of the tall clock and the high brass lamp. It would be a sensible plan, and one that would do away with a great deal of anxiety, to make a Christmas present rule, that would operate in a certain sense like a game law. It would be in perfect harmony with the most fastidious canons of good taste to have it understood by poor people that they must send their Christmas offerings by the twentieth of the month, to enable the wealthy recipients to make a conservative estimate of their intrinsic value, and thus be in a position to make the exchange on an honest, equitable basis. Poor people, not conforming to this law, should regard them-

selves as not entitled to a gift, and should look for one in vain. At heart many rich people are quite as penurious as are the poor, who take advantage of their position to send forth cheap gifts, just as the wealthy make a practice of presenting objects which even they can ill afford. Many so-called rich people who have more pride than Christmas spirit in the matter would be placed upon their pecuniary pins if they could for even one season exchange gifts with poorer people, who have and observe no code of ethics in the matter. "An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth" was considered the highest idea of justice in ancient times, and why should not a cushion for a cushion, and a daintily beribboned blotting pad for a daintily beribboned blotting pad be quite as fair? So long as the unwritten law of Christmas gift making remains as it is to-day, the sofa cushion on the one side and the silver salad bowl on the other side will rule supreme. The sofa cushion is not even constructed on the honest plan of the Christmas turkey, for the stuffing has not the quality of the cover. Along in the somber days of November the æsthetic woman with refined ideas of art makes a ten-cent slip of canton flannel and stuffs it with hair which she takes from an old mattress. This she incases in a cover of terra-cotta silk constructed out of a couple of last summers shirt waists, puts on a bow of ribbon, and embroiders upon it an Arcadian scene of lambkins gamboling in a pasture, and pellucid brooks rippling musically along. And then she makes fine effects in Japanese silk covers for the bags of sage which are supposed to induce sleep and sweet forgetfulness. The

only real importance that attaches to her sofa cushion is that of fragile daintiness, which is so marked that no recipient feels like resting his head upon them for a postprandial reverie, for fear of dislocating their almost intangible beauty forever.

There are many other Christmas gifts whose cost is infinitely greater than that of sofa cushions, but which give less satisfaction, because the sofa cushion is capable of great things in the way of inducing comfort, and as such is closely related to the meerschaum pipe, the dear old carpet slippers, and the cast-off blouse with enameled lapels and perforated elbows. These are the Christmas gifts which the rich send to the poor. The judgment and discrimination of the rich are often at fault, as for instance in the striking illustration of the present of a pair of nickel-plated club skates to a boy with a club foot. Such a gift is a cruel reminder to the recipient of his affliction, even if the donor's intention was to convey to the boy the idea that his good qualities were so great that in contemplating them the one cruel physical defect was entirely forgotten. To present a handsome volume of Chopin's nocturnes to a woman who hasn't a piano is about as absurd as it would be to send a pair of opera glasses to a blind man, or a box of kid gloves to the Venus de Milo.

Novelties in presents always count for a great deal, and many objects not usually considered in the light of gifts may be wisely selected as such. A Christmas dinner is always acceptable, but few poor men ever receive them. Many receive a turkey, to be sure, but a turkey is not a dinner considered within the strict

limitations of the term. A turkey is a turkey, but it is not cranberry sauce, boiled onions, plum pudding, and the various other concomitants which go toward comprising a luxurious Christmas feast. Therefore a turkey is but a part of the gift it is intended to be. But now science gives us vest-pocket dinners, as they are popularly called. These dinners are contained in capsules, each one of which contains a course. A poor man with a large family may be presented with a capsule each for every member, of mock turtle soup, boiled salmon, roast turkey and other things. This method would be doubly charitable, as no coal is required to prepare the meal. The capsules are taken like medicine, from the soup to the coffee, and it will thus be seen that a family so supplied could spend Christmas in a continuous performance theater, and still enjoy the sumptuous family meal while gazing upon the spectacle of the contortionist in the act of winding his neck about his body, and peeping at the audience out of his ear. Soup capsules and beef tablets bid fair to become a permanent institution with the epicure and likewise with the domestic economist, because while they cheer and lift one to a realm of rosy dreams and fairy music, they do not require fine table linen—they do not even require a table, and, consequently, silverware would be as superfluous as would a waitress or a cook. A Christmas dinner could thus be enjoyed on the bicycle ridden by a toothless man, who, while coasting with the goose tablet melting in his mouth, would experience the pleasurable sensations of one gliding gently along on the rose-embroidered cloud of good digestion. Such a method of taking one's

meals would not be so apt to induce apoplexy as would the ordinary way, because the action of the bicycle would start the process of assimilation and digestion at once.

As a matter of fact, a Christmas dinner could be given in tablets to any distinguished man. The guests instead of seating themselves behind fine chinaware arranged on a flower-gemmed table could sit in groups about the open fireplaces of the club-room, and have the tablets arranged in order in a sort of checker-board fashion, so that they would not mix the whitefish and the red wine, and get the roast before the oysters, and the soup after the fruit. After partaking of all the tablets, from the blue points to the upland plover and the Nesselrode pudding, oratorical tablets could be taken, that anyone so indulging could unbosom himself in the highest style of art. The Chauncey Depew, Horace Porter and Bill Nye tablets would be in great demand by would-be funny men, when these acknowledged masters of the art of making people laugh, could not be present.

Imagine a family given over to bicycling, coasting at the rate of eighteen miles an hour down a long hill and eating their Christmas dinner tablets. Little Johnnie would fall off in a fit of indigestion at the foot of the hill because he had slyly eaten his tablet of ice cream first, and then his oysters. Papa would wobble on his wheel because he had taken too many cocktail tablets before eating his oysters. Frederick, the eldest son, would be found frenzied and pale, having taken too many cigarette tablets. And the fair Evalina would have to get off her wheel because she had made her entire meal of

candy tablets. Would we be any the merrier at Christmastide because of tablets? We might dine in balloons, or on skates, or while running to catch a suburban rapid transit train—but inevitably the old Christmas—the fanciful Dickens Christmas—would disappear. We would have to be jolly in some other way. Sooner or later the oysters and the ice cream would taste alike—there would be a lack of flavor to the soup—and flavor is half of life. The Depew tablet would sound like the Porter and Howland tablets—life would grow wearisome, we would long for another world.

Speaking of making people laugh through the medium of the Depew tablet, or the Porter or Nye tablet for that matter, I don't think one of them or a concretion of all of them would have made my old friend Jim Morse laugh, even at the Xmas season. It was the saddest time of the year to him, and now that he is dead—having passed away last Christmas day—it will be no breach of good form to give a brief history of his taking off. The trouble was he was very conscientious, and endeavored, though extremely poor, to give presents as fine and costly as those he received. To do this he often had to wear an overcoat two years beyond the period of its usefulness; and frequently in the late fall his wife would say:

“James, only a month now before Christmas—isn't it jolly!”

“Not at all,” he would reply. “It only means that we must stop drinking wine and beer at dinner—I must come down from cigars to a clay pipe and take my luncheon to busi-

ness in a paper bag—to save for these dreadful Christmas presents that I can't afford to give, anyway."

The autumn before last Christmas he was in an unusually pessimistic mood, because he had learned that he was to become the recipient of a horse and carriage. He was particularly provoked, because he didn't care for horses and was not even the possessor of a stable. He was full of a dire foreboding all that fall, and a grim presentiment crept over him that they would all die that Christmas, and the Christmas bells would be their funeral knells, inasmuch as their economy was undermining their organs of digestion, and consequently their health.

"The idea," he said, "of having to live on mush and skim milk to save the money to give a rich aunt a pair of smoked-pearl opera glasses! I have a great mind not to send any presents at all. Then I shall get none next year, and all will be well."

It was then but a day or two before Christmas, and an occasional snowflake drifted through the ashen air.

"I shall be glad when the infernal nightmare is over," he said to his wife, who was standing sorrowfully at his side. "It is too horrible!"

Just then the expressman drove up, and Jim stepped out for the package. As he did so he slipped on some ice on the steps, and had to be carried in. He was in great agony, and the doctor said both his legs were broken, and he should be taken at once to the hospital. But his greatest agony was owing to the fact that the package he had gone forth to take

from the expressman, consisted of a pair of riding boots which by mistake the expressman brought to his house instead of to the man to whom they were sent, a few doors up the street. The poor fellow took cold on the way to the hospital and lost both legs, so that, if the riding boots had been for him, they would have been useless. He was doing very well, however, and on Christmas afternoon his wife went to see him. He was cheerful, though very weak. He smiled as she approached and raised himself to a sitting posture. She kissed him and whispered something in his ear.

The ruddy color faded quickly from his face, he pressed his hands madly against his throbbing temples, looked wildly about like one in a delirium, gave a sardonic gasp and fell back dead.

And his wife, in her incurable grief, to this day maintains that she was morally responsible for her poor husband's death, in telling him, though with the best intentions in the world, that Uncle Bill had just two hours before sent them a rosewood grand piano!

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

SEPARATION

I.

The sea moans in, the sea moans out,
And sad at heart I hear the shout
Of the fishermen still at work on the bay,
In the fading light of the dying day.

But my love sighs not. She makes no moan,
Her passionate heart seems changed to stone,
As she standeth there, so queenly and fair,
The sun's last circlet of gold on her hair.

II.

The sea moans in, the sea moans out,
And fainter, fainter grows each shout,
As drifting away with the tide and the light,
I leave my love, weeping alone in the night.

The sea moans in, the sea moans out.
No longer I hear the fishers' shout,
Only the sea gull's cry, like despair,
As she circles near on the evening air.
She soars away on pinions high
Into the vault of heaven's clear sky.

III.

Ah ! memory still in my dreams shall come
A passionate cry for a voice now dumb,
But the sea will bring no answer,
The gulls fly to and fro,
The pains of a human heartache
Is never theirs to know.

EMILIE KEARNEY JONES.

THE TALE OF A CHRISTMAS DAY.

Denison Ripley was riding uptown on the front platform of a Sixth avenue horse car. Men with tin dinner pails were crossing from the side streets; a rotary street sweeper bumped along outside of the posts of the Elevated, and a dim row of red lanterns guarded a yawning excavation in the pavement. It was very early in the morning—the morning of Christmas day.

No one would have thought that Mr. Denison Ripley, with his black cape hiding his evening dress, and his fine shoulders thrown well back, had been drinking hard all night.

Mr. Ripley stood firm and erect beside the driver on the swaying front platform and felt at peace with himself and all the world. He had a warm, comfortable feeling, owing to two bracing brandy and sodas taken a few minutes since; he did not feel sleepy, and only experience reminded him that about four or five in the afternoon the wear and tear of the last few hours would begin to tell, and one brandy and soda would be insufficient to produce the warm, comfortable feeling again. In fact, at present Mr. Ripley was filled with a calm, delightful nervousness, and wished that he felt sleepy with all his heart.

“If I had been born with two cocktails in my system,” he remarked thoughtfully, as he swung himself off the car and walked briskly toward Fifth avenue, “it would have saved me lots of trouble and some small expense.”

Now, strange as it may seem, when Mr. Ripley felt the warm, comfortable feeling he

was in a philosophical, poetical and receptive state of mind. He could even listen to long and boring conversations with the most delightful interest. Thus he was popular, and drank frequently.

A gaunt black cat darted between his legs as he opened the front door of his bachelor apartment house. Although this was unusual, it did not disturb him in the least. His nerves were braced, and he said "Scat!" in the most cheerful and matter-of-fact way. Then he trotted lightly up numberless flights of stairs, not caring to waken the sleeping boy in the elevator, and entered his own "diggings."

The gas burned dim and blue from the handsome sconces on the wall, and he stopped to put it out and pull open the heavy silk curtains at the windows before he took off his coat. This done, he threw himself backward into a great, soft chair and lit a cigarette, calmly, as if he had just finished his dinner. Mr. Ripley smiled. There was no reason for smiling at all. In fact, there was no humor in the situation, which, in short, was this: Three years before he had come into a fortune represented approximately, on paper, by the figure one and five ciphers. That was three years ago. Now, if he had taken a pencil and recalled some simple arithmetic to his philosophical brain, he would have found out, by the process called subtraction, that he had now the figure one, followed by two ciphers, for a working capital. At present he thought it was something less than that amount. But he knew it was all there was left.

"I've had a good time," he mused, quite contentedly. "It had to come, I suppose."

Then he said, "Curse the luck!" in an even tone of voice, as if he had spoiled a white tie or lost his gloves.

Last evening he had started out to make some money. He had had an idea that he could make it by sitting on a high stool and watching a small ivory ball swing around a turbine wheel arrangement that had little numbered stalls on the edge—into which the ivory ball fell with the most insidious click and rattle. He could hear this fascinating sound now in his imagination. For a month Mr. Ripley—who was not a gambler, but a clubman gone wrong—had been the victim of a "system" that proved disastrously successful the first time he had tried it, and had missed connections by a very wide margin ever since.

Of course horses, and eating and drinking and other things—not forgetting a short excursion into the delusive pastures of Wall street—all had helped to erase the ciphers, one after another.

"Well, I've had a good time," he repeated aloud with a stubborn insistence as if he were arguing with a logical skeptic—" *Dum vivimus, vivamus!* ' We're only here on earth once." Having delivered himself of this last trite remark, he walked to the window.

It was a very high building, and the morning was now clear and bright. He could read the huge sky signs almost miles away, here and there on the avenues. The shores of New Jersey to the west and of Long Island to the eastward arose clear and plain. The deep note of the city's breathing roared up to him. He began to feel a premonition that this day was going to be different from other days; he

wished that there was somebody in the room to talk to. It is encouraging to talk one's own philosophy to other people.

"Yes," said Mr. Ripley, "I don't regret—I'd do it over again." Then he added: "Eh? Of course I would—I've had a good time." He began to realize that he would have to take a drink before very long. He must not admit a doubt of his philosophy for a moment.

The people moving on the sidewalks far below him amused him for some reason—their feet looked very large and he noticed how they had to balance themselves on one leg as they swung the other forward in walking. He dropped his cigarette out of the open window. It fell very slowly at first, twisting and whirling, until with a sudden swoop it dropped close to the building inside the iron railing. Mr. Ripley grew quite pale and drew back. With a thrill of relief and anticipation he remembered the bottles on the top shelf of the sideboard. The thought that had flashed into his mind was incompatible with philosophical reasoning, but as he watched that falling cigarette he had felt frightened.

"I don't think I'm well," he said, walking to the mirror and looking at his reflection. "Liver, probably," he added; "that's what is the matter."

Now, at the age of eight and twenty a man should no more know that he possesses a liver than that he possesses a carotid artery. Livers should only be allowed old gentlemen who dye their mustaches and curse their valets.

"Look like a mullet," he remarked to his double in the glass. Then he noticed for the first time that there was a telegram stuck into

the frame directly before his puffy, tired eyes. "Must have come last night," he said, opening it with his thumb. As he read it he grew pale and his philosophy forsook him entirely. He leaned forward on the dressing case. Never did ten words in an operator's careless hand mean more to any mortal man perhaps. They meant life, remorse, hope, forgiveness, sorrow, happiness, salvation, *wealth*. How carefully the ten words had been chosen: "Your grandfather died this morning, last will makes you heir." It was just like the old lawyer to economize on those ten words.

He tried to be calm; but there was no one to watch him, and he shook as if he were cold, and drew long breaths as if he had been exercising. Then he threw himself into the soft chair and leaned his head on the edge of the table, his arms sprawled out on either side.

If anyone had informed Mr. Ripley that he remained in that position without stirring for one hour he would have been surprised. But in that hour his brain worked as it never had before. Forces and thoughts that he had been unconscious of possessing awoke within him. "So the old man had forgiven him!—after all that had occurred! Why? Lord knows. But life was again before him—wealth was at his command. *Dum vivimus vivamus*. What was life, anyhow? What was death? What was God? What ordained things to happen? Why had he had such a good time? Was this enjoyment true? Could he have been mistaken? If not, he could start all over again! What can money buy? What is it worth? What am I?"

A thousand strange thoughts crowded

through his mind; but it is what Mr. Ripley did after he had lifted his red-marked forehead from the table that is interesting. He walked to the sideboard and took down a cut-glass decanter, then another and a third. Then he walked into the bathroom. The decanters coughed and choked as if they were giving up their life-blood, but he emptied them one after another into the porcelain bathtub. Mr. Ripley's lips were compressed and his head turned half away from the sight—the aroma made him shiver.

Coming back into the room he lit a fire and pulled open the drawers of his desk—photographs, letters, programs, invitations, cigarettes—in hopeless confusion. He opened a small drawer and there was a package tied up neatly with a ribbon. There was a photograph also, of a young girl with square, boyish shoulders and a truthful, laughing face under a wide straw hat. She had scribbled "Ha! Ha!" straight across the picture. There it was, in the same hand that had directed the letters in the ribbon-tied package. Mr. Ripley had been afraid to look at that picture and that ribbon for many months. They made him feel unphilosophical and sad—remorseful.

"Forgive me. Forgive me," he said, kissing the picture and holding the package of letters to his cheek. Then Mr. Ripley dropped them both and cursed himself in one deep, breathless sentence. There was no philosophy in that.

Hastily he grabbed up the contents of the desk lid and walked to the fire, which had already made the room uncomfortably warm—actress's pictures, dancers, pretty faces, shapely limbs,

billets doux, capitulations, engagements—he threw them one by one in the fireplace and watched them burn there.

“I’m sick of it—tired of it,” he said over and over again. “By the Lord, I’m done! Done!” he exclaimed, as the last of the memorabilia curled up and blazed out into crisp black ashes. “I’m done with the whole rotten fabric. Done, damn you, hear it!” He shook his fist at the fireplace.

Mr. Ripley’s nerves were in a bad state now; his hands trembled as he hurriedly changed his clothes, and the elevator boy was almost frightened at the expression in his eyes as he opened the door of the cage on the ground floor.

It was but a few blocks to the Park from the tall apartment house. He traversed these with a nervous, eager step; he walked along amid the perambulators and nurse girls without looking to one side or the other. Heaven! What a lot he must have drunk last night to make him feel like this. Even his knees felt weak, and there was a painful sensation at the base of his brain. But this was nothing to what was going to follow. Experience had taught him that there would come an empty, feverish feeling in his stomach, a fast, impatient beating at his heart if he thought of drink—a nervousness so distressing that his own thoughts frightened him. And then the thirst, the awful thirst. The fact was, that although Mr. Ripley had never staggered, so to speak, in his whole life, there were only two or three days in one whole year that had passed without “sip, sip,” at regular intervals—until he felt gay or hungry, or sleepy. Until he felt *natural*, forsooth! Then he became a poetical,

convivial philosopher. "Hang sorrow. Care would kill a cat. *Dum vivimus, vivamus.*"

To-day, however, it was different. He felt as if he had just awakened (although he had not slept for nearly thirty hours) and there are men to whom the early wakening hours are fraught with a peculiar capacity for seeing true. They have not had time to argue—they value things for what they are worth. Then they get up, put on their costumes and go on acting, playing their little parts to their own supreme content, and, strange to say, deceiving others, as well as their own poor selves.

Thus it had been with Denison Ripley. He had interested himself always, but he had sense enough to keep his self-congratulation at home, and had only aired his philosophy to the world. He had enjoyed watching himself all dressed in his best suits; he breathed his own atmosphere, he listened to his own phrases. For the last few years he had taken himself with an alcoholic seriousness, mingled with a careless contentment that had passed muster for individuality. He had been a sham—and now he knew it.

Sitting there on the hard Park bench in the bright winter sunlight, he felt rotten to his bones. He wondered how he could look so neat and be so strong. He trembled from time to time, and once looked behind as if someone had hailed him. He realized that all he had to do would be to hasten out there on the avenue—to run with all his speed and say one magic word to the white-coated alchemist whose palace was on the corner—only one word.

"Pshaw, old chap, you need a drink," he could hear himself say to the itching, miserable

figure on the bench. Why not? The color would change and all go on as heretofore. But he did not move.

No snow had fallen, and a slight breeze ruffled the surface of the little artificial pond at the edge of the sloping grass plot. The edge was littered with dead leaves and melting cakes of ice. Some sparrows hopped over the patch and gazed at him. Until noon Mr. Ripley sat there thinking and poking holes in the ground with his stick, an object of interest to the nurse girls and of suspicion to the fat, gray-coated policeman near the bridle path. And all this time Mr. Ripley was feeling worse and growing stronger. He felt the photograph in his breast pocket and closed his fingers over it. Why had he been so blind? What were the rest? Beasts, vultures, or at most brilliantly plumaged birds that sang alluring songs, whose notes became more false and chilling as he learned the air they thrilled—the same old air. Why had he been so blind? Suddenly he remembered that he was still young, and he was rich, and it was Christmas!

At this Mr. Ripley arose, and gazing about him, noticed a small child of ten looking at him with great blue eyes. He put his hand on her head and tilted the round little face up toward his own, which, strange to say, was wet, as it had not been for years. He was no longer a philosopher.

Then he strode from the Park and down the avenue to his club. In the writing-room he opened the portfolio and the cover in falling touched the bell on the desk. Instantly his favorite waiter was beside him.

Mr. Ripley shivered again, clenched his

teeth, and at last he smiled—"Nothing," he said; "I rang the bell by accident."

Then he repeated his favorite motto beneath his breath: "*Dum vivimus, vivamus.*" But he gave the last word a peculiar accent, that was new to him.

JAMES BARNES.

MY LADY'S EYES.

From sunny slopes where breezes blow
I love to let my fancy go,
O'er lake and forest, field and town,
To where the misty sky shuts down.

So are your eyes a landscape fair,
And many a grace delights me there;
But more I seek, and yet would fain
A height untrod by mortal gain,
To see my land of promise lie
Like faint blue hills against the sky.

TALCOTT MINER BANKS.

CHRISTMAS LETTERS.

(From Miss Murray, at Vassar, to her brother
at Yale.)

CHRISTMAS DAY, 18—.

DEAR TOM: You are quite right in saying that it was very shabby of our parents to go abroad this year and leave us at our respective colleges like inmates of some penal institution. The day we left them on the dock in New York, I thought they actually seemed pleased to get rid of us. They seemed like children out of school. To be sure, they are not either of them what we might call *sympatica*—they are so old-fashioned—but I confess I miss mamma and home life, just at this time, very much. One may be pardoned childish feelings at this childish season, when heredity insists on asserting itself over education. Last night as I was working over my thesis on marine plants my chum began to laugh. She said I was actually crying from homesickness. Think of it! *Me!* I really did find my glasses moist; but for me, with my plans and ambitious hopes, to be so under the influence of the season is so utterly absurd that it makes me smile as I write you. I know how *you* will laugh at me, though I well recall your gloomy letters from the Yale hospital when you were laid up last year with your poor broken ribs after the Harvard football game. Even *you*, Tom, were homesick then—confess it!

I hoped that you would be able to come to me for the vacation. I could have spared you at least an hour in the morning, and in the afternoon (you know I am using this valuable

holiday time in cramming on the Biology prize) you might have enjoyed taking long walks, and the skating on the river. I refused two invitations to go to New York, the Dearings and the Groves. There would have been theaters and dances galore, heigho! I don't care for that sort of thing now. Yesterday I worked at my desk thirteen hours, and one night this week I sat up till four. Am I not "a worker?" Won't you be proud of me when I come home next summer with the Biological prize, and my name in all the scientific periodicals of the country? One of our most famous professors, Miss McCarthy, the intimate friend of Professor Seguin, the renowned Egyptologist, one of the greatest minds in Europe, told me that a paper I read last term in physics (Cerebro-magnets) was worthy of herself—*think of it!* She is the celebrity who met Professor Huxley in London, and told him that she disagreed with him utterly on the miracle question! But, Tom do write to your sister occasionally, and tell me all that I want to know. I regret exceedingly that you did not choose the scientific course—we would have had much more in common. Virgil and Homer and Horace—how useless to us in this work-a-day world! But I won't revive our old dispute. I am so glad that in the base ball contests last fall with Oxford Yale won, and that Harvard has refused to play Cambridge and Princeton. I hope I have got this right—athletics never interested me very much. Do write me, Tom. Did you get the set of Matthew Arnold I sent you?

With merry Christmas and lots of love,

Your sister, ALICE.

P. S.—Your last was very gloomy. What's the matter?

(To Mr. Thomas Murray from Professor Jackson, his division officer.)

YALE COLLEGE, December 24, 189—.

DEAR SIR: You are hereby notified that the Faculty, in consideration of your previous general good conduct, have reconsidered the motion to drop you from the class of 'umpty-seven and have recommended that your conditions be made up at the opening of the winter term, and if so you may be reinstated in your class.

Yours truly, C. E. JACKSON.

N. B.—I shall be glad to be of any personal assistance I can. C. E. J.

(From Jack Scot, of 'umpty-seven, to a class-mate.)

73 WEST —,

NEW YORK, December 24.

DEAR OLD TOM: You have made my Christmas a dull blank. I thought you would come, of course. We have a dance at the Grove's to-night—it was to be in your sister Alice's honor, but she, too, has deserted us. Then we go tobogganing to-morrow at Orange, and a dinner afterward and theater. I'm so sorry—but you know best. If you've *got* to work all this vacation why *work*, but when I think it was because of your devotion to Yale that you got those conditions, and that if it hadn't been for you, Yale would have been beaten, it makes me despise the faculty. All the same, everyone sends love. Father says it's a shame, and wasn't so in *his* day. Good-bye, dear old boy. Yours,

JACK.

(From the Athletic Committee Y. U. A. A. to
Mr. Thomas Murray.)

COMMITTEE ROOMS,
YALE COLLEGE, December 23.

DEAR SIR: You will kindly acknowledge receipt of souvenir trophy sent herewith, the Smith Silver Cup, for best performance one mile run, beating intercollegiate record, May meeting, 189—.

The committee request that the cup be placed in the gymnasium trophy room, and beg leave to state that the cup has only recently been finished, which accounts for the delay in sending it to you.

Yours truly,
JAMES M. CULVER,
for the Committee, etc.

(From Katharine Scot, of New York, to a Yale Student.)

NEW YORK, December 27.

DEAR MR. MURRAY: This is the fifth letter I have written you and I have six of yours hidden away in my desk. What *would* mamma say? You don't *know* how much papa misses you. He keeps talking about you *every* moment. He stormed about and actually *swore* when Jack told him about your horrid condition and said it was not so in his day, "when Plancus was consul," as he says.

We have been very gay this week and are so sorry Alice is not here to enjoy it all. A dance every night, and we are all worn to the bone. Wild horses could not drag me out to-night—it is a fearful storm—and somehow—I—I couldn't help thinking about you all alone in your solitary college room studying your poor

head until it aches. Though after seeing that Princeton game I don't see how you can have any head left! Wasn't it awful!

Oh, of course, we are all coming up to the prom. and you shall make up for your *sad*, unhappy Christmas. I'm glad you liked my little present. I shall not dare to wear *yours*. No, Mr. Murray, I do not think you are *too* forward, because you see we are such *old* friends. The ring is very pretty, but I have a superstition about moonstones. I wear the ring in secret. I do not dare show it to any one but Fanny Grove. Do you think the prom. will be as nice as last year's? I had the nicest time in my life there, and you and I had never met before! You do not answer my request to you that you will not play football any more in college. I am *so* afraid you will not consent to do this. It seems such a *little* thing to ask of you. Jack says you are the greatest player on the team and that the college can't think of your not playing; but *I* ask it. With regards and esteem,

Your friend,

KATHARINE A. SCOT.

P. S.—Mr. Beckwith, a Princeton man, has called here *four* times this last week.

(From Mr. Nathaniel Murray to his son at college.)

FLORENCE, Italy, December 25.

MY DEAR SON: This is Christmas day, and your mother and I are busily engaged writing letters and trying to feel we are not so far away from our son and daughter. You, my boy, do not seem to find time for correspondence. You have not written a word since October. Your

mother and I have been able to trace you only through the newspapers, which are sent regularly from New York by my secretary. I saw by the papers of November 3 that you had again wrenched your left knee in a game with Amherst. My dear boy, you don't know how anxious the news made your mother. A later paper stated that you were all right, and we were pleased at the good showing you made in the game with the Crescents. You seemed to be very much in the game with West Point also, so that your mother and I conclude that you are your old self again. Were it not for the newspapers, which make so much of college football, I don't think we should know any thing about you. I think if you will do so, I should be glad to have the weekly *Yale News* sent me.

. . . Alice seems to me to be working too hard at Vassar. She is after some sort of a biological prize, I believe. At this season of holiday happiness it seems to your mother and to me exceedingly curious that a girl of her fine appearance and her love of society can give it all up for study. She writes that you, too, Tom, have determined to spend the Christmas holidays in study; is not this something strange for you? Truly I have ambitious children! We love you both so much—we long to see you. Your mother is homesick to see you. I found her crying yesterday, and she asked me how I could have taken her away from home at this season! As for me, I am now entirely well. Three months of travel and good rest have made a new man of me. I shall go back to work with renewed zest. We shall shorten our trip and give up Egypt, as your mother cannot bring herself to be away from

you any longer. I confess I too miss you and Alice, Tom, very much. There is one thing my old friend and college chum Scot said about you that always pleased me: "Tom is a boy you can depend on." I presume all Yale thought so too from what the papers said after the Princeton game! Do write, Tom! Think of it—I have written you every week; can't I depend on my son for *one* letter in two months?

I must say that I am grateful enough to the newspapers for giving me an almost daily account of my great "football son"! Seriously, I often wonder what college athletics are coming to in America. Such crowds as gather at your contests! So much newspaper talk! Your bad knee was commented on editorially by two New York papers, I noticed! Really, Tom, are you boys not carrying things to excess? In my day college sports were very limited in quantity, and I suppose you would consider the quality very bad indeed. But I do not complain of sport so much this year, because I manage by this notoriety of yours (you are as famous as you probably ever will be in your life, my boy) to keep your mother well informed of your doings. But be a good boy, my dear Tom, and write all about yourself, your hopes and your aims.

Remember me to my old friend Professor Jackson. Be sure and call regularly on Professor Wilkins's family. Send to my secretary if you need money. He writes that your bills are very light, as you are in "training." If this means less beer, ale, cigars—then keep on training. A broken rib now and then is worth it all. . . .

YOUR LOVING FATHER.

(From Mrs. Murray to her daughter Alice, at Vassar.)

FLORENCE, December 25.

DEAREST ALICE: My heart is with you every hour of the day. I long to see my children as the psalmist says the hart panteth for the water brooks. I am counting the days until I shall see you, my darling girl, my own daughter. And the agonies I have undergone over Tom! Only the dear American newspapers—no letters from that bad, delightful, wicked, darling boy—have given us news of him. His picture in the *Herald* was very good, but his hair is shocking! He looks like a mop! And I am glad the football season is over and there are no more athletics for a period. Your father says he's glad of Tom's being on the football nine, as he can keep tab on him. But mercy! Will he have any arms and legs left? Your father read me an account of the Harvard game, and I took to my bed in Venice with one of my old neuralgia attacks. I am so glad that Vassar isn't playing football with Wellesley or Bryn Mawr. I shall expect to see you, dear, with your usual complement of members. How is your music, Alice, and your French? French is so necessary over here. When I get back we will write in French to each other. We went to a reception last night at Lord Donep's. We are going to Prince Cassima's ball to-night. I am dancing with *princes* and only the *highest* diplomats. Really, the gay uniforms, the clashing swords, the bright colors, are very fascinating, and the balls over here are very exciting, only the dancing is universally poor. *Such ridiculous* prancings and leapings! and the Mephistophe-

lean Italian noblemen in their pointed beards really, to me, look like so many monkeys!

But here it is Christmas—the blessed season—sweet season of the whole year, and we are far away from our beloved ones. How dreary the dear old place in Orange must look! You are good about writing, Alice, but your letters are dreadfully short—they tell me almost nothing. It breaks my heart to think of you at Vassar in *the vacation*. Poor child! It shall be made up to you. We shall stay three weeks in Paris and I have planned four new dresses for you, besides half a dozen hats. As for you *lingerie*, I have ordered at Mlle. Dupaix' . . . Good-by, dearest Alice.

YOUR MOTHER.

P. S.—Your father has bought you a pearl necklace as a Christmas present, but don't let him know I have told you as he means to surprise you with it.

(From C. S. Johnson & Co.'s, New York, to Mr. Thomas Murray, New Haven.)

— BROADWAY, December 28.

DEAR SIR: Inclosed find bill \$25 for flowers sent as ordered. Please remit.

Yours truly,

C. S. JOHNSON & Co.

(From Toofunny & Co., to the same.)

(Duplicate.)

DEAR SIR: We have twice requested you to remit \$150 for one diamond ring. . .

(Extracts from letters from Miss Katharine Scot to Mr. Thomas Murray.)

1.

. . . The flowers were simply heavenly;

and what can I say to your last note? . . .
Really, you ought not to address me by my
first name until—I don't know what I am
writing you. . . .

2.

. . . Can't you wait and get my answer
when I come up for the prom.? At least, you
might come to New York for next Sunday. .

. . .

3.

. . . Oh, Tom—how wonderful it all is!
I always suspected you of caring for me, but
I never *once* thought of *you*. . . . Mamma
is perfectly delighted. She hasn't told papa
or anyone yet. I think of you all the *whole*
time. The ring is too sweet. . . .

(Surprising cuttings from a New York news-
paper, date of February 15, read in Paris
by Mr. and Mrs. Murray, at the Grande
Hotel, on the eve of their return to America.)

Under College Notes: Miss Alice Murray,
who successfully competed for the Jones bio-
logical prize of \$100 at Vassar, is the sister of
the famous football half-back, Tom Murray,
of Yale. Brains and pluck seem to be conspic-
uous in Judge Murray's family.

Under Society Gossip: Mr. Thomas Murray,
the celebrated half-back, is reported as engaged
to the beautiful Miss Scot, of ——— West
——— street. Their marriage will take place
on Mr. Murray's graduation from Yale the
ensuing summer. The fathers of the young
couple are old neighbors and college chums.

E. L. HALL.

LIFE.

Launched in the darkness on an unknown sea,
A plaything of the winds and waves, I drift,
And ponder what the shores of Life may be—
What harbor welcome when the shadows lift.

FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN.

LIFE.

Impatient for the bugle calls of strife,
We fret, and rail, and beat our breasts, perchance,
'Gainst what to us seems petty circumstance,
Unwitting all the while that it is life.

ROBERT ADGER BOWEN.

A COLLEGE CHRISTMAS.

"Hard lines."

"Homer's or Virgil's?"

"Can't go home Christmas."

"Neither can I."

"That makes it worse; two poor fellows instead of one."

"Oh, but they'll make it up to us. They'll send us things. Is your mother the kind that sends you what you want, or does she send you what she wants you to want?"

"I'm afraid she'll send me a picture of the Madonna, or a thermometer for my room, or a pair of slippers; and what I want is—well, a check would answer every purpose."

"Oh, never mind! There'll be something—an extra pie, or a pair of warm wristers, and perhaps the governor'll send you a box of cigars to last you through the winter term, so that you won't smoke cigarettes. I say, did you ever notice on great occasions—birthdays and such—how gently the old people let up on our foibles? If they only knew how it pleased us, they'd do it oftener. Why, once when I was young——"

"Last year?"

"Farther back than that—freshman; the governor sent me a pipe and a lot of capital tobacco. If there is anything in the world he disapproves of it is a pipe; and I declare I was so affected by it that for a whole week I couldn't do anything I thought the old gentleman wouldn't like, to save my soul."

"Lose it, you mean."

"But why are you so keen about going home just this time?"

"Well, what is a home for if it isn't to go to?"

"Remember that, my boy, next time you're at Savelli's about midnight! No, there's something up; what is her name?"

"Margaret. And she is the prettiest girl you ever saw; and if I were at home next week I should be practicing with her every day love-scenes in some private theatricals."

"No, you wouldn't. Your sisters would give some other fellow—me, probably—the chance, and they'd expect you to make yourself useful; fetching step-ladders and nailing up curtains that won't run and going round to the neighbors after properties and seeing the wrong girl home. There are times when it isn't a good plan to look at the bright side of things. This is one of them. Forget the girl and remember the step-ladder."

"Well, we must do something. There are six of us Westerners stranded here; we must all dine together somewhere. Misery loves company."

"Yes; but misery doesn't love its *own* company, nor miserable company. We had much better each be invited by some hospitable millionaire to sit beside his daughter at his own fireside, and partake of *his* turkey and mistle-toe."

"Who is looking on the bright side now?"

"I am. It is quite proper in my case, because I am looking forward to the future with hope, while you were looking backward at the past with regret."

"So, then, old man, you're going in for money?"

"Not at all. I merely follow Calmire's advice: 'Of course, don't marry for money; but be careful about being too intimate with girls who haven't any.'"

"I comprehend that you have received an invitation."

"Not yet; but I propose that we all call on our eligible acquaintances, state casually our desperate condition and get taken in."

"It won't work; I tried it last week; called on every soul I had a bowing acquaintance with, and they were all going to have family dinner-parties, or were going out of town."

"I should have no objection to going out of town with them. House parties in the country are charming——"

"Remember the step-ladder!"

"And collegians are usually in demand. I wonder why we're at a discount at just this particular time?"

"Oh, well, we must get over it as best we can; have a feast and sing ourselves hoarse, with a chorus: 'What is home without the other?' If we make believe *very* hard, like the little marchioness, perhaps we can manage to enjoy ourselves a little bit."

"I say, wouldn't it be a joke to invite Old Chummy round? He's a little worse off than the rest of us. He hasn't any home at all to go to, and we have one so far West that it is inaccessible."

"Do you think he'd like it?"

"Of course he'd like it. Shouldn't we like it to be invited anywhere under the sun? I'll tackle him to-night."

And the Junior kept his word, and appeared about nine o'clock at the boarding-house of Pro-

fessor Wentworth, popularly known as "Old Chummy" because of all their instructors at the university he was the one the students could least imagine themselves hobnobbing with.

"You see, Professor, six of us wild and wooly Westerners can't go home, and we thought we'd dine somewhere——"

"Do you not usually dine somewhere?"

"Not so royally as we propose to now. And we thought, maybe, Professor, you would come round to the feast with us?"

"That would be pleasant. I can think of only one thing that would be pleasanter, which would be for me to be able to invite you. I wish I had a big house——"

"Oh, that's all right! You'll come?"

"Are you sure I shouldn't dampen your fun?"

"Quite sure. Nothing but champagne ever dampens *our* ardor. And I hope a little hilarity wouldn't offend you, Professor? The *menu* will be good, I know; there'll be a turkey and a pudding and things; nothing halfway; even the oysters will be on a whole shell. But the feast of reason, and especially the flow of soul will be tremendous — do you think you could——?"

"Yes, I think I could," said the Professor dryly, smiling. "That is, I think I can stand it if you can."

"True, we should be the ones with a headache the next morning. And it might interest you. You know an army officer said he enjoyed Kipling's barrack stories, not because he could vouch for their truth, but because they told him about his men's life just the things he never could find out. You don't often get an opportunity to see us off duty, Professor."

"No; but there is this difference between your army officer and me; he never had lived in barracks, while I was once a student and had some experiences——"

"Will you tell us about them, sir?" asked the Genial One eagerly, for he scented a story.

"Perhaps," said the Professor gently. "I'll see about that!"

Preparations for the Christmas feast went merrily on.

"I've only one suggestion," said Sinclair, Jr. "Don't put for a motto on the *menu* cards: 'Let good digestion wait on appetite, and health on both.' I'm rather tired of that at feasts."

"We won't. Considering the mingled melancholy and hilarity of the occasion, and all it is meant to take the place of, I think we'd better have Virgil for a motto: '*Haec et olim meminisse juvabit.*'"

"Or we might put, 'What are you giving us?' as the legend for these rather defective and depressing Christmas refreshments."

The *menu* was carefully prepared, and the cards brilliantly illuminated. The courage and confidence with which the artist emblazoned "*Home Dainties*" as one of the courses, before any dainty had arrived from any home, showed the most beautiful and filial confidence in parental sympathy. Intended guests were reminded in good Homeric Greek that "it was now the time of day when the weary woodcutter lays aside his axe and begins to prepare his noonday meal." Solicitous parents and guardians were informed that libations would be poured to Apollo, which, of course, would only be appropriate in harmless Apollinaris;

whether anything else would also be poured was not stated, though brief allusion to a Bacchus-Laureate address created some suspicion. The "Roast Ducks" were not to be of the "*femina facti*" variety described by Virgil. "Salad Days" were to be dressed with "Midnight Oil," sprinkled of course with Attic salt. Quail on toast would be one of the toasts "To the Absent." The Saddle of Mutton would be served with *Pommel-de-terre*. Nothing would be "in the soup" but the very choicest bones, including a wish-bone. Not a cranberry was forgotten. The plum-pudding would be burning, but not burnt. There would be only one skeleton at the feast—that of the turkey. Nuts would be on the half-shell, and *raisons-d'être* thick as plums in the pudding. The guests would be American, the language English, the cooks French, the music Spanish and Italian, the mottoes Latin and Greek, the cigars Cuban, the *bon-mots* and *bon-bons* Parisian, the coffee Arabic, and the meal brought to a close by the German "*Gesegnete Mahlzeit*," to be followed possibly by an "owed." But sufficient after the day would be the evil thereof.

The day arrived; also the hour; likewise the Professor. When he had been escorted to his place while the band exclaimed, with Glee Club accuracy of syllabic pronunciation, "*Hail! to! the! Chief!*"—the Genial One said gracefully: "One moment, gentlemen; before we sit down, I propose that we send a telegram to our respective homes." Applause followed the suggestion, blanks were produced, messenger boys appeared, phrases were multiplied and opinions divided; but it was finally decided to

send the same message to each particular home :

“ We are not yet celebrated, but we are celebrating.
THE BOYS.”

It was not an altogether unhappy meal, in spite of the circumstances. When all the toasts, including those with quail on them, had been given, the Genial One announced that he suspected the Professor of a story concealed about his person, which he knew the audience would be delighted to listen to. As the Professor rose, however, amid great applause, he said :

“ ‘The Professor’s Story’ was written long ago by the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table, and so could not be meant for a dinner-table, besides having been infinitely better done by Dr. Holmes than it could possibly be by me. But it is quite true that I have something with me ” (feeling in his pockets, amid cries of “ Hear! Hear! ”). “ Unfortunately, it does not seem to be here, young gentlemen ; in fact (feeling in another pocket), “ it seems to be neither here nor there ; ah, yes! I have it! ” and drawing forth a roll of sheets from another pocket, he continued :

“ In some way it was evidently noised abroad that I was to be at this dinner ; and there have been sent me by your respected and respective parents various letters and telegrams, to be delivered to you at the dinner, but not until after dinner. With your permission I will read them aloud.”

Unanimous consent being given, the Professor tipped his learned spectacles over his nose and began as follows :

“ The first is from Mr. Selwyn, pater, to

Mr. Selwyn, filius, and reads: Inclosed please find fifty dollars, for expenses of dinner."

(Great applause.)

The next is from my old friend Marvin, Senior, to Marvin, Junior. "Drink my health in Extra Dry. Inclosed find check for \$100."

(Immense and long-continued shouts of applause.)

"The next is from Mr. Henry S. Lane to Henry, Jr. "Send me all bills, including the doctor's."

(Shrieks of delight and laughter.)

The Professor then read a number of similar letters, and closed with the following remarks: "You see, gentlemen, you have here all told nearly \$400 over and above the cost of this dinner. Will you take the kindly-meant advice of one much older? I won't speak further. I won't say another word, but will you all put on your hats and coats and follow me? I think I can show you how to best spend this Christmas money."

Surprised, and wondering what was the drift of the dry old Professor's after-dinner speech, each hurriedly put on his overcoat and hat, and followed the old gentleman out into the cold, starlit night.

The snow lay a foot deep on the campus, and the moonlight lit up the frosty panes of the old row of brick dormitories until they glowed as if incandescent. All was still with the stillness of vacation at college, and only one window up on the fourth floor of old north middle was lit up. The loneliness of this one lighted window in the vast old building struck all the students at once.

"Poor old Martin! We might have asked

him to our Christmas feast!" exclaimed Selwyn.

"He would have been a ghost at the feast!" laughed another.

The Professor entered the door of the north middle entry, and cautioning everyone to be as quiet as possible, mounted the stairs.

Arriving on the top floor, he made his way to Martin's door, and gently opened it without knocking.

The student's room was bare, and sparsely furnished. There was no carpet on the floor, and very little fire in the old coal-stove.

A thin, emaciated boy sat before the table, with his head bowed down on his arms, as if asleep. In front of him was an open Latin dictionary, a worn copy of Suetonius, an old dogs-eared Iliad. The scene brought tears to the eyes of the lads as they stood there in perfect silence. Poor Martin! What a sad Christmas for him! It was known that he had no home—that he was an orphan, and it was known that he had a tremendous pride, and that he stood at the head of his class; but nothing else was known about him.

Slowly and gently the Professor closed the door and back the students filed to the cheery dinner table.

"Gentlemen," said the old Professor in a husky voice, "Martin will be obliged to forego his college course for the need of just about \$400—er—er—he's a fine scholar, gentlemen—and it would be a pity—er——"

Here the Professor's speech was interrupted. A motion was rapidly and unanimously passed to make over the parental presents to Martin. These resolutions were nicely written out, and

inclosed with the money, and slipped under Martin's door. How happy it made the poor homeless lad, how tearfully he thanked his friends, how well he deserved the gift, how proud his college has ever been of him—that, as Kipling says, “is quite another story.”

ALICE W. ROLLINS.

BEYOND THE MUSIC.

When moved by music there is something more,

Beyond the art, than what the artists sing :

Along the wood and string the voices ring

Melodiously, and open many a door

Of sweet access, and glad along the score

My spirit flies for entrance—lo, the wing

Of fantasy is stayed, and may not bring .

To perfect light the eager soul it bore !

I traveled through the lives of many men,

Seeking the gleam of their far isles of gold ;

I sought the elfinland of book and song,

That smilingly retreated from my ken ;

But still behind the harmonies unrolled,

Fair portals open to a glorious throng !

EDWIN MANNERS.

DIXIANA.

The other day I had the pleasure of looking over a collection of papers and pamphlets written and published in the South during the late war. The collector is a Southern gentleman, now residing in New York City. He has been some years gathering what is known as "Dixiana." His collection is far from complete, but it is curious evidence of the literary activity that prevailed in many of the Southern States during a period of storm and stress.

Few people in the North, and for that matter not many people in the South, know or remember much about the different literary enterprises that flourished for awhile under the Confederacy. The literary history of the South from 1860-65 is not by any means a blank. When the various poetical and prose writings and the old papers come to be resurrected it will be found that there was considerable literary industry at a time when

"There was war in the skies!"

Indeed, it is surprising to find men ready and willing to start a new magazine or a new weekly in the midst of a war. It is significant that few purely literary enterprises were started in any of the Northern cities during the war. Perhaps no more striking evidence of the intellectual status of the Southern people can be found than in the fact that they published and desired literature when they were engaged in a life and death struggle. I do not refer to the newspapers. Such papers as the *Richmond Enquirer* and the *Richmond Whig* devoted more or less space to literature.

In the last-named paper there was a standing notice that one dollar a line would be paid for "poetry."

Let us notice, briefly, some of the more prominent literary publications in this collection of "Dixiana." Here we find almost a complete set of the *Southern Literary Messenger*. When the war broke out this magazine was one of the three first-class literary monthlies published in the United States. The other two were the *North American Review*, established near the beginning of the century, and the *Atlantic Monthly*, which was founded several years before the war.

At that time the *Messenger* had been in existence more than twenty-five years. It was the favorite periodical of the Southern people, because the writings of its best men had appeared in its pages. It was in the *Messenger* that several of the famous stories of Edgar Allen Poe were first printed. This brilliant, but erratic, genius had been its editor. Then it was edited by John R. Thompson, a man of strong individuality, and, perhaps, the best critic of the South. He was succeeded by Dr. George W. Bagby. The magazine was not a paying property when the war broke out. It soon began to run down; original contributions were scarce, subscribers scarcer. What little was left of the *Messenger* was sold to Messrs. Weddeburn & Alfriend in 1864, and the next year the time-honored periodical ceased to exist.

If you look through the "war numbers" of the *Messenger* you will be surprised to find so little reference or mention made of the great conflict. True, there are war poems and war stories, but any discussion of the issues involved,

or any reflection on the parties, do not seem to have found any place in its pages.

One number only of a monthly magazine, which took its name from the publishers, Smith & Barron, was issued in 1864. The editor was Chas. P. Dimitry, who was one of the vigorous writers of the South during the war. He belonged to a family of writers. Prof. Alexander Dimitry, of New Orleans, was a distinguished scholar and prominent in educational matters of his State. His sons, John and Charles Dimitry, are well-known Southern authors, while his daughter, Mrs. Virginia Dimitry Ruth, has written a book of poetry and a novel. The Smith & Barron *Monthly Magazine* was modeled after *Blackwood's*, and had a similar cover for the outside.

The *Southern Field and Fireside* is the name of a publication that was issued during the war at Atlanta. It was supposed to come out monthly, but after awhile it refused to come out at all. Just how many numbers of the *Field and Fireside* were issued I am unable to say.

Three numbers of a periodical called *The Age* were issued in 1863. They are distinguished from most of the other Southern publications of war time by being neatly printed on rather white paper.

Another monthly is worthy of mention here, because in its second number appeared that stirring poem, "Zollicoffer," written by Henry Flash. This monthly was published by two printers, Messrs. Hutton & Freleigh, at Memphis, during the first year of the war. It is known by their names. Three numbers only are known to have appeared.

Of the weekly publications in the South during the war two will be remembered by many Southern people. They are the *Illustrated News* and the *Magnolia Weekly*. These two weeklies were strong rivals, and made many bids for public favor and patronage.

The *Magnolia Weekly* offered in 1863 a prize of \$500 for the best continued story. It was won by Charles P. Dimitry, who afterward became the editor of the *Weekly*. Then the *News* offered \$1,000 for the best serial story. This time the prize went to a lady, Miss Mary Hawes. Her story, entitled "The Rivals," was a story of the war.

The *Illustrated News* was a weak imitator of *Harper's Weekly* and *Frank Leslie's*. Considering its resources, it made a fair showing. The typographical appearance of the *News* is bad, because it is printed on wretched paper with poor ink. The portrait of a Confederate general adorned the front page of each number. The wood-cuts are often spirited, but, of course, blurred. Many of them were drawn by W. L. Sheppard, an artist whose clever sketches of Southern life and character, especially of the "darky," has since won for him fame and fortune.

From a literary point of view the *Magnolia Weekly* surpassed its rival. It secured original contributions from such writers as William Gilmore Simms, Henry Timrod, Schele De Vere, John Esten Cooke and others. The *Magnolia Weekly* was at first a four-page and latterly an eight-page paper. The *News* was also eight pages. Unlike most of their contemporaries, these two weekly papers came out very regularly. Oddly enough, both the *Mag-*

nolia Weekly and its rival the *News* met the same fate, at the same time and in the same way. The offices of both papers were destroyed by the great fire which broke out in April, 1865, after the Federal troops occupied Richmond. Thus the careers of two well-edited and interesting war papers came to a close.

Such, then, are some of the literary enterprises that flourished for a brief time in the South during the war.

They are a few only of the ephemeral publications that flashed, and then went out. One of the magazines that exerted a great influence upon Southern literature was *De Bow's Review*. It was published for many years at New Orleans. From its pages one can gain a better, truer idea of the "Old South" than from any other source. In one of the last numbers of this *Review* there is a list of the papers and periodicals published throughout the Southern States in 1861. To this list should be added the publications from 1861 to 1866.

No one, as far as I know, has ever compiled a complete "Dixiana." Most all Confederate publications are rare. Many are worth their weight in gold. Some of them have disappeared completely. They exist only in name. Now and then some prying individual prowling in the garret of a Southern home, or a book-worm grubbing in the dark corners of a second-hand book shop, brings to light one of these curious relics of literary activity in the South.

You should see how some of the Confederate books and papers were printed. Just think of having your newspaper figured and flowered on one side, and blurred with bad lettering on the

other side. The printers could not help it. They did the best they could with wallpaper.

The subscription price of Confederate publications was rather high. The price of the monthlies was about \$10 a year. Toward the end of the war the editor was obliged to ask \$20 a year. The subscribers paid what was equivalent to \$40. The Richmond dailies were sold at the rate of \$30 a year. Later on the mails were cut off from the South Atlantic and Gulf coast States, and the Richmond dailies could not be had for love or money.

The man who could afford a paper was regarded as a bloated bondholder, although the bonds after awhile would not call for as much as newspapers. The subscribers read and re-read, studied and pondered over every line in their valuable and costly paper, which passed through so many hands that usually it was torn into fragments, and then the pieces were seized and greedily devoured. It would be interesting, perhaps, to give some of the quaint and curious things that appear in "*Dixiana*." They possess no great literary merit, but they show that even amid the thunders of war literature will have its charm for some people. At the time when Gen. Sherman was marching through Georgia, when the Southern armies were being scattered, when the cause was lost—at such a time men and women were writing essays and stories, and poets were polishing their verses. A great war is detrimental to the highest literary art, but it may be the means of bringing out a battle song, a stirring lyric or an eloquent oration. The most enduring works are most often matured in times of peace and quiet.

L. J. VANCE.

FOUR WOMEN.

Mary Stuart.

Against the splendor of thy lustrous sun
Men threw their souls as feathers 'fore a flame ;
Careless of life, of death, of honor's name,
So from thy lips a radiant smile be won.

Lady Macbeth.

Heroic heart : alas, thou knewest how sweet
It was to love the babe that milked thy breast !
For love thou gavest thy soul : and, for the rest,
Saw hell and all its horrors at thy feet.

Cleopatra.

Ah, what availeth now thine orient charms,
Though decked in all thy purple pomp of pride !
Love spurns at last his too oft cheapened bride,
And Death, triumphant, leaps into thine arms.

Beatrice Cenci.

Abysmal was the horror where thou shed'st
A fatal gleam by lurid murder lit !
Men hush their voices as they speak of it,
That horror which thou fleeing, vainly fled'st.

ROBERT ADGER BOWEN.

COMMENTS ON UNIVERSITY NEWS.

CONDUCTED BY EDWARD S. MARTIN.

THE FIRE at the University of Virginia at Charlottesville on the morning of October 28 was a national misfortune. It started in the annex to the rotunda, and brought down before it finished both rotunda and annex. Charlottesville, it seems, has no fire apparatus, and this fire was fought chiefly by a bucket brigade. Zeal was not wanting, and it seems to have been due to the work with buckets that all the near-by pavilions and dormitories were not burnt up. But zeal could not save the rotunda. About a third of the 63,000 volumes in its library were saved, and some of its paintings and other valuable and interesting property, but the loss, estimated in money at \$200,000, includes much that cannot be replaced. The rotunda was in the nature of a monument to Jefferson, and was built from plans that he made, and was completed during his lifetime and under his supervision. It was opened in 1825, and in the following year a reception was held in it, at which Lafayette was present. The carved marble pillars used in its construction were brought from Italy. It is doubtful whether there is a college building left in America which is as interesting as this rotunda at Charlottesville. No doubt there is something left of it, and possibly it can be restored, but from all accounts the fire seems to have made a pretty thorough job.

The University of Virginia is the strongest educational institution in the South, and has

many alumni who are stirring energetically to make good its losses. Public meetings in its behalf have been held in Richmond and in Washington, and considerable sums have already been subscribed toward a restoration fund. A committee of the faculty of the university has issued to the alumni and other friends of the institution an address, which states that \$346,000 is needed for restoration purposes, of which \$58,000 is coming from insurance and from the Fayerweather and other bequests. The committee estimates that the reconstruction of the rotunda and its wings will cost \$80,000; the annex, with its hall, lecture rooms and offices, \$90,000; a new physics and engineering department, \$56,000; a law building, \$20,000, and books to replenish the library, \$50,000. The committee should include in its estimate whatever sum is needed to buy a good fire engine. That is one of the very first investments the university should make. The legislature of Virginia will be invited to do something for the university, and will doubtless respond.

It is interesting to find it stated as one of the reasons for an awakened interest (vulgarly called a "boom") in the work of the Yale Union that society honors have lately been won, almost for the first time, by a Yale student for excellence in debate. The Union has a new debating hall and that has helped it; Yale has been out-debated by Harvard for several years and there is a sentiment at Yale against letting Harvard ever win at anything, and that too has helped; but it is easy to believe that the fact that an expert orator has been taken into a desirable society on account of his oratory is

probably the most stimulating and helpful fact of all. The understanding of the extra-Yale barbarians about the Yale society system is that Yale men get into societies—especially the three senior societies—because they are “prominent,” and that they are prominent because they excel their fellows in some sphere of activity which is recognized to be worthy. Thus the crack athletes usually get into senior societies, and the best scholars, and the best writers, and the best politicians, and the best dressers (may be), and the men of the most conspicuous social gifts. Consequently the average Yale man feels that it is worth his while to be prominent, and he puts his best foot forward, and if he has a specialty tries to excel in it and demonstrate that he is fit. No one is in the habit of accusing Yale men of indifference, and the don't-give-a-damn spirit with which another famous university is said to be permeated is understood to be due in great measure to the different system in which the clubs and societies of that university recruit their membership. If oratory is to be recognized at Yale as a legitimate means of attaining prominence and getting into desirable societies, no doubt the Union will continue to flourish and hold crowded weekly meetings.

Another symptom of a coming revival in intellectual diversions at Yale is discernable in the rumor that the three junior societies are to be recognized and are to become less social and convivial and more literary and forensic than they have been. Another symptom is the opening of the reference room of the university library in the evening ; a concession made to a vociferous undergraduate demand and helped

to its fulfillment by the timely transmission to the library of a check for \$500, representing profits of the promenade ball heretofore usually turned over to the athletic fund.

THE YALE school of music points with pride and satisfaction to the interesting novelty it possesses in its new symphony orchestra, the first organized in an American university. This orchestra includes about forty local (New Haven) musicians, and is backed by the Yale faculty with an appropriation of \$1,500. It is intended to be a permanent organization.

THE NEW Yale course in modern novels has proved the most popular course given at Yale, and is taken by 258 students. Dr. Phelps, who has charge of it, maintains that the novel is at present the most important form of literary art, and that the best literary thought of the day is going into it.

THERE IS an institution in Cambridge which partakes of the nature of a university extension, where professors and students from Harvard College teach and lecture gratuitously, and share what they know with their fellow creatures. Prof. Charles Elliot Norton lectured there last month on manners. Street car manners in and around Harvard Square were so bad, he said, that he had daily doubts whether the Cambridge folks were becoming more or less civilized. On crowded cars he was always struck with the barbarism that prevailed, and he had even seen men sitting and allowing women to stand. "A short time ago," he related, "a reception was held in Sanders

Theater to the new students of Harvard College. The governor of the commonwealth was present and many other gentlemen of rank. It was stated during the reception that at its conclusion refreshments would be served. The instant the speaking was over there was a perfectly barbarian rush by these young men. Had they been savages their conduct could not have been more barbarous, and the governor and President Elliot were crushed by these ill-mannered youth."

Manners are one of the things that Harvard thinks, or hopes at least, that she teaches. Of course she cannot be held accountable for the manners of the freshmen that come to her, and the young men whose eagerness scandalized Professor Norton at the Sanders Theater were all freshmen. Doubtless four years of Harvard will amend their demeanor a good deal. It may not be true that manners should be taught in a university, but certainly they should be learned there by persons who have not learned them when they go there, and to a great extent they *are* learned. Green and rude freshmen who come to a university where civilized habits are the rule pick up the superficial manners of the place insensibly, by the eye and the ear. Men of a much greater experience of polite life than a lot of Harvard freshmen have been known to be stampeded by an announcement of cold food, but the chances are that by the time the *fin-de-siècle* class is ready to be graduated it will be possible to open a can of ice cream in their presence without creating more than a momentary excitement, and without any insulting disturbance whatever.

WHAT A great name, by the way, the class of '99 comes into! It is the most striking date in the whole century, and to be of a class that owns it is a ready-made distinction in itself. It is almost worth while to be young and to know less, and be in a college where numbers and an elective system have not exterminated class ties, for the sake of having a proprietary interest in such a ringing date. It is a particularly vociferous date, and fits the voice well; and it is well suited, too, to the uses of the rhymers. If the various classes of '99 are not great classes, it will be because they have not the right sort of men in them. Their momentous date is very much in their favor.

CASES of undergraduate obstreperousness seem to be growing less frequent in the American colleges. The special season for them is when college opens and the freshmen are newest, and the sophomores in the most impulsive stage of cockiness. Harvard met with a misfortune in the theft of the iron Louisburg cross from over the entrance door of the Library, but that is a case of larceny which no one can attribute with any certainty to undergraduate enterprise. The old cross was an interesting relic of colonial times, and it seems somewhat surprising that it should have been placed where it was so much at the mercy of thieves. As to the theft of it there are three theories: it may have been stolen by a freshman, or by one of the workmen employed on the alterations now in progress in the library, or by some person whose religious or irreligious sentiments were offended by its posi-

tion. The cross was part of the loot of Louisburg, and is believed to have been given to Harvard College by the Yankee who tore it down from the spire or gable of a Catholic church. Some pious Catholic may have seen fit to steal it back, or some un-Christian person may have been offended by the sight of a cross over the entrance to the Harvard Library and have stolen it on that account. Obviously, with so many good reasons at hand for its disappearance, it is very unsafe to surmise that an undergraduate stole it.

PRESIDENT SCHURMAN of Cornell was sorely grieved because his freshmen and sophomores got into a rush on the night of October 30. It was the first rush at Cornell for two years, and a mass meeting was held the next day to denounce it. The two lower classes of the Columbia School of Mines had a cane rush about the same time, but theirs was a regular and premeditated sport, held on the oval in the morning, and attended by upper class men who acted as referees and guardians of the peace, so that it was not subversive to college discipline.

THE MOST momentous bit of undergraduate devilment that has been reported this year occurred at the State College at Bellefonte, Pennsylvania. Certain sophomores wanted two freshmen, and being unable to get them out of the house where they were, seized the college cannon, loaded it with such missiles as happened to be convenient, and bombarded the house. There was about a thousand dollars damages to pay. Two of the cannonaders were expelled and fourteen suspended indefinitely.

IN THE Northwestern University, at Evanston, Ill., there was a row of considerable proportions on the night of October 30 over certain juvenilities of sophomores and freshmen, but nothing more serious seems to have resulted than a column or two of narrative in the Chicago newspapers.

IN THE University of Wisconsin, on the afternoon of October 21, the sophomores dragged a long rope across a field where the freshmen were drilling and swept the whole battalion off its legs, and with the rest Lieutenant Chynoweth of the United States Army, who was drilling them. The freshmen got up again not much the worse, but the lieutenant went to his quarters and wrote to the War Department asking to be transferred to another post of duty. The upshot of it was that the undergraduates bound themselves over to keep the peace, and three students who were selected for discipline were allowed to remain in college. Whether the lieutenant also stays does not yet appear.

THE HARVARD GLEE CLUB has petitioned the faculty to mitigate the severity of the new rule which prohibits musical and dramatic performances by students in places more than two hours distant from Cambridge. The faculty is obdurate, however, and abides by its decision.

PART OF the money collected from Harvard graduates for a memorial to Dr. Peabody will be used to place a bronze tablet in his memory in Appleton chapel. After that is done there will be nearly \$4,000 left, which may be used to found a scholarship.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO is proud of the success of its summer quarter ending October 1, which was tried this year for the second time, and was one of the most daring of the innovations with which this university has ventured to vary the customs of university procedure in this country. The number of students in the university during the summer was 932, of whom 298 were women. The number during the summer quarter of 1894 was 605, of whom 202 were women, which means an increase of 54 per cent. The total registration of students for the fall term is about 1,100, so it seems that the business of education goes on very nearly as briskly in the summer at Chicago as during the rest of the year. It should be understood that this summer session is not a summer school such as is kept up by some of the other American universities for the benefit of persons not regularly in college, but is a regular term of the university, in which the work done counts toward the degree for which the student is studying.

THE DISMISSAL of Professor Bemis from the University of Chicago continues to be discussed. President Harper's statement about it, quoted in the *BACHELOR* last month, called out a statement in reply from Professor Bemis, and both statements have been freely sifted by friends and allies of the conflicting powers. President Harper's experience in this case seems to have been of little or no value as a warning to him, since he has lately declined to assign a class to Dr. Isaac Hourwich, who, after graduating at Columbia College, was called to the Chicago University as an instructor in political economy.

It appears that on going to Chicago Dr. Hourwich avowed himself to be a socialist, an infidel, and a sympathizer with the Populist party, and after he had gone as a delegate to a Populist convention and given other evidences of the intensity of his convictions, the management of the university decided that it was inexpedient to employ him.

THE LATEST and most important news about Dr. Harper's university concerns Mr. John D. Rockefeller's latest gifts to it. By letter dated October 30 Mr. Rockefeller gave it one million dollars outright for endowment and promised to give as much as two millions more for endowment or otherwise, as he may designate, "but only in amounts equal to the contributions of others in cash or its equivalent not hitherto promised, as the same shall be received on or before January 1, 1900." So for the next four years every dollar that is given to the university wins to itself the society of another dollar out of Mr. Rockefeller's strong box.

THERE IS a boom in debating at Cornell analogous to that of which we get reports from Yale. Cornell is to argue with the University of Pennsylvania, and there is said to be more interest in this coming dispute than in the athletic alliance with Harvard. The Cornell Union has been started—a large debating society including all the debating clubs in the university.

The Cornell Club of Chicago has fifty-five active members and expects to have 200 Cornell men at its annual dinner in February.

It is announced that the Chi Psi fraternity at Cornell has bought from Professor Fiske the McGraw-Fiske house at Ithaca, built for Mrs. Fiske but never occupied by her. The price paid was \$45,000, about \$80,000 less than the place cost.

IN THE case of the United States against the Stanford estate the estate has now won two verdicts, one from the Federal Court of Southern California, and one from the United States Circuit Court in California. The case has now gone to the United States Supreme Court and it is expected that the final decision will be reached in the spring. As the existence of Stanford University seems to depend on the issue of the case, a decision in Mrs. Stanford's favor will undoubtedly be popular, however it might be if the university were not concerned.

THE FOURTH class that was graduated from Vassar College was the class of 1870. It has now been out of college for twenty-five years. Of the members of that and the three preceding classes, 63 per cent. married. Of 437 graduates of girls' colleges making returns to the Massachusetts Bureau of Statistics of Labor 28 were married, 20 were widows and 389 were unmarried. One hundred and sixty-nine were teachers, 47 were librarians, 28 stenographers, 22 nurses and superintendents of nursing, 19 were journalists and 19 were clerks. In this array of college graduates are included very many very recent graduates who will marry presently when they have time, so that no certain conclusions as to the matrimonial intentions of the graduates of girls' colleges can be

reached from the figures given. The statistics from the first four Vassar classes are tolerably conclusive as far as they go, since women who do not marry within twenty-five years after leaving college may be considered to have a permanent prejudice in favor of the unmarried state.

The average pay of the Massachusetts girl graduates who were working and replied to the Labor Bureau inquiry was about \$75 a month.

ON THE 19th of October the University of the City of New York dedicated its new buildings, both those on University Heights, which are to shelter the college, and those on the old site on Washington Square which contain the Law and Medical Schools and the School of Pedagogy. The completed buildings on the uptown site are the Hall of Languages, the Havermeyer Library, and the gymnasium. In the morning the Washington Square buildings were inspected. At 1.30 a crowd of about 1,000 students and invited guests took a train for University Heights, where there were very high jinks indeed. A tent had been put up, in which speeches were made by a dozen eminent gentlemen, including the Presidents of Amherst College and the University of Rochester, and the Mayor of New York. There was a procession first, followed by a meeting at which there were speeches of presentation, speeches of felicitation, speeches of acceptance, and other speeches. Then after Chancellor McCracken had announced the promise of a new dormitory by an anonymous donor, the meeting adjourned to the site of the new library and the Chancellor broke ground for that

building, which is expected to be the architectural glory of the new site.

AMHERST is casting about for a new treasurer, and seems disposed to choose a man of financial ability and standing, living in Boston or New York, who will bring a large experience to the management of the endowment funds of the college, leaving the routine details to the care of a deputy at Amherst.

THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA gives a course in journalism which is more popular this year than ever before. At Harvard there is a course in journalism called the daily *Crimson*, which is pursued with diligence by a score of young men who do a lot of work, which is doubtless instructive, though it is not directly useful to them in getting their degrees. These young men have lately had the satisfaction of knocking out their hated rival, the daily *News*, which suspended publication about the middle of October, bequeathing its constituents to the *Crimson*.

PRINCETON students, having regard to the perpetuation of old customs, passed a resolution on October 18 appointing a committee to wait upon the faculty, and to promise that if a revival of the old custom of holding the cane spree at night in front of Witherspoon Hall be permitted, it should be a gentle and decorous exercise unmarred by the rudeness that sometime characterized cane sprees in the good old days. In consideration of this promise the faculty voted that the cane spree might be resuscitated,

DR. ASABEL CLARK KENDRICK, Professor Emeritus in Rochester University, who died on October 21, taught Greek in the university from the time of its foundation in 1850 until his retirement in 1882. He was a scholar of national reputation, and was one of the translators of the revised version of the Bible. He was greatly beloved in Rochester, and the students of the university attended his funeral in a body.

ATHLETIC DEPARTMENT.

CONDUCTED BY WALTER CAMP.

VASSAR COLLEGE girls have emulated other college students in a series of outdoor games, and considering the conditions—a rainy, windy day—and that it was the first competition of the sort, the times were excellent. Owing to the intense excitement of the occasion, and the firing of a real starter's pistol, the timers and measurers seemed to get confused, and the reports in the newspapers differ. The following is the account given in the *New York World* by a young lady reporter :

The spectators were enveloped in mackintoshes or golf capes, and generally wore Tam O'Shanter. They had bows of class colors at their throats. The judges—Miss Welton, Miss Tiffany and Miss Wentworth—occupied an open summer house, with Miss Banks, chairman, and Misses Love, Thallon, Haight and Vassar, members of the committee on arrangements. Mrs. Kendrick, the principal ; Prof. Ely, and other members of the faculty watched the preparations with some misgivings.

All girls who desired to compete were required to enter their names, and the list was taken in hand by the principal, Mrs. Kendrick ; physical director, Dr. Thalberg, and gymnasium director, Miss Ballentine. Every girl was examined, and not one in whom the slightest physical weakness was detected was allowed to compete. The result was that no more perfect physical specimens of college girlhood could be found than the contestants.

Down the center of the beautiful grassy oval was laid out a hurdle course, which was also used for the running events. There were poles for the running high jump and courts marked out for the basket ball contests.

Except for the mist and rain the field would have been a beautiful sight when Misses Hotchkiss, Jones, Johnson and Wilkinson lined up for the trial heats in the 100-yard dash. No uniform costume was worn. Some of the girls wore their gymnasium suits. Others wore divided skirts and blouse waists. Many wore short skirts over the gymnasium suits, but the favorite outfit included white sweaters which just arrived in time for the games.

As the four girls took their positions the classes gave the college yell, "Rah, Rah, Rah, V-a-s-s-a-r!" each finishing with the class year.

The timekeepers, Miss Hart, Miss Platt and Miss Skinner, took their positions with stop watches in their hands. The starter, Miss Love, stood just behind the girls.

As she threw one hand up into the air everybody became breathless, waiting for the signal. The contestants, with foot advanced, hugged the line and crouched.

"Ping!" went the starter's pistol.

The audience, all women, jumped, and the four contestants were away. With arms well to the side, shoulders back and heads thrown up, the four girls made a picture of grace. Artists would have found the runners worth studying.

The turf was yielding and slippery. Miss Wilkinson, the winner, finished in $15\frac{1}{4}$ seconds—slow time, the girls said.

In the second trial heat Misses Reimer, Thallon, Tryon and Vassar ran, and the last named won in $15\frac{1}{2}$ seconds.

For the running broad Misses Baker, Harrison, Hero, C. Johnson, Spaulding, Thallon, Ward, Wilkinson and Love were entered, and each girl was credited with the best in three jumps.

The winner, Miss Baker, made 11 feet 5 inches, and was quickly enveloped by her supporters in a heavy coat and mackintosh, and petted and rewarded with "Rah, Rah, Rah, V-a-s-s-a-r, Baker!"

In the 120-yard hurdle trial heats the hurdles were only two feet high, but that was quite high enough, as the softness of the earth was equivalent to another six inches. Miss Spaulding made it in $25\frac{1}{4}$ s., and Miss

Thallon in $24\frac{1}{4}$ s. These were only preparatory to the final.

The running high jump was one of the prettiest events of the day. Two girls held the rope while the Misses Baker, Borden, Brownell, Harrison, C. Johnson, Spaulding and Vassar did their best. Miss Brownell won, making a 48-inch jump.

In this event the only accident of the games occurred. Miss Baker, who was second with a 46-inch jump, fell. When she got up there was a call for the doctor. Miss Baker had dislocated her thumb.

Dr. Thalberg was on the field with rolls of bandages and simple remedies, and Miss Baker was able to play with the basket ball team in the afternoon.

Only one 220-yard dash was run, and Miss Haight won it in $36\frac{1}{4}$ s.

Umbrellas had been in demand all the morning. The oval had been growing wetter and soggier. By the time the final heats were to be run everybody was pretty thoroughly drabbed, but the enthusiasm only increased. The classes repeatedly gave their yells.

Miss Vassar delighted the hearts of '98 by winning the final 100-yard dash in 16 seconds.

The last event of the morning was the final heat in the 120-yard hurdle. The three competitors took the hurdles in as scientific a manner as if under the eye of the instructor in the gymnasium. Every hurdle was carefully calculated, and when Miss Thallon, of Brooklyn, won in 25 seconds it proved that science had really told.

After the games Mrs. Kendrick, the principal, said to a reporter,

"We want it distinctly understood that this field day does not indicate that the college has gone into 'sports,' as it is termed.

"Physical culture has always had a place at Vassar from the foundation of the college. The girls exercise and play games out of doors all the time, but this is the first time the different kinds of exercises and games have been brought together in one day.

"Formerly we received frequent letters from parents requesting that we excuse their daughters from exercise. Since the games have been introduced these let-

ters are hardly ever received, and as the interest of the girls increases their parents' objections lessen.

"In many cases girls have given up eating candy because they found it interfered with their games.

"There are girls who have given up eating sweets altogether for the same reason.

"But Vassar will not allow a spirit of emulation to rule students."

This last statement concerning the spirit of emulation is rather mysterious. Emulation in sports is by the nature of things the keynote and incentive to competition. That girls will go into training and become sufficiently stoical to give up eating candy is, we believe, the highest tribute to athletics we have yet noted in any girls' college. In ancient Greece girls were often successful runners, but then they had no candy to give up. They had honey to be sure, but what girl cares for honey? Under proper care and training we believe girls capable of doing the 100 yards in even time. Bicycle races might be held with profit. Rowing races are annually held at Wellesley. We heartily believe in giving girls the best athletic development, along with the best mental education. *Mens sana in corpore sano* applies to girls equally with boys. But how such a competition would have shocked our grandmothers!

WOMEN SEEM to have taken to golf with almost as much interest as men. The woman's championship golf match at the Meadow Brook Club, November 9, was a great success. The ladies who competed were Mrs. Charles S. Brown, Miss Harrison, Mrs. William Shippen, Miss N. C. Sargent, Mrs. W. B. Thomas, Mrs. R. C. Hooper, Miss A. Howland Ford, Mrs.

Fellowes Morgan, Mrs. Devereaux Emmett, Mrs. A. W. Turnure, Miss Anna Sands, Miss M. K. Bird, Miss Louise F. Field, Miss Helen Shelton. Mrs. Brown won the event, her score by holes being a total of 132, as follows :

| | | | | | | | | | |
|-----------------|----|---|---|---|---|---|----|----|------|
| First half..... | 11 | 4 | 9 | 4 | 5 | 7 | 9 | 14 | 6—69 |
| Second half... | 7 | 3 | 9 | 4 | 5 | 5 | 12 | 13 | 5—63 |

This score is said to be the best yet made by a woman in this country.

At Morristown, the same day, Miss Alice Day won the George G. Kip silver cup over eleven ladies by a total of 66.

THE PRINCETON-HARVARD game upset most of the predictions of the experts. Many had predicted that Harvard would win easily, while even the most conservative had conceded the match to Harvard by a small score. The work of Princeton's rush line was, however, too strong for Harvard's tactics, and the condition of the Harvard men seemed to be such that the second half dragged heavily on them. It was too bad that the day was so disagreeable, and it almost recalled the last Yale-Princeton match played at Princeton in respect to the condition of ground and ball. Baird's kicking in the second half was good, and for a new man he proved decidedly a treasure to Princeton. There was the fumbling inevitable under the conditions of a slippery ground and a wet ball. The game was exciting from start to finish, but the really hair-raising episode of the match was Suter's run and Brewer's plucky pursuit. It has been said that carrying the ball will handicap a runner by some yards in a hundred, and this argument has been used thousands of times to convince football players that if a man should

succeed in getting past their lines, they ought to follow him, for the chances of overtaking him are large. Unfortunately it is easier to demonstrate this theoretically than to convince players of it, but Brewer's pluck and spirit in following Suter saved a touchdown. Beside the hardy efforts of the players, it is fair to praise the pluck of the audience, for some seven thousand people braved the inclement weather and sat the match out, in spite of prospective pneumonia. Says the *Yale News* :

"Had Harvard's line been able to protect their backs, the score would certainly have been different. Princeton's backs were inferior but her rushers were superior in breaking through. In other respects the teams were very evenly matched.

"The game was clean, gentlemanly and a splendid revival of the 'open play' of former years. Although there were a number of substitutions no one was injured at all seriously, and both teams are already in playing condition."

The teams faced each other as follows :

| Princeton. | | Harvard. | |
|-----------------------------|-----------|----------|--------------------------------|
| Hearn, l. e. | | r. e., { | A. Brewer, Captain. Howell. |
| Church, l. t. | | | r. t., Donald. |
| Riggs, } Wentz, } | l. g. | | r. g., Jaffray. |
| Gailey, | center | | F. Shaw. |
| Rhodes, r. g. | | | l. g., Holt. |
| Lea, Captain, } Tyler, } | r. t. | l. t., { | Hallowell. T. Stevenson. |
| Cochran, r. e. | | | l. e., Cabot. |
| Suter, | quarter | | Borden. |
| Rosengarten, | half back | | C. Brewer. |
| Armstrong, | half back | | { Wrightington. Gontermann. |
| Baird, | full back | | { Fairchild. Dunlop. |

Score : Princeton, 12 ; Harvard, 4. Time ; two 35-minute halves. Touchdowns : Rosengarten, 2 ; Suter, 1 ; Shaw, 1. Referee, H. L. Pratt, of Amherst ;

umpires : P. J. Dashiell, of Lehigh, and F. De P. Townsend, of Williams ; linesmen, G. W. Kennedy, of Leland Stanford ; assistant linesman, Frank Cowan, of Orange A. C. Attendance, 8,000.

THE ORANGE-CRESCENT difficulty arose from the protest made by Orange against King. The latter had received pay for football coaching, and had, it was claimed, ceased to be an "amateur." Orange afterward waived this protest, but the Crescents refused to arrange any game other than on November 16, and claimed a forfeit, which Referee Hartwell refused. The cup has been won twice by each team.

THE FOOTBALL situation was never more interesting, owing to the rapid development of the heretofore so-called small teams. Particularly is this true of the athletic association teams, which are showing such good work as to be close rivals for the big university elevens. The Boston Athletic Association in its game with Yale ; Orange, in its games with Princeton and Yale ; and Crescent, in its general match work, have all shown themselves close on the heels of the best. It is a great pity that the Orange-Crescent game resulted in a paper combat.

After all, why should not the athletic clubs succeed against college teams ? The men are older, more experienced, and were frequently "star" players on their college teams. It is only a question of practice, and getting together in team play.

THE BOSTON ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION is sticking many plumes in its cap these days. Not content with virtual victories on the gridiron

field against Yale by holding the football team down to no score, they place in the barge a crew that actually beats out the coming Harvard 'Varsity on the Charles. No longer can the college athlete look upon the athletic club as "easy prey" for his trained skill.

BROWN's 6 to 6 game with Yale shows that Yale was not quite so strong as usual, and that Brown has been well coached. The scoring was done in the first half. Brown deserves great credit for her team work this season.

THE fine team of the University of Michigan held Harvard down to 4 points, November 9. The play was fast and furious, and Harvard barely escaped defeat. The same day the State College scored against Pennsylvania, 4-35. At the time the latter team were playing a little stronger than Harvard, but the latter team after the Princeton game entered upon a severe system of coaching which told very well in the game on November 23, in which Harvard proved herself equal to Pennsylvania in every way except kicking goals.

HARVARD AND Yale *did* compete in the shooting match (a quasi athletic event) at Monmouth Junction, N. J., at the Dayton Gun Club, and Princeton won the match with 120 points, Harvard 116, Yale 98. It appeared so far to be Princeton's year. It is probable that Harvard and Yale will also come together in the annual debate, which involves the use of certain muscles. These meetings will, it is to be hoped, pave the way toward a return to the old rivalry in another year.

THE FOOTBALL of last month has been full of surprises, and the pleasant part of it all is that the surprises have usually revealed unexpected merit in the supposedly weaker teams, rather than weaknesses in the larger elevens. The greatest of these surprises in order was the scoring by the Orange Athletic Club of twelve points against the Yale team. In the Yale game with Crescent the latter showed unusual strength by forcing the collegians to a safety; but that did not at all prepare the college world for the Orange result. Yale put up her strongest team, barring, perhaps, the left guard, where Chadwick was missing. Thorne, the Yale captain, kicked off, sending the ball down to the Orange twenty-five-yard line. Then Millard, Hopkins and Bird began the banging over Yale's right tackle and outside, assisted by good pushing. Yale became a little hurried, and caught a five-yard loss for off-side play. Then Millard came around the right end with a dash, and never stopped until, after a forty-yard run, De Witt cut him down. Millard lost the ball as he struck, and Thorne missed it. Bird coming on with a dash seized it and took it five yards further. Orange went fairly wild over the long gain. Bird landed the ball on the Yale twenty-yard line. Then, in spite of Yale's attempted stand, Orange would not be denied, and Hopkins, Bird and Millard continued the smashing until the latter placed the ball across the line for a touchdown, which Mintzner converted into a goal, and five minutes from the kick-off the score stood Orange 6 and Yale 0! On the kick-off the ball went to Millard at the ten-yard-line, but he carried it back outside of

his twenty-five-yard line before he was finally landed. The three backs than began smashing the Yale line again, and for a few moments it looked as though Yale could not hold them. Finally, with a desperate brace, they made a stand and got the ball on downs. It was short work then with Thorne, DeWitt and Letton to bring the ball within sight of the Orange line, and the captain carried it over. Letton missed the goal, and the score stood Orange 6 and Yale 4. But the blood of Thorne and DeWitt was well heated, and they quickly crowded the ball down and over for a second touchdown, which again was unconverted, although it placed Yale ahead 8 to 6. It was a good sight for Yale eyes to see the men back of their line come down once more, taking the ball steadily yards at a time until just on the five-yard line DeWitt fumbled, and time was soon called after Orange had placed the goal out of danger.

Yale opened the second half with a magnificent run by her captain, gaining a touchdown in two minutes, and again, after the next kick-off, the Yale backs carried the ball home inside of five minutes. But, though tired, the Orange team had not yet reached the end of their score, for Buell blocked Mills' kick twice and Bird landed on the ball in the Yale goal for a second touchdown. Yale followed the example a little later by blocking a punt, and the game ended with twelve points against the collegians. Their own score of twenty-four was little consolation to them, although the play of their original backs had been first-class.

On the same day there was another surprise

to the football cranks in the defeat of Cornell by Lafayette at Ithaca, Captain Boericke bringing up an unexpectedly good team to face Newell's pupils. The Cornell men fought hard but were unable to score, while Lafayette got over the line once and turned the try into a goal.

Brown went to Cambridge on the same Saturday, and gathered in six points from Harvard by a run of their left half-back Fultz around Brewer's end from the twenty-five-yard line. Harvard played a stiff game in the second half and scored twenty-six.

But the greatest surprise to the Harvard men was the game put up by the West Point Cadets. It seems a shame that a match between Annapolis and West Point is not an annual fixture. It is another case of foolish "faculty interference" which we have occasion so often to deplore. Football is a sort of "war." But the interdiction has evidently not had any detrimental effect this year upon the style of game played up on the Hudson, for the Cambridge men were unable to cross their line more than once, and at the call of time the Cadets had the ball dangerously near Harvard's goal. Harvard's touchdown was scored almost at the outset of the match, and as soon as the stage fright of the West Point team had worn off they held their own. Harmon Graves, their coach, had predicted a hard time for the visitors, and the result fully justified his words.

The Boston Athletic Association eleven came later in the month with perhaps the greatest surprise of all, by playing a tie game with the Yale team, neither side scoring. Such a result between one of the big 'Varsity teams

and an athletic club has been an almost unheard of event, and the Princeton-Orange game only added to the wonderment of the oldtimers, who were wont to see the club teams outclassed. October has brought the surprises—November surely had in it less novelty, but far more football.

THE ADVANTAGES derived from a connection with athletics in the way of an education in the arts of discipline and organization have just been admirably illustrated in the case of a Mr. Malcomb Booth, of Yale. While not prominently connected with the 'Varsity teams when in college, it seems he was a believer in all sports, and held a place in all class contests. Later he had been engaged in educational work in the schools of New Haven, and has always been an advocate of football, baseball and general athletics. He has recently gone to Dayton, Ohio, and the following letter will recall to all who knew him the days when that power was being brought out in him in school and college.

MY DEAR ——— : You will be pleased to learn that Mr. Booth has made a great hit at Dayton, and has already brought about reforms which those interested deemed impossible. Last week he went before the school board and carried through his new system for the high school against opposition which seemed too formidable for one man to overcome. The organization of the schools, which required two weeks of undivided effort on the part of his predecessor, he perfected in two days. There is no question but that the discipline resulting from football training has made Booth a capital organizer. After all, football is only a serious business of "getting ahead."

AS ONE goes toward the setting sun one meets with many strange things, but with them all a spirit that speaks of fresh air and wholesomeness. Football has, as they express it from Chicago through Denver, Omaha, Butte and Spokane to the Coast, "come to stay." The deeds of their heroes, like those of ancient Greece, are told in song. Here are extracts from their epic verse :

OMAHA VS. BUTTE, THANKSGIVING, 1894, AT BUTTE.

Though we are sorry to lose the game, we'er proud of
the Omaha boys.

They came to us like gentlemen, of their skill made no
noise.

We are sorry to Nebraska to wire back, the score is 46
to 4.

All honor to Willie with the golden hair, though he
made us feel sore.

SPOKANE VS. BUTTE, APRIL 14, 1895.

On the football field on Easter day,
We're found opposed to each other's play ;
The teams from Butte and from Spokane,
Spokane crying, "She can ! She can !"

The score stands at eighteen to naught,
Although to win Spokane vainly sought.
Plucky Spokane, whatever be her lot !
Can she play football ? No ! She cannot.

OMAHA VS. BUTTE, JULY 4, 1895.

"To the land of the Buttes, the Montanas ;
We will wipe the earth with them ;
Wipe the earth till they cry for mercy."
Boastingly thus spoke the proud Omahas,
The Omahas, sons of packers, sons of Nebraska.

On the morrow there was great uprising,
Uprising of the multitude toward the field of battle.

"Now go back, you Omahas, sons of packers,
Tell your people you were beaten,
Beaten in the Mountain City at football,"
Was the farewell spoken to the Nebraskas,
And the Buttes marched cheering through their city.

FRANCIS BROOKS, the captain of the Butte football club, is an old Exeter man, and a graduate of the Harvard Law School, and was once captain of the Harvard freshman eleven. Hooper, of the University of Washington, was a guard on the team. In fact, wherever our players have gone, they have played football. Think of a Fourth of July game of football! That was the date of the Butte-Omaha game.

EVERYONE is delighted to see Harvard and Princeton once more reconciled and rivals upon the football field. Many an exciting game have those of us who are classed as "old grads" seen between the elevens of these two universities, and a renewal of these matches has been a sincere though little expressed hope for the last two or three years. Perhaps the happy day will come when we shall see an era of general peace established.

ONE OF the best products of Western football is the full-back on the University of California team. His name is Ransome and he stands over six feet in height and tips the scales at 192 pounds. He is a strong, hard runner, but his greatest forte is his kicking. He is good for fifty-five yards, and occasionally has done better.

AT GOLF, C. E. Sands is showing the skeptical ones that his former win was not in the

nature of a fluke by further practical demonstration. His match with Winthrop Rutherford at Meadowbrook was an exciting one, and followed by over a hundred enthusiasts. When one remembers how Rutherford defeated Stoddard at Newport it adds more luster to Sands's victory.

SOME QUESTION as to the value of an athletic trainer has always been raised, but there never was a sadder result of the folly of coupling a strong body with a weak head than that of a young Connecticut boy last month. George Mesler, of the Rockville High School, 21 years of age, and on the football team, went to Allington to attend the agricultural fair. Through indiscretion of diet in the shape of peanuts and popcorn he put himself into so serious a condition that an operation was made necessary. He had nearly recovered, but was forbidden to indulge in liquids too copiously. In a fit of thirst he overpowered his father and nurse and drank his fill. The result was his death.

AT THE recent Episcopal convention at Minneapolis some of Yale's old athletes came into especial prominence. On the arrival at Fari-bault the visitors received an especial welcome at the Seabury Divinity School from the Rev. C. C. Camp. In 1877 he was the valedictorian of his class at Yale, and a rusher on the football eleven that defeated Harvard. Louis K. Hull, of crew and football fame, later entertained a body of the Yale men.

THE JUNIOR appointment list of Yale is out, and shows that brains are even more sought

after by the captain of the football eleven than was ever brawn in the good old days. Louis Hinkey, Fred Murphy, Charles Chadwick, C. M. Fincke, members of the team, are all on the list, together with the names of many of those trying for positions.

ONE OF the New Haven papers speaks quite confidently of a boat race this year between Yale and the winner of the Oxford-Cambridge race. While the *Register*, the paper in which the article is published, is in no way an official organ, its sayings in college matters are usually backed by accurate information if not actually inspired. Hence the clipping shows the trend of affairs :

A meeting of the Yale University crew was held last evening to decide upon Yale's course in regard to rowing Harvard or an English eight next summer. It is pretty well known that if Professor Ames has anything to say in the matter, it will be impossible for Yale and Harvard to meet in any branch of athletics. However, it was decided to send immediately a friendly, unofficial letter from President DeSibour of the Yale navy to President Bullard of the Harvard navy, requesting a definite statement of Harvard's position regarding a race the forthcoming season.

If Harvard declines to meet Yale, letters will at once be sent to the boating authorities of Oxford and Cambridge, with a view to an international race to take place in England, probably in July, between Yale and the winner of the Oxford-Cambridge race. The letters will be entirely informal, but it is hoped that by opening correspondence thus early many of the preliminary arrangements can be determined upon very soon. There is little doubt that an international contest would awaken a much greater interest than a race with Harvard, in view of the poor showing which Harvard has made the last few years. The only unfortunate thing about rowing in England is the fact that comparative

few Americans would witness the race. There is, however, every reason to believe that if Yale should row Cambridge or Oxford next summer, the international contests will be held annually, and the second would, of course, take place in this country.

THERE IS one feature of the temporary severance of relations between Harvard and Yale that will prove a blessing in disguise, and for which many of the older graduates have been sighing. This is the forced reduction of expenditure made necessary by the loss of income. Not the most severe criticism nor the exercise of all manner of influence upon the undergraduate managers have succeeded in cutting these expenditures down more than two or three thousand dollars annually, so long as these big games brought in from fifteen to twenty thousand dollars. The loss of the Yale-Harvard contests will mean retrenchment to both, no matter how many outside matches they may arrange, and in a year or two the managers will have learned from stern necessity that teams, crew and nine can be carried through a season for considerably less than an aggregate of fifty thousand dollars.

SWARTHMORE HAD an unpleasant experience at New Brunswick last month. Their football team were engaged in a match with the Rutgers eleven on Neilson Field, having left their clothes in the Ballantine gymnasium. When they returned from the game they found that a thief had taken from their clothes everything of value, including some six watches and over five hundred dollars in money. Of course the Rutgers men were even more upset about the matter than Swarthmore, and the latter had no

difficulty in borrowing the necessary funds to take them home.

MR. W. T. BULL, the former Yale full-back, has an article in *Leslie's Weekly* of October 24 upon place kicking, which covers the matter most admirably, and which every place kicker in college and school teams should read.

ROWING MATTERS reached a climax at the University of Pennsylvania this fall, and some of the oldtime boating men, such as Gray, Hart, Hallowell and Hunter, took measures to bring about a conference between themselves and the immediate boating authorities, Chairman Horwitz, of the Rowing Committee, and Captain A. E. Bull. The result of the conference was the submission to the Board of Athletic Directors of several questions, the most important being whether a change should not be made at once both in the coach and methods of rowing at the university. As the press puts it :

It was the general opinion that while the Cook stroke, as taught by Mr. Cook himself, had achieved fine results at Yale, as taught at Pennsylvania it had been a flat failure and yielded no adequate return for the amount of expense incurred. It was the general belief that Mr. Woodruff knew the stroke thoroughly, but was unfortunate in lacking the ability to impart that information. Captain Bull said that the stroke had been taught the Pennsylvania crew differently last summer than in 1894. Last year a shorter stroke had been taught than in 1892. It was the general view that Mr. Cook alone could teach the Cook stroke, and as Mr. Cook was out of the question as a coach, it would be more advisable to adopt some other system that could be more easily taught. Then everyone of the old-timers spoke eloquently in Ward's favor, told how

many winning "fours" he had put on the water, and said that his failure in "eights" was due to meager and mediocre material. Captain Bull and Mr. Horwitz were rather opposed to engaging Ward, as they said all of last year's crew were back in college, and knew the stroke taught by Mr. Woodruff, and that endeavoring to row a new stroke would result in failure. At this point "Archie" Wright spoke up and said: "While I was in the West I stroked a Minneapolis 'eight' and rowed the Ward stroke. 'Josh' Hartwell rowed behind me, and he told me that there was practically little difference in the stroke I rowed and the one he had been taught at Yale.

Of forty-four boating men who were asked their opinion regarding a coach and methods, two-thirds were opposed to a continuance of the present method. To the question as to the coach the names suggested were: George Woodruff, Daniel Galanaugh, some pupil of Hartwell, Walter Peet, Samuel Powell, L. H. Alexander, Julian Kennedy, A. E. Bull, R. S. Hart, T. G. Hunter, George Sergeant, Archie Wright and Ellis Ward. Two-thirds favored Ellis Ward.

It is probable, then, that Ward will be secured, and as he is likely to ask for more than a single year's contract, one may be made for two or three years.

ONE OF the most interesting developments of the game of football has been the bringing out of a team from the Indian school at Carlisle. The first intimation that a new use had been found for the Red Man was a game between this school team and the University of Pennsylvania. The *Press* says:

"Hereafter our leading colleges need not scour the country for 'prep' school material, and invade blacksmith shops and other halls of hard toil in their

efforts to find artisans who want a change of vocation. They can just take a trip to the Indian country and corral a couple of Cherokees for half-backs, an Apache for quarter, a Sioux for fullback and a lot of Chickasaws and Choctaws for their rush line. This is no joke. If all the Indians can play football like the boys from the Carlisle Training School, football is bred in the Red Man. They tackle like fiends and their activity and endurance are remarkable.

"Coach Woodruff said: 'We can gain ground through their line, but there is no use in sending a man at the end, for their whole team is over there like a flash and it's no go.' During the entire game not a native American was laid out. Once Wagenhurst sent Metoxen to the sod hard enough to dim that buffalo slayer's lights, but Metoxen was up and off in a jiffy. And so it was all through the game. The Indians played fast, and apparently were never tired. When a Quaker was stretched out for repairs, a satirical smile would pass over the Indians' faces, and one nodding to the other would say: 'He wants wind.' Now, everybody knows the Pennsylvania team don't want wind, especially with some of the men who pretend to represent it. Once Bull was *hors de combat*, when a witty Apache, pointing at him, remarked to a brother of his tribe who was playing close by, 'Sitting Bull,' but the Quaker got up and shook hands with Lone Wolf, and the slightly pointed joke was overlooked.

"Between the halves George Woodruff said: 'That's just the kind of football I dream of. It's bred in those men. They are strong as bulls, and fast and active. I would rather train that team than ours. I could make more out of them. They are natural players.'"

During a fierce, hard game of two twenty-five-minute halves the university could roll up but thirty-six points, and felt well off at that.

AND NOW there seems to be criticism of the Athletic Association of the University of Pennsylvania. The *Pennsylvanian* publishes an editorial taking numerous exceptions to the actions of those in control of athletics, and

advocating the restitution of the powers of the directors and the extension of the powers of the Faculty Committee.

THE FOOTBALL management of Princeton issued a statement explanatory of its position regarding the arrangement of a Harvard game.

"However, it is but just that a word should be said in behalf of Captain Lea in the football management. The playing of so important a game two weeks from next Saturday is calculated to arouse anxiety as to the outcome not only of that contest, but of two others coming so soon afterward, Cornell game on November 9, and the Yale game on November 23. A change in the system of training, coaching and playing is necessitated which at this late day seems a vital mistake. That the prospects of this season's success and the chance of victories over Cornell and Yale are materially lessened is certain.

"In spite of the additional strain and work placed upon the shoulders of our football men, we believe that the ultimate result of a game in Princeton this year and one in Cambridge next would be for the best in every way. It is with this feeling that we welcome a Harvard game, whether we sacrifice our chances of success for this year or not. Whether we win or lose any or all of these three great games, the fact remains that we have acted in an honorable way and for what seems to be for the best interests of Princeton."

This is a fair, manly statement of the situation and will satisfy every broad-minded graduate. We want more of this spirit of sport, whether it involves victory or defeat in the matches.

THE YALE-PRINCETON game, November 23, was a success in every way. It was a beautiful day, warm and sunny, and the crowd was the largest ever seen at the Manhattan field. The

game was fully up to the standard set by Yale and Princeton the last half a dozen years. It was fiercely fought inch by inch, and the play was at all times brilliant. It was very evident to the experts that the season's best college teams were opposing one another. Princeton showed improvement over her Harvard game. Harvard or Pennsylvania would have quickly gone down before the onslaught of Yale. In the first half Yale scored two touchdowns resulting in goals, one on a fluke, the other on a blocked kick. In the second half Princeton played with a splendid nerve and force and scored twice on Yale, while Captain Thorne made the most sensational run ever seen in American football, going forty yards through the entire Princeton team. The final score was Yale 20, on 2 goals and 2 touchdowns, Princeton 10, on 1 goal and 1 touchdown. Very few tricks were played by either side. The best football opinion seems to be opposed to tricks, as they are too apt to result in loss.

The Harvard-Pennsylvania game the same day at Cambridge was close and exciting, the score being 17 to 14 in the latter's favor. Harvard played a plucky game and would have won had not Brewer failed to kick the ball between the posts as he should. The Quakers had the better team and certainly in Brooke the better full back. Harvard showed great pluck in the second half. Her men need not feel discouraged over the splendid game she put up. The day fairly summed up the football season with Yale first, Princeton second, Pennsylvania third, Harvard fourth. This, judging from scores and general play, would probably have been the result of an all-round contest.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

LORD DUNRAVEN has recently put forth a statement in which he charges "That the *Defender* did not sail on her measured load water line length during the September 7 race"; in other words, he charges that fraud was perpetrated in adding weight to the yacht and so unfairly increasing her length without having the proper penalty in the time allowance.

Mr. C. Oliver Iselin on reading the statement characterizes the charge as utterly false, and now Lord Dunraven, stung by the English newspaper criticism of his conduct, cables that he will come to America and prove his charges. The New York Yacht Club have promptly appointed Messrs. Whitney, Rives and Morgan a committee to investigate the charges, and it behooves everyone to wait until this committee render their report. It is also to be hoped that, when Lord Dunraven is proven to be mistaken, he will not be lynched by our honest and intelligent New York citizens. His so-called "bravery" in coming over to try and sustain his absurd charges is one of the amusing features of the case. Seriously, he will have to take some bitter punishment, in case he cannot sustain his charges. He should be expelled from the New York Yacht Club, and should be expelled from all English or Scotch yacht clubs, and should be forever outlawed and barred from the company of gentleman yachtsmen. In his Cardiff Speech. November 21, Lord Dunraven merely reiterates his suspicions, and states again that he

was not fairly beaten. It is rather late in the day to complain and whine over the Valkyrie's defeat, he should have fought out the question of unfairness at the time of the race. Meanwhile Dame Rumor has it that Sir George Newnes desires to challenge but will await the outcome of the enquiry.

* * *

AT THE recent installation of President Smith at Colgate University, President Gilman said among other things :

The attention of the country has of late been directed to the history of American colleges. Harvard has reviewed two centuries and a half of progress. St. Johns, Williams and Bowdoin and Union have celebrated their centennial anniversaries. Next year Princeton holds its jubilee, and at the close of the century the memories of two hundred years will be looked at by Yale. In all the past celebrations, and it is safe to say in all that are coming, one note is dominant, the note of confidence based upon reflection, experience and hope. The higher institutions of learning are strong in the affection of their alumni, strong in the liberality of their benefactors, and strong in the gratitude of patriots. They are strong also in the conviction of their managers that colleges can be adapted in each generation to the needs of the times. Strong and progressive though our colleges be, yet are they perpetually influenced by the lessons of two millenniums and a half at least of recorded effort for the ascertainment of truth, the development of intellect and the advancement of mankind. We may apply to them this quatrain of Clough :

Where lies the land to which the ship would go ?
Far, far ahead, is all her seamen know,
And where the land she travels from ? Away
Far, far behind, is all that they can say.

Under these circumstances, it may be worth our while to consider on this occasion "The future of American colleges." This is my theme to-day. During thirty years past we have been going through a

period of "Sturm und Drang." The breaking down of the idea that one curriculum and only one gave a liberal education ; the appreciation of elective courses ; the expediency of reducing the undergraduate period from four years to three ; the recognized obligation to provide for the higher education of women ; the introduction of students' laboratories ; the recognition of science ; the provision of thorough courses ; history ; the importance of modern languages ; the modification of ecclesiastical rigors ; and the growth of athletic sports, are among the causes of agitation, discussion and readjustment which the veterans of the war recall with mingled sentiments of congratulation and regret, but on the whole with satisfaction and hope. Among other lessons the country has come to an almost unanimous acceptance of this dictum, now so familiar that it sounds common place, not long ago so unfamiliar, that irremediable confusion has entered our educational vocabulary. The dictum is this: That the school provides the necessary training for boys and girls ; the college an introduction to the liberal arts ; the university advanced and professional education.

WE CANNOT recall a better statement of modern university history and intentions than this. President Raymond, of Union, said :

"The college of the future will be an educational institution. The time will come when a football will not be the universally accepted standard of scholastic ability—when the college hero will win his honors in the field of thought rather than the diamond or the gridiron. The college of the future will be the school of honor ; where love and truth will mold character and inspire truth so that men may be believed without being cross-questioned. There is a cry of reform in all our colleges. This movement is specially prominent at Union, making it disgraceful for any man to succeed by dishonest methods and sharp practice."

In view of their recent charges the Williams football team, doubtless, will wish to congratulate Union upon this new "movement of reform."

THE MEMBERSHIP figures for all the departments of Yale except the art and music schools are now available. The total number of students in the university is given at 2,338, against 2,387 last year, the decrease being due to largely increased requirements for admission in the scientific and divinity schools. The totals of membership for the last six years are: 1890, 1,633; 1891, 1,756; 1892, 1,976; 1893, 2,217; 1894, 2,387; 1895, 2,338. The decrease in numbers this year is not attributable to athletics or success in athletics, as some would have us believe. Yale never was so prosperous and so well equipped as she is to-day, in spite of a pious New Haven lady's dismal croaking and a comparison of Yale with the infernal regions.

AS TO morals, what college is absolutely perfect? The truth is that college lads are a remarkably virtuous body as a rule—much more so than the corresponding number of same aged young men in business. Every now and then there is an outcry against Harvard or Yale or Princeton on the score of immorality—it will usually be traced to some feeble-minded old lady, or to some gossippy old gentleman who for some reason hates students as an omnibus driver hates bicyclers. The latest outcry comes from a Baptist minister's wife, who states that "she would as soon send a boy to hell as to Yale." By some newspapers this lady has been credited with Harvard sympathies, and it has been openly averred that she had lived in Cambridge in her early days, and has had a relative at Harvard. Another explanation of her fierce arraignment of Yale is

that she formerly lived in Providence, and that she favors Brown University as her denominational college. The true explanation seems to be that contained in the *Evening Telegram*. The good lady says :

"We have lived in this city for seven years, and have known many mothers' sons who have come to Yale. We receive letters of introduction from them, and put ourselves out to invite them to our house to tea and lunch. They come the first year ; then we see them with a pipe in their mouth, and then we don't see them at all (owing to the smoke ?).

"They go down, down, down, and I believe that more boys are ruined in Yale University than in any other place I know."

Says the *Telegram* :

Boys when first torn away from home and sent to college take kindly to invitations to tea and luncheon. They find in the kindly and really admirable hospitalities of a Baptist minister's family some refuge from loneliness and some substitute for the home ministries for which their youthful hearts hunger. It does not occur to the amiable motherly profferer of these hospitalities that they apparently begin to pall, or, more correctly, that they begin to be renounced precisely when conic sections and the dread of being bowled out of college by sophomore mathematics begin to oppress the student mind.

From that point the ill-fated student's descent to Avernus, as by this time he has learned from his Virgil, is easy. He goes "down, down, down" the broad road of integral calculus, he succumbs to his unholy passion for logarithms, and squanders his precious time on optional French and other fripperies of a classical course. He is advancing now on his decadent career, not by steps and slips, but with Cyrus and his ten thousand conscripts, by forced marches, by bounds and parasangs, several of them in a day. To keep up with the procession of his fellow students and to keep his engagements at chapel, he has to forego something, so he foregoes society, that is, polite society

of the authorized New Haven version. No more teas and luncheons for him.

He has some society, it is true, after his own kind. He has found his chums and his heart's brothers in his class. With these he moons and dreams and weaves romances of the coming day of emancipation from his cloistered grind.

Later advices from New Haven show that the pious lady has modified her first statements in many ways. She believes that there are a *few* sheep among the goats. The Yale faculty is not altogether given over to impiety. In the past Yale has given to the world some noble Christian men, etc. It is to be hoped that in future she will confine her exaggerated and unjust criticism of Yale to gossip with her neighbors, and will not permit herself to make such unfounded charges before the public.

THE *Sun* says :

The Athletic Committee of the faculty of Brown University has taken decisive action in regard to college organizations, and has issued rules which in substance are as follows :

No student shall play upon any team in any contest unless he is a student of the university in good standing.

No student organization shall use the words "Brown University" unless it has received permission from the committee.

No performance shall be given for the benefit of a university organization unless the project in all its details has been canvassed and approved by the committee.

No graduate students, except such as are enrolled in class 1 in the catalogue (fully in residence), shall be competitors in any contest.

No student shall play upon any university team who has already played four years upon a similar college team.

No undergraduate coming from another college shall play upon any university team until he has been one year in residence.

No student shall take part in any performance of an organization using the name of Brown University until

this organization has sent to the committee a copy of its constitution, and has further complied with the regulations of the committee by sending to the secretary a list of the possible participants in each performance.

The manager of the glee, mandolin, and banjo clubs shall submit to the committee for approval all dates for proposed concerts before determining the same.

Not more than three match games of baseball or football for any one week, or three appointments for performances by any university organization for any one week, or any game necessitating absence from college exercises for two or more consecutive days, shall be arranged without the written consent of the chairman of the committee.

Reasonable rules adopted by faculties at the opening of an athletic season are within their province. The Harvard faculty have stopped the glee club trip this year. The Pennsylvania faculty stopped a football game the night before the game was to take place, and thereby put a large number of spectators who traveled up to 155th street to trouble and inconvenience. The Chicago University faculty have abolished secret societies. We do not say that each act of these faculties is not well within their province, but our notion is that universities should not be managed like boys' schools.

* * *

WE HAVE received several communications, calling our attention to the fact that the draft letters which were prepared for Captains Thorne and Brewer to sign, are published and referred to in the November number of the *BACHELOR* "as if they were veritable." In reply we would say, that while it was clear, from the published reports that the drafts in question had never been exchanged as letters, it was not

clear that they had not been approved by Thorne and Brewer, and it was in the belief that they had been so approved and that they represented the feelings of the captains and their teams, that the editorial in question was written. Upon receipt of these criticisms, we immediately proceeded to ascertain the exact facts with regard to these drafts. In order to correct any erroneous impression that was conveyed by our editorial, and to remove any misunderstanding that may exist in the matter generally, we now publish a statement of the facts concerning the drafts received from sources upon which our readers may implicitly rely.

On October 1, Mr. Philip B. Stewart came to Cambridge to lay before the Harvard Athletic Committee two letters which, he said, had been drawn up by Yale men after much careful consultation with Captain Thorne and his advisors. He said to Professor Ames that he was confident Captain Thorne would be willing to send one of these letters to Captain Brewer if the latter would agree to send the other in reply, and he desired to know whether the Athletic Committee would give its approval to the proposed correspondence. Mr. Ames said he would see some of his colleagues during the day and meet Mr. Stewart in the evening. He consulted a majority of the committee, asking their opinion without expressing his own views. They were all unhesitatingly of the opinion that approval of the proposed correspondence was out of the question, since it would necessarily be interpreted as a contradiction on the part of Captain Brewer, speaking for himself, Dr. Brooks, Dr. Conant and Harvard men generally, of the published statements of Dr. Brooks in regard to the Springfield game. Such a contradiction was as impossible in October as it had been in May. Mr. Ames fully concurred with his colleagues, and informed Mr. Stewart in the evening that his plan could not be entertained. Mr. Ames was not asked to show this correspondence to Captain Brewer, nor did he think it necessary to do so, as he was well aware of Captain

Brewer's views. Captain Brewer had no hand in the composition of the letter which it was proposed he should sign, and never saw it until after its publication in the *Yale News* by the Yale football management, October 15. He has since told Mr. Ames that he would never have signed it if it had been laid before him.

Captain Brewer did not take exception to the sportsmanship of last year's Yale team, *as a whole, but only to certain players upon the team*. He would have been willing to sign a statement in this form, or any statement that he could truthfully sign, and said as much to Mr. Stewart, whom he saw in Boston some weeks before October 1.

It is clear, therefore, that no legitimate inferences as to position or feeling on the part of Brewer, can be drawn from these drafts. It is our opinion that when they were put aside, they should have been destroyed as being likely, in the absence of correct knowledge of their nature, to create confusion.

Far more serious, however, than this matter, which we take pleasure in setting right, are the criticisms we have received from Harvard and Yale men, upon the position taken by THE BACHELOR OF ARTS, with regard to the management of the late controversy. Mr. Robert Grant, one of the Harvard representatives on the Advisory Board, desires us to state that he disapproves of our position (which seemed to him to involve an attack on the authorities), and that he is not to be held responsible for the views expressed.

We are also in receipt of a communication from another Harvard correspondent, in which he says: "A man may or may not believe in an athletic committee to supervise sports, but in case he does not believe in it, he ought to inform himself as to what it actually does. This, as I

said, some of your New Yorkers seem not to have done. For myself, I believe that our athletic committee has done most honorable work, not only for Harvard, but for college sport throughout the country, and its example will soon be followed by the leading colleges. The attacks upon it resemble those which the elective system had long to endure, in that for the most part they are evidently inspired by misconception."

On the other hand, Mr. N. G. Osborne, of the New Haven *Register*, in a brilliant and enthusiastic letter to the *Yale Alumni Weekly*, throws the weight of his acknowledged authority against us, and complains that "this everlasting holding up of Yale to public scorn, as it she or her sons had done something to be ashamed of, or ought to apologize for, ought not to be passed without protest."

Incidentally we may say that Mr. Osborne ought not to treat the views attributed by us to President Eliot as if they had really been expressed by him. In endeavoring to explain a situation we, using a familiar device, charge the president with holding certain views. It is not right in Mr. Osborne to hold him responsible.

In view of all this criticism we would say that while we think a cessation of rivalry between Harvard and Yale on an unsettleable point of honor is very extraordinary, we have no intention either of attacking the authorities at Harvard or of holding up Yale to public scorn. We claim the right, however, to criticise both; and we take this opportunity of restating the position of THE BACHELOR OF ARTS upon the question of athletic control. And first it must be said that writers on this subject have not been uni-

formly careful to use with accuracy the names of the controlling bodies. We ourselves have not been blameless in this respect. We admit that it is, in a sense, inaccurate, as one of our correspondents points out, to speak of "President Eliot's method," for, as he says, "the Athletic Committee controls the athletic policy." For the same reason it is technically incorrect, as another correspondent suggests, to speak of "faculty interference" at Harvard, or since, as a matter of fact, Professor Ames was merely the chairman of the Athletic Committee, to say that Professor Ames "refused" to do this or that. The real meaning of such language is, however, not difficult to find, and technical equivalents of these terms are easily supplied. Two things may be said at the start. First, that it is certainly proper that the president of a university should have a policy, and should endeavor to carry it out, through whatever machinery may be provided. Second, it will not seriously be denied that where that machinery is partially composed of the authorities of the university, those authorities will exercise a decided influence. In this matter of the football controversy, it may be noticed that we have hardly touched upon the merits of the question, except to intimate that Yale's position was not well taken, and that Harvard's position was diplomatic, rather than spontaneous. The important point, in our opinion, has been the handling of the difficulty under an athletic committee. We have not intended to intimate that any of the officers exceeded their authority; but we have used the incident to show that in our opinion, by reason of the existence of an athletic committee, the

authorities have found themselves occupied with matters the settlement of which is really the business of the students themselves.

Mr. Caspar Whitney, in his department of *Harper's Weekly* for November 16, refers to the matter of the draft letters, and later says: "I am much disappointed, too, at the narrow view the BACHELOR seems to have of the present burning athletic questions." The views of the BACHELOR are not narrow, though it is clear that it will have to refrain from expressing them with rhetorical concreteness if it does not wish to be misunderstood. Going straight to the centre of the whole question, the BACHELOR asks, not, Are athletic committees desirable? but, What should be the duties of an athletic committee? Mr. Whitney says:

I am not in accord with those who criticise what they are pleased to call "faculty interference." I consider sport quite a part of the universities' curriculum, and if it were regularly installed as such the present craze would be lessened and the future amply provided for. The manner in which a student conducts himself in sport, the amount of time he devotes to it, the rules under which he plays, are to my thinking quite the concern of the faculty. The faculty stands as sponsor for the undergraduate's moral, physical, and mental guidance. The trouble is that the faculties have not hitherto interfered sufficiently, or when they have interfered sufficiently, or when they have interfered have done so blunderingly, and with great ignorance of the subject on which they were attempting to adjudicate. I do not believe in stupid, unlearned faculty interference for the mere parading of power, but I do believe in faculty mentorship, especially where it appoints a committee made up of faculty and *alumni* advisers.

In a letter recently published in the *Pennsylvanian* Prof. Ames sets out very satisfactorily the scope and powers of the athletic

committee at Harvard. No one with this letter before him can be said to write in ignorance or under a misconception, and we consider what Prof. Ames says of such importance that we give it in full.

It gives me pleasure to answer your inquiry concerning the way in which athletic matters are managed at Harvard.

Since October, 1888, the committee on the regulation of athletic sports, commonly known as the Harvard Athletic Committee, has had "entire supervision and control of all athletic exercises within and without the precincts of the university, subject to the authority of the Faculty of Arts and Sciences, as defined by the statutes." It was thought desirable in constituting this committee to give equal representation to the three classes of persons specially interested in college athletics. Accordingly, the committee is composed of nine members, three from the university faculties, three graduates and three undergraduates. The faculty members and graduates are appointed annually by the corporation; the undergraduates are chosen each year by a small body of student electors, made up of the presidents of the senior, junior and sophomore classes, and representatives from the athletic organizations.

The experience of seven years is thought by the corporation and overseers to have proved the merits of our form of committee. It has certainly been a singularly harmonious body. The votes during the last two years have been unanimous, except in two or three instances, and in those there was but a single dissident.

There has been some difference of opinion as to how the words "subject to the authority of the Faculty of Arts and Sciences, as defined by the statutes," restrict the powers of the committee. It is certain that the faculty has no jurisdiction over the Athletic Committee as such. That committee is responsible only to the corporation. It is probable, however, that each faculty so far retains its jurisdiction over the students under its charge as to have the right to restrict their participation in athletics in order to maintain discipline and a

proper standard of scholarship. But it is significant that since the creation of the Athletic Committee, in 1888, the faculty has not concerned itself with athletics save in one instance. Last spring the faculty did take up the question of football, and a motion to prohibit the students under its charge from further participation in inter-collegiate football very nearly prevailed. The motion was finally lost, for the sole reason that the majority deemed it unwise to pass a vote which could not fail greatly to weaken the influence of the Athletic Committee.

The committee does not, as a rule, deal with expert questions. These are left to the captains and graduate advisory committees of the respective sports, but both captains and graduate advisers must be approved by the committee.

The committee has made several regulations to secure the physical welfare of the players, to prevent the undue encroachment of athletics upon study, guard against the evils of professionalism and maintain the spirit of true sportsmanship, to increase the academic character of the contests and to insure an economical administration of the athletic funds.

These rules have been generally agreed to be wholesome, and they have certainly worked with very little friction between the committee and the students.

I cannot, of course, speak as an unprejudiced person, but I wish to express my conviction that it would be a great gain for inter-university athletics if every university had an athletic body with powers and responsibilities similar to those vested in the Harvard Athletic Committee.

JAMES BARR AMES.

Mr. Whitney's remarks, together with this letter, raise the precise point at issue. We presume that the Athletic Committee at Harvard is endeavoring to act for the best interests of all parties concerned. We believe that in most cases of late their action has been the best action that a committee could take; but we take issue on this point, namely: that we are not prepared to accept the assumption upon

which the Harvard committee is founded, which is that the powers of an athletic committee should be unlimited and that it should be obliged to give its attention and consent to all details that may arise. This assumption implies that a committee can deal with interests which must, in a measure, be considered mutually antagonistic, better than the respective representatives of those interests can deal with them, themselves. The interests involved are, first, those of the university as a seat of learning; second, those of the students as men; and third, those of the students as athletes; in other words, "the interests of college athletics," of which we hear so much. From our standpoint, the first and second of these are the important ones, while the last are incidental. The good of a university must be the care of the university; the health of a student must be partly the care of the university and partly his own; the amusement of the student should be left to himself, under proper rules regulating the first two.

It is not often that exception can be taken to Mr. Whitney's diagnoses of athletic evils, but, in this case, we believe he is in error. In the first part of his article Mr. Whitney quotes a passage from a letter from President Eliot to the President of the San Francisco Harvard Club. In this letter the President says: "Sports of all kinds, athletic, musical and dramatic, should be nothing but by-play at a university." To this proposition we give unqualified approval, and adopt it as the motto of our position toward athletics. Mr. Whitney himself says that to his interpretation "sounder sentiments on the college athletic question were never uttered" than contained in the paragraph

he quotes. But how is this view, that sports should be by-play, compatible with Mr. Whitney's own theory, put forth later, that sport is "quite a part of the universities' curriculum?"

The views are not compatible, and we believe that much of the "blundering" and "ignorance" which, according to him, has characterized the action of faculties, can be traced to this misconception.

College life is made up of two parts: study and amusement.

It is one of the first principles of ethics that a man cannot serve two masters. The more modern way of expressing this truth is that it is well to avoid positions where it becomes one's duty to uphold conflicting interests. If a faculty member of an athletic committee finds that he must choose between the interests of the university, as a seat of learning, and the interests of college athletics, the latter are naturally sacrificed, righteously of course, but often, in our opinion, unnecessarily, for it is quite possible that under-graduates could very properly settle matters among themselves in a way hardly consistent with the dignity of an athletic committee composed partly of overseers and members of the faculty. The only safe rule in this world is to attend to the interests you represent, and faculties do not represent athletics, they represent institutions. On the other hand, since young men are apt to overdo things and do not always consider the best interests of the university as a seat of learning, the authorities must protect the institution, keeping in mind two things, namely, that athletics within limits are good, and that the settlement of athletic details is

good training for young men. To effect this result the obvious course, providing our premises are correct, is that the authorities should lay down general regulations, setting definite limits to athletic activity. What those limits shall be is a question for the authorities, just as it is a question for the legislature of a State to decide what police regulations shall be adopted in a community. The underlying ethical principle is the same in both cases. It is that personal liberty should be hampered in the smallest degree consistent with the object to be attained.

From this standpoint we should have no fault to find with the authorities of an institution that restricted beforehand the number of contests that might be held, their character and the localities where they might take place, as well as the opponents with whom they should be carried on. These regulations would be adopted and enforced with a single eye to the good of the university as a seat of learning, and intercollegiate athletics being, as we consider them, secondary matters, would be allowed to flourish as best they might. In our opinion, they would flourish, not like exuberant weeds but in cultivated growth, better under almost any definite regulations, however strict, than under the minute supervision, no matter how judicious, of a committee having power to regulate details.

In England the traditions of sport are apparently strong enough to keep athletics within reasonable bounds. In this country they are not, and artificial restrictions must be adopted. Let these restrictions be as severe as necessary to prevent abuses, but within these

restrictions let the authorities not interfere but let the undergraduate students settle their own details. They will sometimes go wrong, but eventually they will find their level. If, in order to arrive at what are the proper regulations, the authorities choose to intrust the matter to a committee drawn from various classes of men, including overseers and students, well and good, but when these regulations have been fixed the committee should not interfere with the details of arrangements which are carried on within the regulations. These arguments apply with equal force to theatrical tours, and glee club or mandolin concerts.

From our point of view, we approve of the resolution passed on November 7 by the Faculty Committee on Athletics of the University of Pennsylvania. The resolution is as follows:

Resolved, That athletic teams representing the University of Pennsylvania shall not hereafter play on other than college grounds, without having first obtained special permission from the University Committee on Athletics.

Such resolutions it is eminently within the powers of the authorities of a university to make. But upon our theory the beginning of the year would have been a proper time to adopt such a resolution. In this case it is to be regretted that the resolution was passed on the eve of an important game, and that the game was thereby prevented and many people disappointed. So, also, in our opinion, the resolutions adopted by the authorities at Brown University are, in principle, entirely proper. For the same reasons, we have no fault to find with the resolution passed by

the Harvard faculty at the opening of the college year forbidding Harvard theatricals at places to and from which students cannot travel in a day.

It is only because intercollegiate athletics are so prominent and have been so much overdone that their true nature has been lost sight of. They are in no sense a part of the university curriculum. They are merely amusements or exercises, and belong in the same class as theatricals, concerts, chess tournaments, shooting matches and debates. They are, of course, a tiger among cats, but for all that the true family relationship must not be lost sight of. In all these activities we advocate general laws and deprecate interference with details. We should make the same objections if an athletic committee were composed wholly of students.

WE CAN only add that we have sincerely at heart the best interests of athletics at Harvard and Yale, and that it will be our aim to bring the two great universities together on an amicable basis. In a future number Mr. F. Horan, captain of the Cambridge team, will give us his views on college athletics in America. The fact that universities can be so at odds is amusing to the English. They seem to regard their own universities as something more than athletic clubs, and deem them incapable of "friction."

BOOK NOTICES.

The late Professor Boyesen, in a recent article in the *North American Review*, rather takes Americans to task for "taking a facetious view of life." He entitles his essay "The Plague of Jocularitas." "It is by this trait, above all, that Americans are differentiated from all other nations," he says. "An all-leveling democracy has tended to destroy the sense of reverence which hedges certain subjects with sanctity." We differ from the late professor's dictum as to the *all-pervasiveness* of humor in this country. We have in mind, for example, families where *ill* humor prevails; we have made painful visits among people who live in a state of well-to-do mental inanition; humorous propositions surprise and *anger* them. Is it not rather that in America the *public* attitude is humorous, that society tries to be humorous, and that in private we are really the most dolorous nation in the world? We mean by private, in the quietude of daily family life. The public man usually sheds his humor at the door sill; the professional man is rarely amusing to his wife or daughters; the business man is too tired to be funny—except to his customers.

It is not our experience that men are especially funny, even in their clubs. They may make a violent effort to be so, but they rarely succeed. The purveyor of a racy story attracts listeners, but the humorist is apt to be shunned—he is apt to be a bore. It may be admitted that clubs are curious vantage grounds, and men are apt to be jealous of their sacred personal liberties therein. Friends meeting in the street, or casual car-seat mates—do they fall usually into the "all-prevailing American humor" of their various affairs? In business and law offices the humor, if any, is carefully restricted to the chief. His jokes, his repartees, his stories *must* be laughed at. Humor in an underling is tabooed. It is regarded as a sign of lack of intellect—or at least of a lack of strict business character. But it is true that the same hard-headed, dollar-getting business man, if he appears in company in the evening, does make a serious effort to be funny. He wishes to be thought "entertaining."

But the truth is the American mind is often oppressively serious. Money-getting is earnest work ; money-keeping is anxious work. No one has much time to be funny. An English, Irish or Scotch family traveling in a third-class car will laugh and joke and betray humor in their private life. A poor American family will sit silent and depressed as they stare out of the car window. Go among the poor in the tenement-house districts ; there is no humor there, except among the foreign-born Irish ; the American-born Irish lose their native humorousness and grow serious. But it has been said there is little humor among the poor anywhere outside of Ireland, where poverty is the inevitable condition.

In "company" the laugh is the great thing, and Prof. Boyesen is right in this distinctive feature of Americanism. A feverish effort is made to amuse. We *must* excite the laugh. All things sacred and profane must be made to contribute to the humorist. The white-haired old clergyman of whom it was said he was only waiting for a vacancy in the Trinity to die, was a legitimate American bit of humor. A sinner cannot "afford" to join the church and save his soul—the expense is too great ! is another.

All the thousand and one jokes of the daily press were, often, the actual sayings and doings of Americans "in company." Our public speeches must entertain, our after-dinner speakers are chiefly *raconteurs*. In literature, since Mark Twain, a number of writers have sprung up, whose fund of humor is not very deep or broad or distinctively American as is Mark Twain's. It is said that we only export our humorous books, and that no one abroad thinks of reading a *serious* American novel. Englishmen and Frenchmen want to "taste" our American wild flavor, they say. We may imagine that they looked for it as far back as Irving and were disappointed to find him a British essayist—an Addisonian disciple. They got a taste of America in Cooper—with Walter Scott's mannerisms. Bryant was the son of Wordsworth. In Hawthorne they had the cultured Englishman writing of and on American topics—but fully imbued with a new native manner. Longfellow was an Englishman. Whittier was quite American in flavor, but English in manner. Walt Whitman was

the *first* great American poet, as Lincoln was the second great American statesman after Jackson. Washington, Jefferson, the Clays, Calhouns and Websters were typical English gentlemen, reared by accident in America.

So in our humorists. John Phoenix was a Londoner, while Artemas Ward was American, Bret Harte, Mark Twain also. Eugene Field started as an American, ended as a gentle English poet. Our critics have a distaste for the rough, broad humor which is American. Artemas Ward would not "go" very well now. What a laugh went around at his joke, "Harvard College is pleasantly located in the bar-room at Parker's." His jests were profoundly funny, and seemed so spontaneous. Compare Ward with Bangs or Grant—how refined and studied our humor has grown! We may consider that it is anglicized, very much after the manner humor in *Punch* is anglicized—worked over, rubbed up and overdone. Nevertheless, these gentlemen cited are genuine humorists in the new Anglican-American style. The joke is now more refined, subtle, polished, elevated; but the joke is there.

For example, take Robert Grant, another modern humorist. How refined is his wit! "We feel that we require to inform ourselves not only concerning the art and literature of France, but to have the names and doings of her statesmen at our finger's ends for use in polite conversation, and the satisfaction of the remains of the New England conscience." (*Art of Living*, p. 191.) "The American woman, from the earliest days of our history, has refused to be prevented by the limitations of time or physique from trying to include the entire gamut of human feminine activity in her daily experience. There was a period when she could demonstrate successfully her ability to cook, sweep, rear and educate children, darn her husband's stockings, and yet entertain delightfully, dress tastefully and be well-versed in literature and all the current phrases of high-thinking." These sentences are good examples of the amusing talk that goes on in his pages, never very funny, never coarse, never dull.

Eugene Field's first newspaper humor was on a par with Bill Nye's, who lives too late

in the century to be one of the greatest of American humorists. The sense of eternal fitness of things breaks over Field before many years, and he becomes delicate, refined, sensitive, with the happy result of enriching the language, but not enriching America in humor especially. In the case of Mr. Bangs, whose "Coffee and Repartee" and "House-boat the Styx," have established him as a humorist of high order, his work is distinctly of the London school—the school of *Punch*. Mr. Bangs was for many years a contributor to *Life*, which has the merit of first introducing refinement and good breeding into American humor. Mr. Bangs's work is always refined, and always on in good taste, but it is not overwhelmingly funny any more than is Jerome K. Jerome's or Anstey's. His Bonaparte is dryly amusing, but just a little "pumped." His "Idiot" is not quite up to the "Coffee and Repartee." The chapter about Barnum and Noah and the antediluvian mammoths is the most spontaneously humorous and delightful bit he has ever done. The manner of the House-boat, etc., is freer and better, the humor much more genuine, the treatment broader, and as Mr. Bangs grows he returns to America, and his humor reminds us of Twain and of Ward. Hitherto he has, perhaps, felt too much the shackles of the new era—of not wanting to write what will not be accepted by London. Mr. Ford is less bound by these shackles. He is not only American, he is New Yorkian. He amuses us by his pleasant satirical vein, and gives us pictures of Bowery life and of the cheap table d'hotes. In his "Literary Shop" he directly made fun of the magazine authorities who revere the English too much, and who attempt to guide and control the fate of American authors. He makes jolly fun of certain publishers. We presume he is planning a joke on the recent book about Death, by Mr. Alden, editor of "Harper's," the slayer of so many aspiring young authors. In his "Bohemia Invaded" he gives us a dozen stories and sketches of New York life full of real humor of the old-fashioned Artemas Ward variety.

Chimmie Fadden, try as he may to be funny—and sometimes he is exquisitely droll—is, after all, rather vulgar. Compare "Chimmie" with Sam Weller, his great prototype—who was always a gentleman.

"Chimmie" and his duchess—who is never very funny—do not catch the reader's regard as Sam Weller does. There is too much of the rogue and too little of the gentleman in "Chimmie." As for Major Max and Mrs. Max, they may be exact types of easy-going middle-class Americans of the later day period, but they are permeated by an extraordinary vulgarity, and their humor is often the humor of a cheap boarding house. In his last book, "*A Daughter of the Tenements*," Mr. Townsend plunges into melodrama, and melodrama with the scene laid in prosaic New York must descend to the tough element—the unknown element. Some years ago there was a play on the Bowery called *Lost in New York*, and Mr. Townsend's book reminds us of that amusing theatrical spectacular enterprise. One has to be very much "lost" to enjoy the mephitic and foggy atmosphere of this book. The plot "thickens" on every page. Mr. Townsend has too great a talent to waste it on such hastily written fiction. A leisurely, carefully studied, realistic New York story by him would be very valuable. He has shown great capabilities, and he has not made good use of them. This last book is forced too much; the situations are too much after the manner of the Bowery "play." It is not equal to its fine illustrations by Kemble.

Mr. Julian Ralph, in *People We Pass* has also invaded New York's seamy side, studied certain aspects, certain colloquial forms and phrases, and come back to us with the air of a man who has made important discoveries. Certainly his characters "found below Canal street" are intensely ugly and disagreeable. Granted they are true to life—why are they not amusing as are Dickens' low-caste people? The answer, is in the first place, London 'Arrys and 'Arriets, and cheap trash, and costers, are never trying to be other than they are, while New York east side Micks and Johnnies always preserve an insolent air of "bein' as good as you be." A rag-picker contented with his lot, cheerful at home happy in his daily round of pig-like grubbing, might be found near Charing Cross; in Mott street he would be rag-picking temporarily until he could "better" himself. Meanwhile he would be ugly and churlish.

Where is Prof. Boyesen's "all-prevailing" humor among the tenements? On the contrary, the social life is unspeakably disagreeable and ugly. The faces of the tough men and women, even at a ball or a chowder party, or a political barge excursion, or a coterie dance, or a wharf "growler" party, or at the "theayter," are sullen, hard and bitter. And that this "bicycle face" is so always present in our large cities is a commentary on our democracy, and a refutation of our "all-prevailing humor." The true novel of New York will portray lives of ambitious struggle from the tenements to Central Park. Struggle for dollars, or struggle for social prestige, or struggle for power. Contentment—we know little of it. Satisfaction with one's environment—wholly unheard of. Upward we must strive as if it was a deep and profound law of human nature. Surely, our "all-prevailing humor" does not exist.

In *Westminster* (Frederick A. Stokes Company) Sir Walter Besant has made a companion volume to his "London" volume. It is beautifully illustrated by Wm. Patten and others. The "London" has made many warm friends among American travelers. It was a great deal more than a guide book, and the "Westminster" volume, containing all that is known of the wondrous history of the Mecca of Americans, will make the same success. In *Some Memories of Paris* (Henry Holt & Co.) F. Adolphus writes entertainingly of General Boulanger, of Paris streets forty years ago, and of the last days of the Empire. In *The Art of Living Long and Happily* (G. P. Putnam's Sons) Mr. Henry Hardwicke, well known as a lawyer and collector of books, has compiled a very delightful volume of the sayings of the "great men gone before" in regard to his topic. Apropos of the happiness to be derived from books, he quotes Carlyle as follows: "After all manner of professors have done their best for us, the place we are to get knowledge is in books—the true university of these days is a good collection of books." Mr. N. H. Dole's poems *The Hawthorne Tree* (T. Y. Crowell & Co., Boston) entitle him to a niche among the minor poets. Mr. Dole is not quite so felicitous in his *Vers de Societe* as in his serious verse. "Dearest

Mary, wilt thou be my star, pet?" to rhyme with carpet, is rather too naive. Mr. Dole should be careful not to go too much into the light and trivial. His tread is too heavy. In his last "light and trifling" summer novel he showed clearly that his talent lay elsewhere. In "Cousin Anthony and I" (Chas. Scribner's Sons) Mr. Edward S. Martin continues his "Windfalls of Observation," published a year ago. His mingled humor and seriousness, his refinement and elegance of diction, make his essays charming. Here we have to deal with a gentleman. Running through these lines is the purity, the tone, the culture and refinement of a scholar in the world. "Lakewood, A Story of To-day," by Mary H. Norris (Frederick A. Stokes Co.), is a well-written novel of Lakewood life. It is realistic and true to life, but as a story is rather dull. Miss Portia Max has a suspicious relationship to "Major Max." She is "connected," undoubtedly. When we say that the story is dull, we would say the same of the nicely dressed, rich, neat, domestic, home-loving set of women it truthfully portrays—women of the great middle class, "eminently respectable, dolefully dull"—society without thought or conversation, or wit, or wickedness, or politics, or anything save neatness and respectability. But perhaps we owe Mrs. Norris a debt of gratitude that she has not attempted to make her Lakewood set witty. To quote Swift,

"Pure genuine dullness moved his pity
Unless it offered to be witty."

We do not detect a flavor of satire in this book, and believe that the set it illuminates would have moved the pity of Dean Swift. In "The Principles of Argumentation" (Ginn & Co.) Prof. Baker of Harvard has brought out a useful book and especially so for women. At no time in the world's history have women needed instruction in argumentation more than now. The new woman must acquire by hard and stern effort some knowledge of logic; she must meet argument not by tears and assertion, but by clear analysis. She must learn to take the stump in debate and carry her banner of freedom on the staff of reason. This work meets her wants exactly. We recommend it to her

heartily. In "Princesses in Love" (Brentano) Henri P. Du Bois has compiled some interesting historical reminiscences. It is interesting to note that princesses are never troubled by the one great barrier to modern love—lack of funds. The story of Phrynette is a little gem. The book is nicely written, and shows refinement and delicacy of touch.

Un Avocat-Journaliste au XVIII^eme Siecle. Par JEAN CRUPPI. (Hachette, Paris, 1895.) Jean Cruppi, the attorney-general of the French Court of Cassation, has given us in this work a graphic and interesting picture of Paris in the pre-revolutionary period. Linguet's success at college as an "emperor of rhetoric" and his fame as a professor were the beginnings of a remarkable career in a history-making epoch all too little treated of nowadays. The author knows his subject well, and writes with a loving pen. The dry bones of the Palace of Justice take on flesh and color, and the Parliament of 1775 is a breathing reality. It is a thousand pities that Mr. Cruppi has been unable to find a more worthy central figure. Linguet is resuscitated, but the reader admires the lawyer-journalist less than the art of his historian.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Mr. Bonaparte of Corsica, by JOHN KENDRICK BANGS. (Harper & Bros, 1895.)

The Idiot, by JOHN KENDRICK BANGS. (Harper & Bros., 1895.)

Chimmie Fadden, Major Max and Other Stories, by EDWARD W. TOWNSEND. (Lovell, Coryell & Co.)

Chimmie Fadden Explains, etc., by EDWARD W. TOWNSEND. (Lovell, Coryell & Co.)

A Daughter of the Tenements, by EDWARD W. TOWNSEND. (Lovell, Coryell & Co.)

Lakeswood, a Story of To-day, by MARY HARRIOTT NORRIS. (F. A. Stokes & Co.)

The Red Spell, by FRANCIS GRIBBLE. (F. A. Stokes & Co.)

Bohemia Invaded, by JAMES L. FORD. (F. A. Stokes & Co.)

Opinions of a Philosopher, by ROBERT GRANT. (Chas. Scribner's Sons.)

Reflections of a Married Man, by ROBERT GRANT. (Chas. Scribner's Sons.)

The Art of Living, by ROBERT GRANT. (Chas. Scribner's Sons.)

A Little Book of Profitable Tales, by EUGENE FIELD. (Chas. Scribner's Sons.)

Cousin Anthony and I, by EDWARD S. MARTIN. (Chas. Scribner's Sons.)

Westminster, by WALTER BESANT. (F. A. Stokes & Co.)

Princesses in Love, by HENRI PEINE DUBOIS. (Brentano.)

The Art of Living Long and Happily, by HENRY HARDWICKE. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

Some Memories of Paris, by F. ADOLPHUS. (Henry Holt & Co.)

Money and Banking, by HORACE WHITE. (Ginn & Co.)

The Principles of Argumentation, by GEORGE PIERCE BAKER. (Ginn & Co.)

Poems of Herrick, edited by E. E. HALE, JR. (Ginn & Co.)

The Hawthorne Tree, Poems by NATHAN HASKELL DOLE. (Thos. Y. Crowell & Co.)

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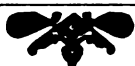
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THE



BACHELOR OF ARTS

JAN 10 1896

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE
DEVOTED TO UNIVERSITY INTERESTS
AND GENERAL LITERATURE



VOL. II

No. 2

JANUARY, 1896

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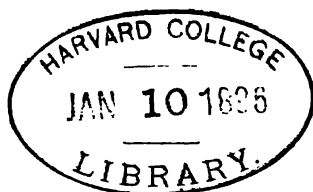
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THE BACHELOR OF ARTS

VOLUME II. *January, 1896.* NUMBER 2.

AN ENGLISH ATHLETE IN AMERICA.

“ When you are in Rome do as Rome does,” is the conclusion that seems to have been borne in upon the mind of Mr. Corbin during his year’s experience of athletics at an English university, and the training connected therewith. I have read, with great interest, Mr. Corbin’s article in *THE BACHELOR OF ARTS* of October last, in which he very ably puts before us the experiences of an American athlete in England, as regards climate and training. I agree with very much of what he says in comparing the English and American climates, as to the effect produced on athletes coming from the influence of one to the other, and how best to counteract any of its effects by, as nearly as possible, adopting the methods of athletic training of the country. In England we have two distinct athletic seasons, that of the two universities, Oxford and Cambridge, which extends from October to March, and terminates with the Inter-University sports at Queen’s Club Ground, London, and that of the London Athletic Club, and, I may say, the whole of the rest of England, who do not

begin their season till April, and bring it to a close some time in October, when the L. A. C. hold their autumn meeting at Stamford Bridge Ground, London.

This year an exception was made in the date of the Oxford and Cambridge sports, and instead of being held in March, they did not take place till July 3. The climate at this time of year apparently suited Mr. Corbin much better than the "hard gray" of winter—it was more like his "ain countree." So in England, the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge have the only two athletic clubs whose season is in the winter months. I mention this to show that the change of climate would be even more greatly felt by the Cambridge team coming to America than by the London men, who do all their work in the summer in England. Yet even by men who are accustomed to take part in athletics during an English summer, the change to the American climate is very great. "You'll have cholera symptoms probably about a week after landing," said a thoughtful friend to me on board the *Aurania* as we steamed up New York harbor on September 4 last. A downright cheery bit of news, thought I, for a fellow who has got to line up with Kilpatrick in little more than a fortnight's time. However, I escaped this horror, though all our men were not as fortunate. What we regard as the worst feature of the American climate is the sudden and extreme way in which it changes. Mr. Corbin, I am glad to see, owns up to this. We had it very hot on arrival, and it continued so for about ten days, then suddenly whipped round to English March weather, cold and windy, but

plenty of sunshine. "Ah!" we said, "this is something like." I don't know whether the old clerk thought we had been a bit impudent or what, anyhow, he gave us another dose of "grill" and humidity which fairly cooked us down to Mike Murphy's liking, and he was all ready for us on September 21. "Oh!" said they, *after* September 21, "A cold wave's coming now!" And sure enough the old fellow sent it along without a word of apology, though we arranged to square him afterward, and he sent us a real good day for Yale, but I expect he knew it didn't matter much.

In England our climate is certainly changeable, but not *so* changeable as yours, and we do not get the same extremes of heat and cold, yet I do not think that we had quite a fair sample of American weather, as by your own showing, the excessive heat we experienced in September was exceptional, and I think every American will acknowledge that the elements conspired against us on that fated 21st. In writing an article of this nature it is difficult to help being somewhat unduly personal concerning the weather, and I must ask my readers to forgive me if this be the case!

I found that the American climate affected me somewhat in the following way: It enabled me to get "fit" very quickly, far more quickly than in England, and this with no very hard work. We had only a little over a fortnight to train in from the day of our landing, before being called upon to meet the pick of American athletes; we had, therefore, to train under great pressure, and my experience was that though at the end of the fortnight I was in good racing trim and able to give Kilpatrick a race of it

and do 1 min. 55 2-5 sec. myself for the half mile, I, as quickly, began to get stale during the next fortnight, and though not working hard, my *staying power* at half-mile pace was getting worse and worse, although my general health was very good, and when it came to running against Yale on October 5, I ran myself to a standstill in no better time than 2 min. 2-5 sec. and felt far worse at the end of the race than I did after the race against Kilpatrick.

At the end of that first fortnight's training, I was inclined to think that the change of climate had not affected me, but on the contrary had suited me well, and I believe that this is actually the case, that, at first, the American climate has not an injurious effect on the English athlete; at any rate it does not show itself for possibly a week or two, and very probably, in the clear, light atmosphere he may find himself getting into racing trim in a surprisingly short time, but it is *when the climate begins to get into him* that he finds a difference, not necessarily in his general health, but when he comes to put an unnatural strain upon himself. In my race against Yale I had all the will to run, and felt in excellent condition as I turned out for the race, but when it came to the strain in the last 200 yards of the half mile my legs felt like lead. I could hardly drag one after the other. Godfrey Shaw, Fitz-Herbert and Stevenson all appeared to me to have much the same effect produced upon them by the American climate, and indeed, most of our Cambridge team felt it in a more or less degree. I do not see how the extraordinary difference in form

from that displayed in the old country by Lutyens, Mendelson and Fitz-Herbert can otherwise be accounted for. Both Lutyens and Fitz-Herbert trained most carefully in America, but neither of them went with any of their usual "life" when the racing strain came. Mendelson is more what may be called a strict trainer, and he did as much in that line in America as he ever does, yet he was not himself at all in either competition.

I believe that, owing to the difference in climate, the only possible way of having a real test of the relative merits of English and American athletes, would be by the visiting team having a sufficiently long stay in the country to get thoroughly used to the climate and, as far as possible, to adopt the system of training best suited to that climate; *e.g.*, were I coming to America again to engage in an important athletic contest, I should like to have three months in the country before the contest. For the first month, I would do nothing in the way of training—simply take walks and keep in good health, and let the climate have that month to play with me. During the second month, I should adopt a light system of training, very gradual it should be, and I should, I believe, in this steady, gradual training be adapting myself to the method of the country. Then, in the last month, I should build on the foundation of health and strength I had laid, and do good, steady, hard work till the day of the race; and I believe that by that time my system would be sufficiently acclimatized to stand the training and the strain.

I know, of course, that few have the time at

their disposal to devote to such a long period of training as this would involve, but, nevertheless, it commends itself to me as the best way of forming a true estimate of the athletic prowess of the two nations.

Far be it from me to attribute our defeat either by the New York Athletic Club, or by Yale (both of which teams were comprised of some of the best athletes the world has ever seen), to the climate, but I do think that many of our men were handicapped by it, and not able to do themselves justice, and show their true form.

An Englishman coming to America cannot fail to be struck with the very different position assigned to athletics to that we give them in England. The very way I was addressed is an illustration of this: "Captain," "President," "Manager," even in the public press.

Athletics in America are treated as a business, both in the universities and the outside world. This is very apparent from the strict rule and supervision under which the athletes live; their diet, their training, their very conduct is mapped out for them, and the luckless wite who kicks over the traces, will probably be given his *congé* from the ranks of the aspirants to athletic glory. Now it is not my purpose to altogether condemn the American system; there is much that may be said in favor of it, and certainly it has been successful in producing an excellence in athletic sports to which all credit is due, but I do think that it is an excellence dearly bought if a man's individuality is destroyed by it. Athletics should be a moral, as well as a physical training, and therefore should tend to the development of indi-

vidual responsibility. A certain great maxim holds good even in this case: athletics were made for man and not man for athletics, and it will be well for us to bear this always in mind.

It is the American character to do the work in hand, whatever it be, in a determined and business-like way, and all honor be to them for it! But if they will give to athletics their proper place, that of a recreation and pastime rather than a business, without doubt this national characteristic will manifest itself in the *individual* athlete and their reputation as an athletic nation will in no wise suffer.

Track athletics at English universities are indulged in by men very largely from a keen desire for exercise, and, in the winter months, men who do not row or play much football are able, on the track, in a short space of time, to get some hard exercise so essential to health and physical development; a great many men join the university athletic club solely for this purpose. When, however, a man who has perhaps done well in some college race or open handicap, finds he has some athletic "stuff" in him, there is certainly further inducement to him to make his daily pilgrimage down to the running track. A vision of "blue" looms on the horizon, and he begins now in real earnest to put forth all his energies at the bare prospect of representing his university. But even in the case of a man who gains the coveted "blue," athletics do not become anything more than his special form of *recreation*; he is always his own master; he follows his own inclinations as regards training and diet, and, win or lose, has only himself to thank. This holds good, too, in the case of men training for football.

The 'varsity team are not under a "trainer" or bound by any rules of training; each man follows his own sweet will in the matter, and what might be one man's food would very likely be another man's poison; it is said that one renowned Cambridge football "blue" used to order for lunch, before a match, beefsteak for four! I expect the 'varsity team of that year would have collapsed had they all been trained on those lines. The excellence of Oxford and Cambridge football teams is sufficient proof that this system works well.

Amateurism in athletics is a protest against making, in however small a degree, a profession of athletics, and I think the ideal amateurism is most nearly approached by this system of taking up athletics purely as a pastime, certainly getting any hints you can, but, in the main, training and developing yourself, instead of becoming an athletic machine in the hands of a trainer. The end and object of true athletic sport should not be to break records, but to promote a healthy discipline of mind and body, physical energy and strength, endurance, and a generous spirit of manly rivalry. I believe we shall attain this end in proportion as we regard athletics as a pastime, not as a business. The actual methods of training adopted in America did not seem to me very different from those practiced by athletes in England. American athletes do, on the whole, more work than we do, and also, what I think a very necessary feature of successful training, they spread it over a longer period and are thus able to *gradually* work up to the required strain. While English athletes are actually in training they do as hard, if not harder work than

Americans, but the mistake, I think, many of our men make is not allowing longer time for their training. This is very noticeable at our universities. Men there consider two or three weeks, or even less time, before a race quite sufficient to get themselves fit for the strain, but though of course the time necessary would vary in the cases of different men, for the majority, I think six weeks none too much in order to get really into condition. I was interested to find, in a talk I had with Mike Murphy, who has undoubtedly proved himself a very great authority on athletic training, that this was exactly his view, and the principle on which he worked in training, in order that, by allowing a large margin of time, a man might be able to spend the first portion of it in simply getting thoroughly hard and strong, and then, having got into this condition, he can begin to get his pace up, and will be able to bear the strain that this will cause him. I think the success achieved by American athletes has been very largely due to this gradual system of training, and I am sure it is the right one.

I had expected to find rules of diet much more strictly observed by Americans than they appear to be. I am judging from personal experience, when I had the pleasure of dining once with the Yale athletic team, during their period of training before the contest against Cambridge. I found here no very strict system of diet; everything was wholesome and plain, but nothing special in the way of "training" food. I believe this is the right principle to go upon in regard to diet, and it is that adopted now by most English athletes, *i.e.*, to

be sure that all the food you eat is good and wholesome, and not to bother beyond that. The object of an athlete is to get himself into the very best possible state of bodily health and strength, and in the matter of diet, his own common sense ought to be sufficient to dictate to him what things are nutritious and good for him, and what things will be likely to do him harm. I was glad to see that Americans had apparently adopted this reasonable view of diet when in training, for I believe the old system of very strict limitations and restrictions in this matter could not but be prejudicial to the subject of it in many cases, and, even if it did not frustrate the very object for which it was intended, give rise to the mournful reflection, "Is the game worth the candle?" Americans are no walkers, and walking forms no part of their training, whereas in England it is quite an important feature among athletes, especially at the universities, for men who are about to enter for a distance race. It makes a pleasant variation to the continual track running, and a brief twelve mile walk once or twice a week is, to many English long distance runners, almost an essential in their training.

In their general habits of life during training, Americans are stricter than we are. The pipe is an absolutely forbidden luxury, and I believe most abstain altogether from alcoholic drinks; they are also careful about keeping early hours. I think it would be better for English athletics if the above rules were more strictly adhered to, and I believe, in the regard they pay to these details, we can learn a lesson from our cousins. "What's worth doing at all

is worth doing well," is an old adage, but one an English athlete often forgets in his training, and while, for instance, one would not insist that hammer throwers and long jumpers and such like folk should pay strict attention to the above-mentioned rules, it is a *sine qua non* that men, who are going to enter upon a contest requiring stamina and endurance, should do so.

Americans differ from us in their method of rubbing before and after the day's practice, and whereas we only use flesh gloves and make no great point of the performance, they employ professional rubbers, who rub you down from head to foot with alcohol, and use their bare hands; the process is a kind of massage, and I am bound to say I thoroughly liked it; it seemed to loosen the joints and prevent stiffness; they maintain that it is a preventative against catching cold, but I do not think it is a matter of much consequence which particular *method* of rubbing you adopt, so long as you take care that you are rubbed down somehow after your exercise.

I only made acquaintance with three of the American running tracks, those of Manhattan Field, Berkeley Oval, and the Yale Field at New Haven. Of the two first mentioned I have a very favorable impression. I cannot conceive of two better tracks. When it was in tip top condition, I think I should prefer the track at Berkeley Oval; I like the shape better and I think it is less likely to crumble than the one at Manhattan field. I cannot say very much for the Yale track; perhaps I did not see it at its best; it certainly seemed to me very heavy. I liked what I saw of the one belonging to the New York Athletic Club at Traver's

Island, though it is a pity they could not have made it four laps to the mile, instead of nearly five. I never ran upon it, so cannot really be a judge of its merits.

Mr. Corbin gives a harrowing description of handicapping as it is done at Oxford and how one fine day a new boy was given limit and broke the worsted ahead of Mr. Corbin—a terrible instance of the evil method of giving a dark horse limit. Well, at Cambridge we know a thing worth two of that, and when a novice enters for a race, our custom is to only give him half limit (and I believe this is the custom in the London Athletic Club); after that, we either cut down his handicap or increase it according to the form he displays.

The visit of the Cambridge team to America will be a red-letter day in the annals of Cambridge athletics, and will ever be remembered by those who came with feelings of very great pleasure. From the time of our arrival to the time of our departure nothing was shown us but exceeding courtesy and kindness from all quarters.

During our stay in New Haven we became acquainted with many of the students, and the disinterested kindness and hospitality they showed us did much toward making our visit the pleasure it was. Mr. Walter Camp was unwearied in making all kinds of arrangements for our comfort and enjoyment. Many of us spent one most pleasant day with Judge and Mrs. Townsend and their family in their country house at Indian Neck, and Dr. Ray Palmer took us around and explained the features of interest in the college buildings at Yale and showed us further hospitality.

During our period of training, we got to know several members of the Yale team and the fact of our rivalry, so far from preventing us being the best of friends, stimulated a feeling of hearty good fellowship and mutual goodwill. The true sportsmanship of Mr. Sheldon and all the Yale team has won laurels for them in the opinion of the Cambridge athletes. I cannot pass on without acknowledging with much gratitude the services rendered by these two most indefatigable gentlemen, Mr. Day and Mr. Wade. I think they must have regarded our visit as a not altogether unmixed blessing, but, believe me, they never showed it; they worked right hard from morning to night to make our visit enjoyable and the contest a success. They succeeded! And what shall I say about Harvard?

Time fails me to tell of those Harvard worthies, but I think of them and shall ever think of them with the greatest friendship. It gives me extreme pleasure to have this opportunity of thanking Mr. Everett Wendell and all the Harvard men for the way they treated us. Our visit would not have been complete without that peep at Harvard. I can only say that my acquaintance with Yale and Harvard graduates and undergraduates has created in me a strong desire to renew that acquaintance at no far distant date.

Before I close, a word as to my impressions of American colleges and college life:

To us from hoary Cambridge, naturally everything about Yale and Harvard is suggestive of youth; the buildings have not yet that stamp of age which is the glory of Oxford and Cambridge colleges. The big yard at Harvard is

an exception. I could see the age marks and furrows there. It is their pride, and well it may be.

At Yale the only building that reminded me at all of a Cambridge college is Vanderbilt Hall. It is of recent date, but has something of an "old world" appearance.

There is no system of colleges at Yale and Harvard. They are at once a college and an university. They reminded me rather more of an English Eton or Harrow, as regards their buildings and formation, than of an Oxford or Cambridge. I do not say this in any disparaging sense, for it is simply, after all, a matter of opinion as to whether the college system of Oxford or Cambridge, or the confining of all the university life in one center, as adopted by Yale and Harvard, works the best. In a sense the classes at Yale and Harvard, Juniors, Sophomores, and Seniors answer the purpose of our colleges, and are as wheels within a wheel, which is, I think, necessary for a right development of university life. The men being also divided up into various "schools," *e.g.*, the Sheffield School of Science, the Law and Theological Schools, and keeping very much to their own particular "school," is almost identical with our college system, except in name. As at Oxford and Cambridge, owing to want of accommodation in college, many men have to live in the town. The clubs at both Yale and Harvard are not so comprehensive as those of our universities, and, I should be afraid, would tend to become cliques. Lastly, what it did one good to find was that the *esprit de corps* of American universities is very strongly developed; so strong

is it that it would almost seem necessary at times to check it, lest it should engender too much a spirit of antagonism ; but properly restrained and directed it should be the very mainspring of their existence, as long as it lasts ; they will develop and prosper with great traditions growing up round them as the years roll by, and will send their sons to dare and do in this brave old world of our's and achieve glory for the new country such as has made the names of Oxford and Cambridge famous in the old.

F. S. HORAN.

IN COLLEGE DAYS.

In college days, I'd have you know,
The men were strong, maids debonnair,
Dancing a pleasure, "Proms" the go,
And, 'neath the moonbeams' tender glow,
We loved, or thought we loved, the fair.

What sounds of song on evening air
At Spread or Supper-table high !
What flushes bluffed on just one pair !
What smoke and laughter we could bear,
And soda-water ("Extra Dry") !

And books galore, with midnight oil
And rustling of the turning page.
The sleepless hours we spent in toil,
The laws enforced that made us boil
In helpless sophomoric rage !

Much see we now perchance to rue
As Memory's flame before us plays,
Yet—life seemed fine, the moments flew,
New loves were made, old friends were true ;
Well fared we then—in college days.

WM. R. A. WILSON.

THE PROFESSOR'S HOLIDAY.

It was New Year's vacation time, and he had left home to lecture in Washington.

He sat reading in his section of the sleeping car, a tall, slender old man, in somewhat clerical dress. His back was turned to the window, that the light of the late afternoon might fall over his shoulder on the finely-printed pages of the red leather volume of "Romeo and Juliet." His face was in shadow, but his white hair gleamed silverly. Missing the open fire of his study, he had drawn his gray cotton gloves over his chilled fingers and buttoned up his coat, which, despite its having been scrupulously brushed, had the greenish tint of shabby black. At certain passages he would close the book, repeating the words softly. Once, as he lifted his head dreamily, the light caught his profile wearing the rapt expression of a musician entranced by some divine harmony. His reading was interrupted by the train passing into the station at Baltimore. In less than an hour he would be in Washington, where he was to lecture that evening upon Shakespeare. He closed the book, sighing. It was the one play of Shakespeare's, which he read seldom, arousing as it did an almost irrepressible emotion. Even in his youth the perusal of it had made him feel an old man—such an immeasurable distance separated him from those two lovers! Never did he read the play, with its intoxication of moonlight and nightingale, its passionate abandonment of love and duty, but that his own life, one long tedious round of duty, grew cold and colorless.

In "Romeo and Juliet" he saw mirrored the beauty of that age his own austere and patient youth had never known, that youth in which it had not befallen him to love.

The porter was lighting the lamps as the train pulled out of Baltimore, but he put his book in his pocket and removed his spectacles. Seen reading with downcast eyes, his face, like polished ivory, with the skin drawn tightly over the delicate features, bore the pathetic expression of a deeply-tender nature oft rebuffed. But the raising of his eyes resulted in a curious complexity of expression. His eyes were large, dark and very clear, revealing an ardent and eager soul at variance with the patient, sunken mouth, as if the spirit of youth looked through the mask of old age.

Bending forward, he opened a carpet bag on the opposite seat and drew forth the manuscript of his lecture. He carried it in his sermon holder, which gave forth the faint, poignant odor of old Russia leather. Opening the covers to the title, "The Supremacy of Shakespeare," he turned the pages lingeringly, and then replaced it in the carpet sack.

He unscrewed the cover of a flask of blackberry cordial, pouring into it a little of the liquid, which he drank delicately. At the further end of the car several men were playing cards. Near him two women were chattering over their luncheon. One of them kindly rose and brought him a piece of cake on a napkin. When he had eaten it he folded and returned the napkin to her with the flask of cordial, showing her how to mix some of the latter with water and sugar.

"It is very refreshing, especially with a little lemon, on a cold December day," he said gently.

When they handed the flask back to him he lingered wistfully a moment, lonely for companionship. And then, fearing to intrude, he withdrew to his seat and watched the passing scenery. Perhaps it was natural, he thought, that he should feel a qualm of homesickness. It was so long since he had been further away than a few hours' journey from his college—the first time in forty years.

He looked at his watch. At six he would be in Washington. His lecture related to the Shakespearian-Baconian controversy. To him it was more than the author of the immortal plays who had been assailed, more than the world's Shakespeare—it was his friend. That friend who had never failed him, who somewhere awaited him, and who had revealed to him the inmost secret of his heart. "Gentle Will—our fellow." The phrase was personal to him. It was like touching that gracious hand long fallen into dust to speak of him in such dear familiarity.

Ah, to be in England with him, now at this Christmastide, to wander through Stratford-on-Avon, down the quaint, sun-lit streets, over meadows where the primrose and violet blow, along the quiet river. Did he not know every line of that gentle face, the serene and lofty brow, those arch yet penetrating eyes?

What was it they said—that not he, but Bacon wrote the plays? He had felt the passionate indignation of one who sees profane hands laid on things sacred. His leisure this winter had been passed in writing a defense of Shakespeare, and when completed he

had boldly written to an oldtime student, now Senator Davis of that district, residing in Washington, requesting him for an introduction to an audience at the capital. Senator Davis, relying largely upon his personal popularity for a successful house, replied cordially, setting the date December 27, and inviting the old professor to be his guest while in that city.

And now the time had come for him to go out in the world and lecture. He experienced a curious thrill of delight, as at something fascinatingly wicked and worldly.

"In forty years," he whispered. "The first time in forty years."

He felt the freedom of a boy escaped from school. It was not to be a sermon, this time, read from the pulpit of the small college chapel which he occasionally occupied, to a monotonously inattentive student congregation, a mere handful of young men who looked up at him with bored faces. He was tired, tired at last of teaching college boys and of sermonizing. Now it was to be different. He was to address a highly-cultured assembly. His text was not to be from St. Paul nor the Acts, nor any of the Twelve Apostles. But he was to speak of Shakespeare. His beloved Shakespeare, at last, at last!

He turned impatiently from the window, with its view of the scenery. He did not wish to be reminded of the country nor of the village which was his home.

"God intended nature as a frame for mankind," he murmured. "I fear I have been so far but a part of the frame!"

He had entered his quiet college professor-

ship with the eagerness of an inexperienced youth, and after years of ceaseless endeavor realized that a more ordinary nature than his would have filled the place just as well. Enlightenment came when he was too old to change. But he found consolation. He passed from the grayness which hovered mistily over his patient, and, to him, useless life, into the golden world of Shakespeare, there to live with the immortal characters with whom it was peopled.

In the western, sunset sky gleamed the evening star, unchanging, while river and mountain rushed by underneath and vanished; as the light of Shakespeare's genius shone unquenchably serene above humanity's ever-changing stream. At that moment his lecture became insignificant. To defend Shakespeare! It was like attempting to prove the existence of the star, that star which would remain when he and all the world had vanished.

When he reached Washington he went into the waiting-room, standing apart from the rest of the people among whom were taking place the customary scenes of greeting and leave-taking. He felt shut out from this warm humanity, and watched wistfully for his friend. And as he stood, his carpet-bag in one hand and his clumsy green umbrella in the other, a girl came toward him, a fair young girl smiling and with kindly outstretched hand.

"This is Prof. Penfield, I know," she said. "My father said I would know you in a moment from your picture. He was obliged to go to New York on business, and I had a telegram from him about an hour ago saying he had

been delayed and could not be here for dinner but will meet us at the lecture hall, later."

She led the way to the carriage, chatting pleasantly.

"How time flies," said the old man. "It seems but a little while ago that I held the funeral service over your dear mother, and you were a baby. And now you must be nearly as old as she was when she died. She was a very sweet woman, my dear—a charming woman."

"I know," answered the girl softly. "My father says I look like her."

: "What did they name you, my dear?" asked Mr. Penfield.

"Juliet," she replied.

"But Juliet had dark eyes," he protested, with curious warmth, "and yours are blue!"

"Nevertheless I shall always insist that Juliet's eyes *were* blue, because Shakespeare doesn't say anywhere in the play that they weren't. I want to show you something," she continued, unfolding the afternoon paper. "I bought this while waiting. Drive slower, John," she said, pausing to address the coachman. "Now listen" (reading): "This evening at Music Hall the renowned Shakespearean scholar, Prof. Andrew Penfield, of ——— College, will lecture upon that mighty genius, of whom, perhaps, he ranks as the most profound student of the age. The lecturer will be introduced by Senator William Davis."

The color crept into her listener's face and died away. He was embarrassed that his shy, unworldly self should be connected with this "renowned Professor Penfield."

They were driving down Pennsylvania

avenue, the cool breeze, a harbinger of winter, blowing in their faces. The after-glow of the latening twilight lingered in the sky. Here and there lights shone out, appearing two and three at a time, at first star-like; and then, all at once, darkness seemed to rise softly and swiftly, and the city was illumined by its myriad lights. Professor Penfield spoke of it and said it was like a glass of wine to a fainting soul.

When he had been shown to his room to dress for dinner, he opened the newspaper and re-read the article pertaining to himself. He cut out the passage and placed it in the little red-leather volume of "Romeo and Juliet." Brushing his hair before the mirror, he smiled gently.

"Not blue eyes," he murmured. "Oh, no. Desdemona or Rosalind might have had blue eyes, but not Juliet. And yet," added this old student of Shakespeare, "blue eyes are very pretty. It *might* have been so——"

He felt that he was suddenly living in a sort of romance. He who had never met the woman he might have loved, possessed at the age of seventy the same pure and ardent heart as of twenty. He had an ideal of womanhood as an harmonious blending of all the characteristics of Shakespeare's women—a composite photograph, as it were, of all, which he cherished with exquisite tenderness. He read the notice again, and waited for the dinner-bell to ring.

"If *she* were only here," he murmured, "she whom I have missed all my life!"

At times this unfulfilled yearning made him unspeakably sad. He felt that if only once he had looked into her living eyes or touched her hand he would be confident that somewhere she

awaited him. But never to have known her! —the composite Shakespeare woman! Did he cherish an illusion? And yet—he knew better. Perhaps not on this earth—not in this life—. He sat silently, his face buried in his hands, dreaming of what might have been. Old men of seventy have these dreams when their lives have been pure and sweet—not otherwise!

He and Juliet dined *tête-à-tête*. He forgot then that he was an old man. A certain kindly gayety and gentle gallantry appeared in his manner. After dinner Juliet sang Shakespeare's *Sylvia*, which he was unaware had been set to music. When she left the room to dress for the lecture he was walking up and down humming the tune, softly at first, and then reciting the words:

Holy, fair and wise is she.
The heavens such grace did lend her
That she might admired be.

Is she kind as she is fair?
For beauty lives with kindness—

And, as he spoke, old age like a mantle seems to slip from him, and he was walking with the light step of a young man, his head thrown back. When Juliet returned he wrapped her fur-lined coat carefully around her pretty silk-clad shoulders and stood with bared head as she stepped into the coupé.

Senator Davis met and greeted them warmly at the stage entrance of the lecture hall.

"You're a little late," he said. "The hall is filling rapidly. There will be a good house."

He was pleased that it should be so, desirous of success for his old friend under whose instruction he had passed four years, and, personally,

not a little gratified at this direct proof of his influential name. When, shortly after eight o'clock, he appeared upon the platform to introduce Professor Penfield, he was greeted by prolonged applause. For the moment he almost felt himself to be the speaker of the evening. He quivered at the applause as a war-horse scenting battle. With an impetuous backward fling of his head, he opened his speech by an eloquent sentence or two from Shakespeare. The intonation of his voice arousing in him always his emotional nature, added to the intoxicating sense of power in his instant absorption of the audience's attention, resulted in his ignoring his original purpose, of serving merely to introduce his friend.

He made an address upon Shakespeare which lasted nearly *three-quarters of an hour*! Of his listeners, not the least absorbed was Professor Penfield. All thought of self was lost in the rapture of hearing Shakespeare praised. Transported beyond consciousness of time by the Senator's eloquence, he did not realize how long his friend had spoken. When Senator Davis, ending his address by a confused and hurried apology for such a monopoly of the Professor's time, introduced him, there was a splendid burst of applause. The old man in his simplicity bowed several times, smiling. He went over to the reading desk on which lay his manuscript. The lamplight fell upon his tall, spare figure in its black pedantic dress, and on his white head. The glory of the applause of the previous moment re-echoed in his ears, and caused his voice to quiver with tremulous eagerness over the first paragraphs. He so thoroughly knew his lecture that he found

himself repeating the words mechanically. In a front seat he saw Juliet's face full of interest—he saw her blue eyes turned to him and he smiled in return.

But as he read he became conscious of an almost imperceptible change in his audience. The various faces seemed to have merged into one vast, grave countenance. The tremor of excitement died away. His thought, which bird-like had soared upward through the realms of imagination, sank. As he continued he experienced a growing sense of uneasiness. His listeners were restless. To be transported upon the very wings of burning eloquence, only to fall upon a lecture, a dull and prosaic one to them, read almost indistinctly by a tired-looking old man, was not conducive to contentment.

A party of young people, dressed to attend a reception later on, were laughing among themselves. But the old professor, his voice quivering with the anguish of King Lear, did not hear the ill-suppressed laughter. It was only when they rose and left the hall that he noticed them. But after that he became conscious of people rising now and then, by ones and twos and threes, and passing out.

That applause, then, had not been meant for him, but his friend. Who was he that he should imagine himself known? He turned the pages hurriedly, omitting passages here and there. Across the written pages he seemed to see dark forms rising and leaving the hall. For one moment he forgot that he was a public lecturer. He paused with the authority of a pastor in his college church quelling by divine right any lack of respect in his student

congregation. One second he waited with up-raised hand, his dark eyes burning in his fine old face. Then realizing his position he continued confusedly, ending lamely. As he sat down, part of the audience were rising, donning their hats and wraps. Some few applauded. From one side of the room came the painfully loud clapping of friends in a cold audience. He sat down, dazedly conscious of the effort. And then he became aware of smiles breaking into laughter as the people dispersed. He had actually, in his confusion, been applauding himself! A flush crept over his face, concentrating itself into a burning spot of color on either cheek.

Senator Davis had arranged for a little supper to be given after the lecture. At the head of the table, next to Mr. Penfield, sat Juliet, her shapely head rising flower-like from her evening bodice. Her blue eyes from time to time rested anxiously on the old professor as he sat bowing and smiling as toasts were drunk in his honor, his face radiant and happy again, and his dark eyes shining like twin stars.

Senator Davis spoke of the life-long friendship which had existed between himself and his guest. No one remained unmoved with the exception of his daughter. As he sat down flushed and thrilled by the generous sentiments to which he had just given utterance, his glance met hers. For one moment he seemed to be gazing into the clear eyes of his lost youth, when he had been fired by all noble desires. They met his glance searchingly over the abyss of years. His daughter's eyes were now scornfully indignant. He, who from an almost unconscious desire to make atonement for the

wound done the high ideal of his youth, had reared his child most tenderly, cultivating in her all that exalted sentiment which he had put aside as impracticable, felt himself judged and condemned for what he had done. He put down his glass with a hand which trembled slightly and turned to his guest, who was waiting to return the toast.

"You will pardon me if I am not able to say much in thanking you all for your great kindness and good wishes," said Professor Penfield, rising, "but I am very tired to-night."

He paused wearily a moment, but still with the gentle smile on his face. To each one present—all old friends—he made some direct kindly reference. His toast acquired the solemnity of a farewell. He turned to his host last, speaking also of the friendship existing between them since the old college days, wishing him every good in the future.

"But, after all," he continued, "our future is already part of the past. I am an old man, and you, too, have turned the corner and are on the downward path. And so, perhaps, it would be wise to forget ourselves in the exquisite personality of Juliet. We are both at that age when life appears gray and somber, and we seem to have entered already upon a long night. 'But soft, what light through yonder window breaks? It is the east and Juliet, the sun.'" He pointed to the Senator's daughter.

Amid the laughter and pleased confusion of words he sat down. The light fell on his white hair, casting a shadow on the gentle old face. The kindly, tired eyes saw nothing of the scene before him. He was again in his

quiet college study, with the weary day fled from him, wearing his slippers and house coat, sipping his cup of tea as he read his worshiped Shakespeare. Now his eyes were tired, and he had removed his spectacles and turned down the green-shaded lamp, the shadows of which fell softly on the white bust of Shakespeare above his desk. And he was repeating, as a little child might sing itself to sleep—"the innocent sleep—sleep which knits up the raveled sleeve of care. The death of each day's life, sore labor's bath. Balm of hurt minds —"

His head sank forward on his breast. Like an innocent child, it was long past his bedtime, and he was really very tired. Into the silence with which all present had received his murmured words broke a quick, uncontrollable cry. Juliet, sensitive to the curious pathos of the scene, has risen in her place at the table, and amid an interested silence said: "He is the true hero—the innocent 'heart—the pure and beautiful soul. He is not a man of to-day—cunning—deceitful—ambitious—selfish—unkind—he is made after Shakespeare's own liking, and when I, Juliet, give him this kiss of affection in his dear white hair, it is the Spirit of the poet that gives him his benediction!"

Her father quietly rose and softly left the room amid a painful silence.

PAULINE BRADFORD MACKIE.

STRAYERS FROM ARCADIA.

A sultry day ! At noontide heat
I watched the quivering summer air,
The empty stretch of city street :
When, lo ! it chanced I saw them there,
With idle, lagging, dust-dimmed feet—
Arcadia, come unaware !

What tempted them from wood-depths green,
From mountain spring and mossy court,
Who shyly part the laurel's screen,
Lest mortal eye survey their sport ?
What curious longing thus could wean
Their hearts from shame of men's report ?

The stranger sights their gaze perplex.
O'er the unusual cobble-stone
They stumble, three, of satyr sex,
Vine-wreathed and weathered ruddy-brown ;
Such ways, forsooth, the nymph might vex
Whose fair feet followed on their own.

By chance, they glimpse the city square,
Bedecked with bloom and fount at play.
'Twas good to see them thither fare.
Casting in haste their staves away,
And on the greensward sink, with bare
Limbs dappled by the golden day.

What ease ! One caught his notched reed
And blew it with delicious will.
Such notes at season of green seed
The robin's throat hath art to trill—
As one whose heart held love's full meed,
The wood-maid dreamed, gray-eyed and still.

Arcadia in the city square !
Their careless laughter on my ear ;
A golden dream, antique and fair !
With bated breath I drew near.
(The eve was charmed. Thro' misty air
They vaguely fleet and disappear.)

Sweet longing troubled all my thought ;
My heart was held by haunting pain.
Had I the gray-eyed maid besought—
Perchance it had not been in vain !
Might she my hand have woodwards caught—
Love leading on with piping strain ?

EDWARD A. UFFINGTON VALENTINE.

CONCERNING HUMOR.

What constitutes a sense of humor?

That is a question which, so far as my knowledge goes, has never been satisfactorily answered. I can reply to it myself, so far as about nine-tenths of the humor of the stage or literature is concerned, but I cannot satisfactorily account for the other tenth, which is the most important part of the whole, as it comprises the finer and more advanced forms of wit and humor.

In regard to the nine-tenths I would say, unhesitatingly, that a sense of humor is nothing more or less than a sense of one's own superiority.

In other words, the spectacle of a man slipping on a banana peel, or falling out of a hammock, or dodging his creditors, or flying through the garden gate with a bulldog or an irate father in hot pursuit, is well calculated to awaken our heartiest peals of laughter. We think that we are laughing because of the ludicrous appearance of the victim, at his terror-stricken countenance, or at the comical manner in which he runs or falls, but in reality we are laughing simply and solely because we feel that we are better off than he is. We are not running away or falling down. We are sitting in comfortable places and enjoying ourselves hugely.

As an example of the way in which the misfortunes of others affect us in real life let us imagine that we come across some poor, demented and ragged tatterdermalian, who is on his hands and knees in a gutter, groping

among the mud and refuse. We shout with innocent glee when we learn that he is hunting for diamond rings, which he expects to find imbedded in the mud. Now, just fancy how quickly the grin would freeze on every face if that lunatic were actually to find some jewelry and hold it up before our eyes. He would be just as ragged as before, his clothes would be just as tattered, and his face as dirty, but there would be no more laughing, unless he were to indulge in some himself. In other words, we were not laughing at his ragged clothes or uncouth appearance, but simply because we felt ourselves superior to him, and the mirth would cease the very moment we saw that he had the best of us.

Twenty-five years ago the only people who found in humor a means of livelihood were those who were connected, in one way or another, with the stage. Now there are, in addition to the well-known actors and writers of humorous books, scores of people whose names are absolutely unknown to the public, but who nevertheless contrive to amass respectable incomes from the practice of humor. These are the people who furnish negro minstrels and variety actors with jokes, who write comic paragraphs and dialogues and suggest ideas for the cartoons and funny pictures which are consumed in such enormous quantities by the various publications which devote all or a portion of their space to humorous matter. The fact that very few of the people thus employed are of the gentler sex seems to indicate that there is some truth at least in the old theory about the lack of humor in women.

Careful study of the work turned out by

these professional joke-makers reveals the fact that fully nine-tenths of their humor is founded on the simple idea of disaster or misfortune. And as for the stage, I have been told by one of the most successful of modern playwrights that he never puts a joke or a humorous situation into one of his pieces that is not constructed on the principle of giving somebody the worst of it. It is certainly true that nearly all primitive humor is founded on this idea. In the English pantomime, in which many of the most ancient forms of jest are so firmly imbedded that they are in as fine a condition to-day as they were under the reign of the Merry Monarch, all the fun depends upon the indignities heaped upon the different characters; while in that form of entertainment usually described as a "screaming farce"—and in which most of the screaming is done by the actors—there is absolutely no humor that does not spring from the same fountain-head of mirth. In the pantomime it is the prod of the red-hot poker that stirs our risibilities, whereas in the farce, an institution as deeply rooted in the affections of the Anglo-Saxon public, it is the suspicious wife, the tyrannical mother-in-law and the importunate creditor who extract mirth from the victim and supply it to us all piping hot.

It is not alone in the primitive forms of entertainment which I have named, that disaster is used as a means of exciting laughter, for we find the same element, in a more refined and chastened form, it is true, in the very best of comedies, and I think that no one can study the subject conscientiously without coming to the conclusion that so far as the stage is

concerned the disaster theory is wholly tenable.

Certainly it is not easy to produce laughter by depicting some fortunate occurrence. We do not laugh when the lost will is recovered, and the hero receives his share of the great property which was stolen from him in the first act by the villain, but we scream with uncontrolled mirth at the disasters which overtake the funny man in his well-meant efforts to straighten out the entanglements into which the hero and heroine have fallen. In short, it is misfortune and not happiness that awakens merriment, and the same rule applies to a great deal of the humor of literature as well as to that of the stage.

It is by skillful appeals to this same sense of superiority that the very best comical pictures and stories have been produced. Read the broadly humorous books in which English literature of the last century is so rich, and it will be seen that nearly all of their fun springs from some form or other of disaster. Search the bound volumes of *Punch*, *Puck*, *Life*, *Fliegende Blaetter* and the other great vehicles of humor and you will find the same element pervading every page. Think of the comical scenes and situations in Shakespeare's comedies, as well as in those of Sheridan and the comedy writers of the present day, and you will find that there are very few which are not founded on somebody's misfortune.

And when I speak of humor of this sort I do not mean that it is necessarily malignant or intended to wound anyone's feelings. John Leech, the kindest and most gentle humorist of his day and generation, and who, perhaps, deserves to be called the originator of the

modern school of household humor, dealt almost exclusively in the misfortunes and embarrassments of his fellow creatures. So, for that matter, do most of the successful wielders of the pen and pencil of the present day.

In nearly all the funny stories that have come down to us from remote ages as representatives of the doctrine of the survival of the fittest in humor, the principle of superiority will be found to be the mainspring. One of the oldest stories in the world relates to a man who offered his friend a glass of wine. To my certain knowledge this story antedates the Christian era, and I have no doubt that it passed current among the *viveurs* who made merry along the banks of the Euphrates at a still earlier period. In this story, which has served as the foundation for thousands of similar stories in the centuries which have elapsed since its birth, a man offered his friend a very small glass of a very precious wine, explaining that it, the wine, was two hundred years old. His guest tossed it off at a single gulp, and then remarked that it was the smallest thing for its age that he had ever seen.

What really appeals to our humorous sense in this story—and it must be a good one, or it would not have lived so long—is not the quaintness of the idea, but the mortification of the host, or possibly the uncultured ignorance of the guest, who did not appreciate what he was drinking.

The literary comedians who supply the world with laughing material through such vehicles as the comic weeklies, the back pages of monthlies, and the humorous pages of Sunday's sup-

plements, seem to work on the disaster theory to the same extent, and with perhaps far greater ingenuity than do their contemporaries of the drama. For a great many years nearly all of our national humor had for its foundations the mother-in-law, the goat, the stovepipe, inebriety, and the banana peel. Those were the principal agents in three-quarters of the stories, paragraphs or humorous pictures which passed current as funny, while the victim who was brought in contact with one or more of these elements, to his own undoing and the delight of all beholders, assumed for the moment the functions of what is termed on the variety stage a "feeder."

A word in explanation of this term: As most of us know, the humorists of the variety stage work in pairs, and often acquire wide and well-deserved fame as mirth-provokers. The public holds them in affectionate regard as the funny Smith Brothers, or Liver and Bacon, or the Sisters Giggle, but it is seldom indeed that both members of one of these teams are genuine humorists. There is usually one funny one and a partner who does nothing but pave the way for the comical sayings and doings of his associate. This is called "feeding," and it is frequently accomplished with so much skill that the audience is unable to distinguish between the comedian and the "feeder." It often happens that the actors themselves disagree on that point, and in such a case the best way to effectively settle the dispute is for them to dissolve partnership and attempt to play separately. Then the play-going public will settle the question in very short order—the same public, by the way,

which thought both partners equally funny when they appeared together.

In what still passes current in London and in the antipodes as American humor, the literary "feeder" is not usually shown as a man of any humorous gifts, but rather as a commonplace citizen, with a taste for the ordinary enjoyments of life, and a tendency to meet with disaster through contact with some of the prime humorous factors that I have named. The mother-in-law always annoys him, but never, as in real life, does she harrass her own daughter. The goat hurls himself upon the just and the unjust, the stove-pipe discharges its soot upon the "feeder" who puts it up in the fall, and takes it down in the spring; the banana peel awaits its prey on every sidewalk, and there is absolutely no limit to the number and variety of the disasters that accrue from inebriety. Jokes of this sort are technically termed "acrobatic." They enjoyed a tremendous vogue a dozen or more years ago, but the popular taste has changed, and with this change has come a demand for humor of a higher order.

In regard to the humor in vogue at the present day, it seems to be confined chiefly to a few well-worn themes and to a few forms of expression. There are, moreover, certain conditions and characters which have come to be regarded as fair game for the professional fun-producer.

For example, the marriage state is always regarded as a fit subject for ridicule. So is spinsterhood, but for some unexplained reason a man may remain a bachelor to the very end of his days without becoming a public laughing stock. I do not know why it is funny for a

man to get married, or for a woman to remain single, or why our risibilities are not stirred by the sight of a man living by himself. I simply give the result of many years observation of these and other phenomena.

The capture of missionaries by cannibals, and the savage method of cooking and serving the game, has proved one of the most enduring and prolific sources of mirth that the world has ever known, and that, too, despite the fact that all jokes founded on this subject are essentially the same. No humorist, so far as my knowledge extends, has ever tried to infuse new life into this ancient jest by having the missionary eat the cannibal, and I very much doubt if such an innovation would meet with popular favor. No, it is invariably the cannibal who roasts the missionary, and great is our delight; for it is not we who are eaten.

Of the innumerable jokes aimed at the foibles and peculiarities of the Hebrew race, the very best are those that are told or devised by Jews. Their appreciation of their own racial traits has always seemed to me to be far more acute than that of the Gentiles.

The Irish, on the other hand, are not only blind to a great many of their own national failings and characteristics, but are also unconscious of their own wit and humorous gifts. The serious manner in which an Irishman says a funny thing is not assumed, whereas the solemnity of visage so often affected by the Saxon fun-maker is usually a hollow and obvious sham, put on in order that the storyteller may gain a reputation as the possessor of what is termed "dry wit."

Humorists of this class, although totally

ignorant, I am sure, of the principles which I have just annunciated, have nevertheless gained fame in more cases than one by their narration of stories which excited laughter simply because they made every listener conscious of his or her superiority. I doubt if there is any easier method of winning distinction as a *raconteur* and humorist than by the simple process adopted by make-believe wits of this class. Their stories always relate to their own misfortunes, which are frequently distorted and exaggerated, in order that they may be droll in the same way that bad drawing is droll, and by industriously telling these stories for a number of years, a man will invariably secure popular recognition and a great deal of pleasant hospitality as "a man who tells a good story and can always laugh at a joke, even when it is on himself." Beware of such men. They are invariably as insincere and untrustworthy as their own stories.

The transition period between the goat and stovepipe epoch and that devoted to satire and the finer form of humor, which I hope and believe will soon dawn upon us, has been marked by the great popularity of the "Butterick." Now "Butterick" is the technical expression used to describe the sort of illustrated joke, which, if it did not actually originate in *Life* may be said at least to have reached its highest stage of perfection in the pages of that journal. When you see a picture representing two or more people seated in a richly furnished drawing-room clad in fine raiment of conventional cut, and showing in their faces not the faintest spark of intelligence, animation or sense of humor, then you may

know that you are gazing upon a Butterick. The jokes which accompany pictures of this description must not be too severe upon anyone, nor should they indicate in any way profundity of thought or acute reasoning powers on the part of the perpetrator.

According to my way of thinking, satire to be genuine should be justifiable, and for that reason the very best satire is that which is aimed at false pretension of any sort. There is no sort of alleged wit what seems to me to be flatter than that which is founded entirely on the envy or malice of the satirist.

In this connection it may not be out of place to say that of the vast amount of satire which has been aimed at that portion of society that is termed the Four Hundred, comparatively little of it rings true, some of it because it is inspired by obvious envy, and some because it is not aimed fairly and squarely at false pretense.

There is nothing funny in the fact that the man who is now cruising through the Mediterranean on board his own steam yacht was but a few years ago an under-paid clerk in a small broker's office. It may be annoying to some of us who have not been as successful as he, but I will defy anyone to show me that this man's wealth and the enjoyment which he very properly derives from it can be made the food for any true satire. If it could be shown that his steam yacht was merely a pretense, and that he was in reality traveling through Europe as one of a shackled band of Cook's tourists, I would be in favor of delivering him over to the tormentors as a pretender, and I have no doubt that my esteemed contemporaries would make very good use of him.

A great many leaden-footed social satirists have found much amusement (for themselves) in the fact that a certain former well-known leader of society was the widow of a prosperous hotel-keeper. For my own part I see nothing comical in that circumstance, nor was I ever moved to mirth by hearing that the same lady had sworn at her coachman. On the other hand, I should judge from the prices charged at large hotels that union with a good landlord might well be the forerunner of a happy and easy widowhood. And as for profanity, that is merely the expression of a natural and pardonable feeling, and there is no sort of pretense about it.

I am well aware of the fact that a great many of the men and women who figure prominently in the most-talked-of circles in New York are woefully ignorant, and in many cases ill-mannered, but unless they pretend to be accomplished or well-bred they are not necessarily legitimate prey for the fun-maker. Nor is the well-connected Briton who goes out to dinner in a shooting jacket, and borrows twenty-five dollars until his remittances arrive, in any sense a comical character. On the contrary, he has the laugh on the people who lend him the money and submit to his insolence, and it is perfectly proper for him to snub them when he chances to meet them in London.

Some years ago an attempt was made by one or two of the satirists of that day to be extremely caustic and witty at the expense of a young man of distinguished parentage who spent several weeks in America and was eagerly entertained by the most prominent tuft-hunters in New York, most of whom he treated with

undisguised contempt, even by accepting what they had to offer. On the eve of his departure, a woman at whose house he had been a chronic visitor ventured to ask him for a card of introduction to his family, a favor which the young Briton refused with unconcealed amusement and contempt, telling her at the same time that his mother was far more particular in regard to her associates than he was.

Now I fail to see anything to ridicule in the conduct of this young man, because during his whole stay here he made no attempt to hide his contempt for his entertainers, whose snobbery and lack of sincerity were perfectly apparent to him. His whole attitude, in fact, was that of a traveler who stops at a native village in the south seas and is regaled with yams, cocoanuts, bread-fruit and other delicacies described in the instructive and interesting works of Captain Mayne Reid. He may find the hospitality of these half-naked savages convenient and their food palatable, but not for worlds would he have one of those dusky belles who regarded him with so much interest, present herself at his mother's door with a card of introduction from him.

When the young Duke of Marlborough arrived in this country last summer, he was promptly visited by an interviewer who wished to know what he thought of Broadway, the American short-story writers, the "Defender," and other important national monuments.

"Do you know," replied the young peer, "I think it very strange that you should care to know what I think of your institutions. In England we don't care what foreigners think of us, and we never ask them their views at all.

I really cannot imagine why any American should care to know what impression I gained from a ride in a hack from the steamer wharf to my hotel." From this reply to his inquisitor I am led to believe that the present head of the Churchill family has a taste for satire.

The political cartoon is an unfailing source of delight to a large part of the voting population. No matter how hackneyed or pointless it may be, it is sure to be received with demonstrations of delight by those who happen to see in its purport an echo of the principles of the political party to which they belong. In these cartoons the ever-virtuous workingman, the Presidential candidate, and female figures typifying Justice, Liberty and Columbia play important parts, and the public never seem to grow weary of them.

An attempt was made a year or two ago to transplant to this country and acclimatize the foggy, epigrammatic wit of a certain recent British school, but it was never received with any favor except by the shallow-pated dilettanti, who were dazzled by aphorisms which seemed to them brilliant gems of thought, but which were in reality but the cheapest of literary paste. In point of quality humor of this sort is far inferior to that of the old-fashioned acrobatic school, not because it is machine-made, but because it is lacking in the one absolutely indispensable factor, truth, of which there should be at least a grain in every witty or humorous saying. The feeble-minded titter when the leading juvenile satirical man says, in a modern British comedy: "Truth is seldom pure and never simple." Nevertheless truth *is* pure and simple, and for that reason the tinsel epigram,

the play in which it occurs, and the whole school to which it belongs have passed away from us and will soon be forgotten.

It may not be out of place here to mention certain adventitious aids to humor, which are frequently employed to give a false appearance of fun to a dull and pointless story. Whenever you see a story about people with funny name, like Barney McSlobbs or Rocksey Spookendoodle, you can make up your mind that all the laugh there is in that narrative may be extracted from those names. In like manner I warn my readers to beware of all jokes which are propped up at either end, beginning, for example, with "Major Chawbuck told a good one to a select circle of friends at the Handspike House the other night," and ending with, "After the laughter had subsided the Major called for another bottle." A story of that sort invariably sags in the middle, as do those which contain sly and jocose references to intoxicating drinks, such as "Then they moved up to the bar and had another round of—lemonade, of course—and that reminded the Judge, etc., etc."

Stories of this kind are never really humorous, and if they were their effect would be destroyed by the allusions to the story-tellers and the refreshments incidental to the narratives. There is nothing inherently funny in the drinking of whisky, any more than there is in the eating of buckwheat cakes, and it is just as funny to allude to ardent spirits as lemonade or cold tea as it would be to call the buckwheat cakes egg-plant. The thought of the bibulous joys of barroom life, however, produces a sort of artificial glow in

the souls of a great many men, causing sensations which are so pleasantly akin to those which result from the tickling of the humorous sense, that they themselves do not know the difference. Nor do a great many of the joke-makers, for that matter.

It is not easy to make accurate predictions regarding the humor of the future, but I am confident that it is destined, so far as this country is concerned, to assume a much finer and sharper form than it does at present, and I firmly believe that it will play a very important part in the work and progress of the world. There is a certain axiom in law which says that for every wrong there is a remedy, and I believe that in the years to come we will find in our national wit, humor and satire a means of redress for many of those wrongs which the law cannot make right—a panacea for some of the ills and annoyances that encompass us round about.

Therefore, I would say to the young satirist who is just entering upon his career, that the city of New York offers a wonderfully fertile field for the legitimate practice of his profession. I doubt if there is a town in the world—unless it be Washington—which contains so many men and women of audacious pretense and slender achievement. Certainly there is no community in which pretenders of every class are held in such high esteem. Let the rising young satirist take aim at the artists who cannot draw, the incompetent reformers, the scientific humbugs, the literary men who do not know how to write, and the great army of people who talk too much, and he will find enough material within our city limits to last him during a lifetime. JAMES L. FORD.

INSTEAD OF FRATERNITIES AT PRINCETON.

Instead of secret societies with Greek letters to awe schoolboys, the Princeton undergraduate has something which he thinks has none of the disagreeable features of the iron-bound fraternities, and all of the good ones, and other and peculiar advantages of its own besides.

And when he tells you about his club he means the set of friends who would most readily lend him money or clothes or advice, and with whom he eats three hearty meals a day, and does a comfortable bit of loafing between times, which is good for the digestion. And if he be an upper-classman, and is in one of the permanent clubs, it means in addition the place where he plays billiards and reads the football column after breakfast by a pretty fireplace, and gets his mail, and writes his letters, and lunches his friends when they come to visit him and the college. In fact, the word means very much what it does to older bachelors, except that he calls all the resident members by their first names, and sees them all three times every day.

The principal reason they are called clubs is that they are an outgrowth of the eating club or club table, which has been popular ever since the days of knickerbockers and gin-slings at the Sign of the Red Lion, when it was the thing for students to burn down the college, and fight duels instead of wasting time over the modern game of football, which is brutal. The first one was gotten up by some

enterprising party of young gentlemen who stamped on the floor with their sword canes, and swore that they would put up with Mistress Joline's bad ale and tough beef no longer, and, accordingly started a mutual benefit arrangement where they could make their long-sentenced observations and atrocious puns to their colonial hearts' content, and still see that their shillings were being put to good use under the supervision of the steward of the crowd. He was probably some struggling young man from the Pennsylvania frontier, working his way through college to become a general in the Revolution, or sign the Declaration.

But this was little more than a coöperative food supplier, and it was not for a century or so that the word came to mean anything else. For there was a time when Greek-letter fraternities were tolerated. Besides, there have always been the two old literary societies with the white columns, which are supposed to have more or less of a social function, which everybody joined and which drove the Greek-letter affairs out again when they perceived that their own importance was being threatened by them. But, later on, when the college became so large that one could not conveniently fraternize with half of it, the need was felt for some smaller and more definite social organization to supply a bond of brotherly comradeship and that sort of thing, which every young man is bound to have. And as there is no better way of finding out what kind of a fellow a man is than by taking three meals a day with him, the eating club began to serve this purpose.

In fact, about a decade ago the members of a certain one decided that instead of allowing their club to end with their own undergraduate days, it would be a good idea to perpetuate it, and have a place to come back to at Commencement and the times of the big games. So they asked a congenial crowd from the next class to join them and take their name, and this was the first permanent thing of the kind.

It was called the Ivy Club, and for a long time this was the only one of the sort. As the membership was limited to about thirty, while the college was doubling every few years, it was manifestly hard lines on a great many other young men who thought they could appreciate such things, and considered themselves good clubbable fellows, too. So others sprang up. The next one founded was the University Cottage Club, and then the Tiger Inn, soon followed by the Cap and Gown, the Colonial, the Princeton Elm and the Cannon Clubs, each of which has a comfortable clubhouse and is prosperous and firmly established, with a seal and a charter and a board of governors among the alumni, and some honorary members among the faculty for policy's sake, and a pretty pin to wear on the waistcoat or loan to girl friends, and a long constitution with by-laws forbidding among other things, alcoholic beverages and games of chance.

The active membership of each of these is about thirty men, nearly equally divided between the two upper classes, and sometimes a few graduate students. Most of the members are elected during their sophomore year. There is always some talk and speculation as to who will get into which, though it is hardly a

matter of universal comment. There are no initiations, nor any formality, unless it be a big dinner, which is attended by the honorary members and some of the old grads. who are glad of an excuse to flock back to the old place and have a good old-fashioned time and talk about the old spirit, and tell how much better everything was when *they* were in college.

It quite often happens that more than one club wants the same men, and as the popularity and prominence of each is by no means invariable, disappointments are likely to occur among the electors as well as those who would like to be elected. The reason this happens is that none of the clubs are old enough, as yet, to have developed any very distinctive characteristics, though one or two are trying to do so. Up to the present time they all seem to have sought for very nearly the same general qualities in the men they elect, and these are very nearly right ones. No one is elected because he is a great athlete, or because he wins prizes of any kind, or because his family did something or is something, or because he is well known, and of course not because he is wealthy, nor for any combinations of these, but because, with some or none of them, he has that which makes him a good clubbable, lovable fellow, and the kind of a boy you like to have 'round.

But there are only seven clubs of this kind, and as such a small number are elected from each class many are not members who perhaps ought to be. In such cases they keep on eating their meals at the old table, as in underclassman days; or, if there are not enough left, they join some other congenial crowd and make up a little informal club of their own. Though

they miss the three-times-a-day meeting with those of their intimates who have gone to the more pretentious places, they are all just as good friends as ever, and they often dine with one another. In these small non-permanent clubs, there is nearly as much that is picturesque and quite as much true friendship, and they invariably contain many of the best men in college. But this article is about the seven clubs named, because they are the representative social organizations of the college, and because there is more to tell about them.

To be sure, one is more often seen on the campus with his own club-mates than with his other friends, because going to breakfast from chapel and from there to the first lecture, and after luncheon to the 'Varsity practice, and after dinner to the rooms again, make up most of the times one is seen out of doors with anyone. He generally goes to the Thanksgiving game on his club coach, too, and club-mates are likely to pole for examinations together, and one always votes for the club's candidate in college politics and feels hot at the unfair methods of the other clubs when his man is defeated, and forgets all about it around the cannon on class day; but some of his intimate friends—including his room-mate often—are in other clubs or in none. For no one associates exclusively with those of his own club, except when no one else will associate with him, and such a case has no force against the object of this paragraph, which is to show that these clubs are not snob-incubators. Nor are they ornamented fetters which bind you to one small set of fellows whom you may afterward outgrow and learn to dislike. But no doubt if

there were fraternities in Princeton everybody would be nearly as enthusiastic for them as they are now against them, and our chapters would be the best in the country. Only,—then it would not be Princeton.

All of the clubs have property of their own, or are getting it as fast as they can, and building houses according to their own ideas of comfort and comeliness. There are tennis courts and wide verandas outside, and some green grass for the spring term. Within are wide halls with wide fireplaces to smoke around in cold weather, with dark wainscoting and tall clocks and pretty stairways and small window panes. And there are comfortable lounging-rooms with cheerful andirons and divans, and cozy-looking smoking-rooms, and well stocked libraries which smell comfortable and have window seats and leather things, and noisy, brilliantly lighted billiard rooms with hunting prints on the wall, and quiet businesslike committee rooms, and a few bed-chambers for graduates and private dining-rooms for special occasions ; besides, of course, the large dining halls for the undergraduate members, which can be waxed when necessary and danced in.

Though the servants are better trained and more properly clothed than in the ordinary eating club, and though thick portières and a lot of picture frames deaden sound a little, and high-backed chairs make one sit up straighter, the natural abandonment and becoming spontaneity of the undergraduate is not at all repressed. They scratch the polish off the furniture with their heels and yell derisively at any member who enters the room immoderately well dressed, just as they always have done, and are alto,

gether a right noisy, irresponsible, yawping lot, as all undergraduates should be. By dinner-time they have a good deal to say and they all say it. They are not very reserved with one another. Each man at the table is given his turn at being guyed and twisted inside out and rubbed up and down by every one else, because they consider it their duty toward him, in order that he may have a more comprehensive appreciation of himself when he goes out into the world.

After dinner there are always some who slide down in their chairs and fill the room with smoke and talk about the prospects of the team and other serious matters, as well as about other things no more important in their world than the topics discussed in the big clubs in the big world. Others go to the writing-room or the library, where the lights are soft and nobody says anything unless it be to ask what day of the month it is or "After you on that magazine," while two or three others sneak off to some quiet little corner where the lights, if any, are dim, to stretch out and blow rings, and look at the fire and talk in low tones about last summer and next summer and other things. But very few waste time thus. From the dinner table about half of the club flocks to the open game in the billiard room, where there is whistling and talking and laughing and a lot of bright light and tobacco smoke. Those who do not join in the game stand around and guy those who do, in order to train their nerves; and when anyone misses an easy set-up he slams his cue on the floor so hard and says things so loud that it pierces the quiet of the graduates' dining-room and interrupts the lazy P. G.'s who

are lingering over their coffee and talking about things with big words.

But sooner or later, everybody, except those who have glee club practice or dramatic rehearsal or some kind of a committee meeting or hall session or an examination next day, gathers in the lounging-room where the piano is. Somebody plays good music until the gang collects, and then they sing for a half-hour in order that they may go back to their evening's work in a proper frame of mind. They sing glee-club ballads and comic-opera airs and new vaudeville music and old campus songs. This is not the only time they sing. Between the courses at the table or in the billiard room often some one unconsciously starts up something which is just then in favor, and, without being aware of it, the others take their pipes out of their mouths, and those who are playing pool poise their cues a moment and join in and help swell the catching final notes, until so much sound is made that the good neighbors across the street stop to listen and wonder when those students ever study!

You see, there is very little in the village except the college; there are no theaters and the like, and few social events to take anybody away after dinner, and so they get their amusements out of each other either at the club or on the campus. That is the reason that their undergraduate life is so entirely distinct from any other part of their experience, and accounts in part for their thinking that their good times are a little better than those of any other college.

If they ever showed you about any of these clubs how much of this you saw and heard

depends upon who you are. If you were a young man and they liked you, you would probably get the whole expression of the free-and-easy picturesque good fellowship and *camaraderie*. If you are anyone else, you would probably miss some of it. For when a father writes down that he expects to spend Saturday in the old place, and is taken about the club he is quite likely to see a lot of serious faced young men sitting up straight and discussing their studies as good students should. And it would count you very little to drop in unawares with a pleasant smile and say, "Don't mind me; I will just take lunch with you boys," as some foxy fathers like to do, for the chances are that your approach would be discovered from an upstairs window and announced throughout the club before you reached the outside door, and you would quite likely be welcomed by the glad notes of gospel hymns. In some clubs they have a small Thanksgiving game banner in the hall which hangs in a certain noticeable way when there are visitors in the club. This is to prevent members entering the house from furnishing strangers with any unnecessary insight into club life. In another club I once heard a party of visitors announced in this frank manner, and a loud voice from the foot of the stairs, "Please don't swear, anybody; there are girls in the club."

But of course such precautions are unnecessary during Commencement week and the days of the great games. Then one is likely to stumble upon little luncheon parties all over the house, from the graduates' quarters to the committee rooms. And at the times of the class dances at least one of the clubs always

has its floors polished, and the windows cleaned and the andirons shined, and the furniture shoved about ; someone gives a tea in the clubhouse, with plants borrowed from one of the professors, and the orchestra and some of the patronesses loaned by the Dance Committee. It always seems very odd and out of place to see groups of girls and gowns and chaperons and things scattered about in the window seats and leaning, more or less gracefully, against the pool tables instead of corduroy-clad young men, with pipes in their mouths and their hair tumbling down, and to hear the buzz of tea talk and girls' laughter, and occasional orchestra notes, instead of the click of ivory balls and the careless singing of all sorts of songs.

Under-classmen are not invited to these teas. This makes it embarrassing when they have girls in town. Few, if any, of the clubs have rules forbidding it, but neither is there any written law against under-classmen wearing high hats or cutting their initials on the table at "The Dome"; nor is there any published statement to restrain freshmen from wearing college colors ; but these things are somehow known at Princeton, just as other unwritten and unbendable laws are known at other colleges. All of which adds to the glamour of the club to the impressionable under-classman, who walks by the houses as the members are smoking on the porch and thinks what a fine thing it would be to sit up there and own things in that way, and put his feet on the railing. And when he comes in, diffident and wondering, in the fall of junior year, it seems very fine to walk down to see the football practice with these well-known fellows in the class above

him, whom he has looked up to for two years,
and to call them by their first names on the
crowded 'varsity field.

JESSE LYNCH WILLIAMS.

COTTONWOOD DOWN.

From leafy port to port, with white sails spread
Upon the undulating bosom of the breeze,
A fairy argosy floats overhead
In the deep quiet of these broad-branched trees.
What pigmy strength has manned each silken barge
As light as bubbles breaking on the sea ?
What cargo goes from marge to shadowy marge ?
What pilot steers it to its destined quay ?

So when the soul has cast her moorings loose
And sails alone, not fearing storm or wreck,
What bears her hence of each sweet earthly use ?
What memories, glancing backward, crowd the
deck ?
What constellations in the brightening skies
Mark out the way to where the far port lies ?

CURTIS MAY.

THE HASTY PUDDING CLUB AT HARVARD.

The Hasty Pudding Club of Harvard College celebrated, on the twenty-second and twenty-third of last November, the one-hundredth anniversary of its foundation, giving full measure to the century, which really ended with the last day of August.

On September 1, 1795, certain Harvard juniors met at the room of one Nymphas Hatch, of the now legendary class of 1797, and adopted a scheme for a society, devised by three of their class-mates, one of whom, Dr. John C. Warren, became eminent and lived to speak at the semi-centennial of the club he had once intended should end with his class.

The first idea of the founders was to meet every Saturday evening during their remaining two years of college life, on the ringing of the Commons bell, and eat a pot of hasty pudding provided by two members chosen in alphabetical order. So their constitution, mindful of the Club's brief allotment of days, not only encouraged almost continuous rotation in office, but, along with the "sacred music" which closed each weekly meeting, arranged for the proper pronouncing of the Club's own valedictory.

When August 31, 1796, came, however, the members were loath to allow a society to die which had afforded them real amusement for a whole year, and, on the very day which they had selected for a future dissolution, passed the momentous vote to continue its privileges to the class

of 1798. They had, during their year's existence, illuminated their poor rooms in honor of "the great Washington" on his birthday, and toasted him at a dinner "enlivened by the convivial joys of Bacchus;" they had had stirring oratory and much song, albeit they would be "piously singing with a profane tongue" and "with voices . . . rather clogged with Pudding;" and as for pudding—they had eaten a pot of it on thirty-three different occasions. So it was decided that the Club should continue.

It continued with varying fortunes for a while. The novelty of its conception was wearing off. Pudding and song were not enough for perennial mirth. So, with the dawn of the nineteenth century, the Hasty Pudding Club took a semi-humorous, semi-literary turn, which gradually developed until the Club is now unique among college societies for the originality of its life and the picturesqueness of its achievements. Its records began to be more than mere chronicles of events, and became the extravaganzas of rhyming secretaries. Its meetings were enlivened by debates between the members. Orators were no longer confined to Washington's Birthday and the Club's anniversary, but had free rein, of any Saturday night, to argue "Whether hereditary Nobility be a beneficial Institution?" or "Whether the pany of the fair sex be advantageous to a scholar?"

More advanced than the age in which they lived, although themselves constrained to convict the proprietor of the Boston Theatre for "corrupting public morals," they foreshadowed the future destiny and fame of the Club when

they decided in the affirmative the question "Whether theatrical representations be upon the whole beneficial to society ?

These "disputes" were soon supplanted by more amusing mock-trials, which brought not only the college officials, but most of the great figures of history, into the dock, all the way from Cain, the first murderer, down to Napoleon, the judges' own contemporary, whom they sentenced to death as "an assassin and tyrant." The Pudding's High Court of Equity had the moral sense befitting a court so entitled and constituted. Here is a digest of one of its cases, verbatim: "Commonwealth against a young *gentleman* for murdering a fellow-mortal in a *duel*. He was defended certainly with great ingenuity and acuteness by his counsel: 'What brutes must a jury be who could declare a man guilty of *murder* for merely shooting another through the heart, in compliance with the laws of politeness, of fashion, of honour and gentility. It was not done with a *butcher's cleaver*, nor with a *tomahawk*.' But its gentility had little weight with the jury in favour of a practice militating against every law of God and man. The defendant was brought in guilty of murder." (The sarcastic italics are the reporter's.)

After thirty years or more of the continuance of these mock-trials, they were enlivened by the costuming of judge, witnesses and advocates, till they became so like stage plays that they naturally evolved into them, though the pious founders would have thought the journey a very rake's progress.

In December, 1844, Mr. Lemuel Hayward (whose younger kinsmen, the Wendells, have

added to the histrionic fame of the Club in our own time), Peter Augustus Porter and Augustus Felix Hinchman, all of the Class of 1845, arranged the first Hasty-Pudding play. It was the old rhymed farce, "Bombastes Furioso," and Mr. Hayward has lived to tell, fifty years later, and in the Pudding's own theatre, how the play was first staged; and to compare with the recollection of his own jack-boots, made by himself of paste-board, blacked and varnished, the quaint costumes and elaborate properties of the "tragedy" as presented by the Class of 1896. (The peasant-beauty, "Distaffina," spinning flax from the handle-bar of a safety-bicycle was surely a piece of "business" that the most fertile undergraduate brain in '45 could not have been expected to forestall!)

From this first performance till the present moment, the Pudding's plays have been increasingly successful. They began in a small college study; as time went on, and they were no longer secretly performed, they required, and the actors were generously granted, larger and larger concessions of room from the college, till, in 1888, the alumni of the Club built a spacious and permanent house with a pretty theatre, for their better presentation. For years past the Club's performances have been given in public, in Boston, New York, and sometimes in Philadelphia. They were not only the first college burlesques to be so given with any regularity, but the American variety-stage has borrowed from them its most absurd features and extravagant humor. "Dido and Æneas," written by Mr. Owen Wister, in 1882, was infinitely cleverer than "1492" or "Adonis," and was admittedly imitated in all

the extravaganzas which preceded those typical productions.

Of late years, a number of good musicians have given Pudding plays a musical distinction which they used to lack, and airs from "The Obispah," "The Sphinx" and "Hamlet," are known far beyond the audiences which first heard them sung. "The Sphinx," indeed, was so popular that a public demand for Mr. Thompson's lovely music has kept it alive on the professional stage.

The Pudding does not only present extravaganzas. Mr. Barrett Wendell wrote the comedy of "Poison," and Mr. W. K. Post has written two excellent farces for it. Besides these, the Pudding's repertory of legitimate comedy and farce is very large, and embraces all the old stock-farces of the English stage, as well as more ambitious comedies, like "The Critic," "The Duenna" and "The Rivals." The Pudding stage has burlesqued things sacred, and very profanely at that, as its founders sang hymns. The Pudding's *Achilles* swathes his tender foot in an arctic; *Hamlet* smokes, swears, and is generally a bad lot; *Ophelia* is a fright, and the *Commander* faces *Don Giovanni*, astride a carpenter's "horse," ridiculously caparisoned.

The undergraduates' love of daring and irreverent burlesque, parody and satire, have made the "H. P. C. Theatre" a perennial joy to its patrons, and the fact that twice a year plays are given to the graduates only, many of whom go on purpose to see themselves in turn burlesqued, has kept an element of simple and spontaneous humor in the plays that the requirements of the more spectacular "spring

show" tend to sacrifice to mere calcium display.

The night of the play comes. The graduates gather at the theatre, which is hung about with most absurd (though often very clever) water-color paintings, souvenir bills of past performances, full of contemporary caricatures and symbolism. The scene is little suggestive of the earlier days of the Club—of the austere, inspiring era which produced such Pudding men as Everett, Cushing, Palfrey, Washington Allston, Lowell, Holmes, Bancroft, Prescott and Phillips Brooks. Yet a closer inspection shows that these comparatively modern posters bear such names as Horace Howard Furness, John C. Bancroft, Alexander Agassiz, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr., and Edward E. Simmons. Nay! The recorded casts tell you that Dr. Furness danced the ballet; that Hon. James C. Carter and Hon. Robert T. Lincoln played the heavy fathers; that Dr. McBurney cut darky pigeon-wings; that Senator Hoar, Governor Russell, and many another servant of the State, once wore the buskin; and that out of that third of Harvard's dead in the Civil War, who were Pudding men, many were mimic soldiers on this stage. The play begins. It is a brisk farce, which is greeted with a roar of delight as the curtain goes up, and the audience recognizes the Harvard Faculty in session. Professors on the floor chaff each other as they see their doubles on the stage, and hear them, in their own best manner, discussing the perennial football question—the Eastern Question of the College Powers. The discussion on the stage is not strictly fair to the Faculty, but

no matter—the audience likes it, and the professors don't mind. And the mock Faculty, having demonstrated a total theoretical ignorance of football, after a prolonged and absurd debate, welcome the suggestion of an aged and fragile member that they adjourn to Soldiers' Field and "make the *experimentum crucis* with their own bodies' vital juices." Loud applause, and act one is over. Now comes before the curtain a young fellow in evening dress, carrying a poem, which he proceeds to read. It is not very wonderful as verse, but it is immensely personal, and the hits on the graduate members present are greeted with great laughter by those who are in the joke. This person is called the *Crocodile*—a long-established institution he is, too—and when he is through, the play is on again. Football as played by the Faculty—the outrageous infractions of the rules of fair play by those most insistent on reform—the dreadful personal combats between virtuous old men—is extremely funny; and when the final arbitrament of the controversy, thus tried by the ordeal of battle, is that football matters should be relegated to the students, the house goes into raptures.

After the play come "specialties" by several performers. Perhaps some song destined for a while to have great vogue—"Yale Men Say" or "Odd Fellows Hall"—is sung for the first time, and the audience catches the air and the infection, joins in the chorus, and demands repetition after repetition till it has made the song its own.

When the last curtain goes down, the audience breaks up into little groups over the

salad, or bowls of pudding and syrup which are sacredly kept for festal nights, and class-mates meet class-mates for long and eager talks. They sit about on the big leather sofas, which they roll into the theatre from the reading-room, and presently, some one from Eighty-Three is at the piano, and a knot of older men sing in joyful chorus a song once dear to them and as new to the seniors in charge as "The Striped Pig" or "Paul Pry," which the Club was wont to sing in 1830. Eighty-Three yields the piano to Seventy-Eight, and it, to Eighty-Eight, till at last some popular leader from a class but a year or two departed takes permanent control, and strikes up choruses known to half the late-stayers. The graduate who has wandered back, is charmed into forgetfulness. In a rush of memory he sees his past youth re-incarnated about him, fresh, jubilant, and confident of everything. He joins recklessly in the mirth, sings till he can no more, stays till the last song is sung and the lights are out, and then (his undergraduate entertainers having gone comfortably to bed in Cambridge) reads by the melancholy lamp of the car-station, where he is waiting for the next Bostonward car, still half an hour away, the long play-bill which he had thrust unread into his pocket; remarking, with a faint smile, among the jokes at the bottom of it, the ironical suggestion: "Carriages may be ordered at any time—or even later."

LLOYD MCKIM GARRISON,

DEBATE IN AMERICAN COLLEGES.

Ethical and intellectual progress, as we learned in freshman year from Dean French, a good pedagogue, even though an inaccurate philologist, is often better recorded in the changes in the meaning of words than elsewhere. The term debate may furnish an illustration of this. In the old days of border warfare, when the balladist of Chevy Chase prayed

“that foul debates

‘Twixt noblemen may cease,

the word referred to a contest for physical supremacy. Then the rule was sudden blow and quick return, and little bandying of either epithet or compliment. Diplomacy had not yet risen to be an art, and oratory was a needless accomplishment.

We do things differently now. The verbal is the type of our modern debates, a wordy war, “words, words, words,” whose purpose seems to be the feminine triumph for possession of the last word.

This is the humorist’s by-word of pugilism, and the champion of this “manly art” in his commendation of its rival for public favor as possessing all the qualities of his own sport, passes on the slur to football.

Valuable as the art of concealing thought may be to the college diplomat in frustrating contests and mystifying the public, it was not as an adjunct to athletics that debate entered the university field. Strange as it may seem to the younger generation, time was when there were contests in college oratory and none in

college athletics, when advisory committees and college diplomacy were unknown.

"In good old colony days
When we lived under a King,"

there were college societies engaged in making, as well as studying, history.

It was opposition to the acts of King George's ministers which caused the first college debating societies to spring into existence. The kinship of the young radicals who constituted their membership to the English liberals on the side of politics, and the French physiocrats on that of philosophy, is indicated in the names and mottoes of their organizations.

Thus the spirit of independent thought changed the puerile titles and academic aims of two Princeton organizations, the Plain Dealing and the Well Meaning societies, and they became the American Whig and Cliosophic Halls, whose purpose, as their names indicate, was the training of patriots and philosophers. James Madison was a founder of one, and Aaron Burr a leading spirit in the other. The constitution of Whig Hall, as the former is curtly called, bears evidence that the early practice gained by the author of the Federalist papers, in organization and debate in this society, had much to do with the formulation of the charter of our Union. Similarly, the bias toward abstract philosophy and historical research implied in the name Cliosophic, is visible in the pure democracy of the opponents of Madison's Federal theories, some of the most prominent of whom were trained in his rival college society.

From the beginning there was rivalry be-

tween the halls, at Princeton, sometimes expressing itself in what was the old significance of debate. Intersociety contests took the form of challenges. One student would announce that it was his purpose to speak on a certain subject at a certain time, from the steps of old North, or Nassau Hall. He was sure to have both assistants and opponents in plenty, as well as an interested and enthusiastic audience. But these were almost personal encounters, and it was not till many years after, with the establishment under formal faculty regulations, that oratorical and forensic contests were instituted.

At William and Mary, where Madison was for a time a student also, the Phi Beta Kappa Society was organized in much the manner of the Princeton societies. Its character is indicated by its motto, *φιλοσοφία βίου Κυβερνήτης*, Philosophy the Guide of Life."

It would require a separate article to describe the development from this organization of the great system of Greek letter societies existing in almost all of the colleges of America. It is only sufficient to say that they have developed in quite another direction than that contemplated by the founders of the mother society, which, indeed has at least preserved its original dignity, if not its early purpose, by becoming in most colleges an honorary society indicative of scholarly or literary standing. The other Greek letter societies have, after a pretense, troublesome to maintain, of ethical and intellectual aims, at last begun to confine themselves purely to the social and fraternal field. The moral purpose has been left to the college Y. M. C. A., the intellectual development to the debating societies, which

are either offshoots from the early Greek letter societies, or imitations of them with academic Greek compounds, such as philomathean and phrenocosmian, to give them titled dignity. These are found in all the smaller colleges. Sometimes good sense has rechristened them with the names of our American authors and poets. In our women's colleges, which, because of their more recent origin, have fewer burdens of the past to bear, the new societies begin life under the latter auspices. Such organizations, while they encourage in a small way parliamentary practice and forensic discussion, are in the main, literary societies. Occasionally debating contests occur between rival societies in the same college, but in the main such attempts are desultory and productive of little good. It is in individual oratory, in which, if the faculty includes a good instructor in that art, they excel. Willing students and enthusiastic professors mutually aid each other. It was, for instance, by such means that Hamilton College gained the title of the "home of oratory," a title which, as long as she possesses her eloquent president, she need not forego.

But the debating society looks beyond oratory. To use an athletic phrase, it requires team-play rather than grand-stand play, of its members. It must cultivate the *esprit de corps*.

The Princeton societies may stand for a while yet as the models. Unluckily for Princeton's prestige, unlike Phi Beta Kappa, Whig and Clio, when approached by organizations from other colleges for charters, refused the request. However, such societies were bound

to arise. The Yale societies. Linonia and Brothers, were practically identical in purpose with Whig and Clio. At Harvard, where the literary, as distinct from the forensic spirit, was strong, the purely debating society did not gain until in late years, a permanent foothold.

At both Yale and Harvard the Greek letter societies, which even yet in some cases have not specialized into purely social organizations, came into conflict with the debating societies, which, as can be seen by the name of one of them, the Brothers, also contested the fraternal field. Gradually, and naturally, and justly, the latter dwindled and died. The objection sometimes urged against the presence of both kinds of student organizations in one institution would not now, however, hold, for the modern Greek letter society, being a pure fraternity, could in no way clash with a non-fraternal, wholly intellectual organization.

Under such names as the Union or Kent Club, the debating society, pure and simple, is returning to stay. It is as well adapted to present conditions as Whig and Clio were to Revolutionary ones. Where the old societies will arrange themselves in line with the new, and so avail themselves of the same methods and advantages, they may acquire a new lease of life. Where they persist in old forms and customs, the retention of a secrecy which only serves to conceal deficiency, the pretense of a fraternity which must, from the very nature of the indiscriminate choice of members, be an artificial one, in short, when they attempt to exceed the simple purpose of acting as parliamentary organizations, they must go down before the societies best fitted to survive. The

immediate means of testing the efficiency of the societies is found in the intercollegiate contest in debate.

In the last intercollegiate debate between Yale and Princeton, the latter has been defeated, and rather wonders how it happened. It is because Yale has persisted in methods sure of success in the end. Defeat after defeat had caused her to go forward with more dogged determination than ever before, and with little graces of oratory, for which the faculty rather than the students are responsible, she has won a victory by pure force of argument.

Harvard also has proceeded along right lines, and with superior instruction in oratory, and the presence of "star" debaters, maintained a position with the foremost. However, as in her athletics, there is lacking the "team play" of Princeton and Yale.

This assistance from the faculty is an essential adjunct to excellence in debate. Good, practical teachers in logic, oratory and rhetoric, who are not diverted from their main purpose by over-regard for abstract theories or oversensitiveness to literary effects, and, above all, an inspiring professor in political economy, such as Prof. Sumner is at Yale, or Alexander Johnston was at Princeton, or Richard T. Ely is at Wisconsin, are pre-requisites to successful debating societies. Special courses, semesters in political economy and sociology are their natural adjuncts. The fear is lest all the contestants belong to one school of thought, and that the professor's own. To obviate this the faculty should invite to address the student body men of all opinions, individualists as well as socialists, radicals as well as conservatives,

untitled Henry George as well as Dr. Chauncey Depew.

For the one great essential to excellence in debate, the enthusiastic partisan interest of the whole college in the subject, we must turn to the great Western universities, such as Michigan, Chicago, Wisconsin and Minnesota. In oratorical and debating, as in athletic contests, every student is a "rooter."

So, fifteen years ago, before the overshadowing growth of athletics in interest in the East, it was at such colleges as Princeton. So, twenty years ago, it began to be among all the colleges which took part in intercollegiate contests in oratory, debate, essay and athletics, held in New York City. But the athletic side of these Olympic festivals, just as it did in ancient Greece, soon dominated in public interest all the other contests, and they fell into desuetude. With the revival next year of the Grecian contests in all their completeness, there may be an occasion in this country to reëstablish intercollegiate debates upon something like an equality in the student, if not the popular mind, with our great athletic contests. Recently a New England debating league, consisting of Brown, Wesleyan, Tufts, Bates, Boston University and Boston College, has been formed, with Boston as its natural center.

Chicago is already established as the meeting place for debate by the Western universities. It would be a not unfeasible project for select representatives from these and other centers, San Francisco and St. Louis, and Nashville and New York, to meet in Washington for an intercollegiate contest in debate which would be truly national, and so renew the interest of

all our students in what is, after all, the form of expression in which America excels, the eloquence of the forum.

MARION MILLS MILLER.

THE HEGIRA OF GABE FREER.

The little snow-covered college town lay like a milk-white jewel between the high, bald-topped, limestone bluffs that guarded the course of the half-frozen river. The flat-bottomed ferry boat that, until lately, had lazily plied back and forth, attached to its strong wire cable, bringing the wheat-laden wagons to town and taking them homeward empty, now rested quietly in its icy cradle on the western shore. Just below the wide landing-place the river curved and swept in a great half-circle around the base of a high cliff, locally known as the "Buffalo Jump," that overhung the dark stream. Here the water eddied and swirled and seethed and foamed, as its swift current met the obstruction, carving great holes in the hard lime rock and forming a series of whirlpools that sang with a low, mournful music. "Dead Man's Eyes" was the name that these pools had earned in the village, for no man had ventured within their clutch and lived to tell the story. Summer and winter alike the "Dead Man's Eyes" were a gruesome public menace. More than one reckless college bather had they drawn to his doom, and many a drunken ranchman's tracks had been traced along the ice-bound stream until they were found to suddenly end at the ragged edge of the whirlpools.

High above, on a wide plateau, stood the gaunt, bleak row of stone buildings known as the "University." Here a faculty of a dozen stern, bearded ministers taught the western lads the rudiments of Greek and Latin. Between the faculty and the town an endless war raged.

The "University" was naturally opposed to the many saloons that lined the long river street and the town looked upon the faculty as a set of blue-nosed killjoys.

There are grades in all things, even in western saloons, and certainly the frequenters of "Brown's," next door to the Land Office Building, would not have condescended to patronize "Pete's Hades," the grotesque sign-board of which swung conspicuously around the corner. Not that the liquors at Brown's were much better than those Pete vended, but Brown had assumed a moral tone that was sadly lacking elsewhere. It was due somewhat to the proximity of the new "University," and the frequent calls of the students to partake of his potent beverages, that Brown's place maintained its prestige as the high-toned bar of the settlement. The land-office business had become somewhat slack, for the most available farming lands in the district were long since located, and the florid-faced receiver, who was also the local justice, sometimes joined the frolicsome students as they hobnobbed over Brown's liquor-stained bar. They were a harum-scarum lot of young fellows, who chafed at the utter lack of social entertainment in the small college town, and who were always ready to enter, with a will, into any suggested form of amusement. Dave Vliet and his sophomore chum, Jud Wilkins, although among the youngest of the students, from the originality and readiness of their wit were recognized as ruling spirits; and they were ever alert for opportunities to add to their repute, whether by planning some practical joke or inventing some new means of enjoyment.

Many of the students had gone to their homes to spend the Christmas holidays, but there was a goodly number whose homes were too far away or else who were so unfortunate as to have no homes to go to. Among the latter were Vliet and Wilkins. On the last day of the fall term they were sitting in their college room looking moodily into the bright coals of their open fire. "Wake up, Jud!" exclaimed Dave at length, "this is just about as cheerful as a Labrador Eskimo's igloo."

"Suppose we go down to Brown's," Jud suggested. "He's pretty sure to liven us up."

The two donned their ulsters and a few moments later were ordering their favorite milk punches at Brown's.

As they raised their glasses, a shadow darkened the entrance, and a heavy lurch from the newcomer upset the movable screen, over which he promptly fell. He struggled to rise, but only succeeded in gaining a sitting posture, at which, realizing the futility of his efforts, he looked around with a helpless expression, as if beseeching assistance. His weak, bloodshot eyes blinked behind a tangle of unkempt hair, the lids were puffed out beneath them, and the flabby cheeks and inflamed features bespoke the hopeless drunkard. Yet, but a few short years before, Gabe Freer, an ambitious, rosy-cheeked youth, had been one of the most promising students.

"Now see here, you Gabe," Brown said, leaning over the bar impressively, "ef yer thar when I gets round to throw yer out, I'll break every bone in yer body!"

The significance of this threat slowly dawned upon Gabe, who again strove ineffectually to extricate himself from the broken screen, and

his trembling lips smiled inanely as he mumbled some unintelligible excuse for his unceremonious intrusion.

"Hold on, Brown!" exclaimed Dave, noting the rising anger in Brown's keen gray eyes, and with considerable exertion the two young men succeeded in placing Gabe Freer again upon his feet. Gabe manifested his appreciation of this friendly turn by sundry insistent embraces, from which they finally freed themselves by dumping him out through the doorway. There he comfortably rolled into a snow drift that was slowly melting beneath the brightness of the afternoon sun.

Near the northern end of the "Buffalo Jump," and within a gunshot of the gruesome "Eyes," there stood a dilapidated cabin—half dugout, half shanty. It faced toward the town and was far enough up on the rising ground to command a pleasant view of the valley, the picturesque curves of the river and the stone buildings of the "University," that crowned the snow-clad plateau.

Dave Vliet whistled merrily as he picked his way up the slippery hillside, pausing occasionally to fill his lungs with the crisp morning air and to let his eyes feast upon the unfolding river scenery.

He climbed to the summit of the precipitous cliff and shied a large, round stone out over it, watching it, with boyish amusement, as it fell swiftly down to the "Dead Man's Eyes" that murmured faintly below him. Then he stooped to select a small, smooth pebble and flung it, in a spirit of idle mischief, at a yellow cur that skulked out from behind the cabin. The stone carried wide of its mark, but the dog, with a

yelp of fear, sprang quickly through the cabin entrance, that stood conveniently open.

Dave thrust his hands in his pockets and sauntered after the dog. There was a half anxious expression in his bright eyes, as he peered through the doorway into the dark interior, that gave place to one of quizzical good humor as he made out the recumbent form of the cabin's owner on a bunk in the farthest corner.

"Oh, Gabe," he shouted, "Gabe Freer!" And the sleeper, thus admonished, turned over with a yawn, raised first his head and then his huge body and bade his caller "Good morning."

"I say, Gabe," Dave responded, "you don't sleep like a man who thought himself in danger of being shot before breakfast."

"Shot? Ach-hack! I could think o' most anything for the sake of a dram. You don't carry a wet shot in your pocket, eh, Dave?"

"Nothing but dry ones this morning, Gabe. Aren't they beauties?" And Dave leisurely produced two large caliber Colt's revolvers. Gabe eyed them aghast and feebly waved them away, but Dave forced them upon his attention.

"Both of them true as a hair," said he. "All you've to do is to shoot as well as Jud Wilkins and I'll warrant we'll have two funerals. That's about all we can hope for. Between ourselves, Jud can hit a nail at twenty paces. I've seen him do it, time and again, and it's really too bad that you didn't choose shotguns or bowies. But it's too late now. Hurry up, or we'll be late for the duel."

"The duel—pistols!" stammered the startled

Gabe. "Say, Dave," pleadingly, "come now, say you're joking!"

"Joking!" exclaimed Dave, with well-assumed indignation. "Well, I never! Do you mean to say that, after half murdering Wilkins in Brown's last night and arranging to fight him this morning, you want to funk and get me laughed at by half the town for consenting to act as your second? I tell you what, Gabe Freer, if you don't brace up and carry out the meeting like a man, I fairly believe I'll shoot you myself, if I hang for it!" And, endeavoring to conceal a smile, Dave cocked one of the pistols threateningly.

"Now, Dave, see here," Gabe managed to gasp. "Is this real gospel you're givin' me? If 'tis, s'help me, I'll 'pologize to Jud! I never meant to touch him—never in this world!"

"Perhaps you didn't mean to give him two pretty black eyes; perhaps an apology will heal 'em!" answered Dave, with withering sarcasm. "No, Gabe, there's no chance of that—worse luck! If you don't meet him and fight it out square, he'll be up here before the hour is out, and he'll fill you as full of holes as a sieve. Your only hope is to fight him and so stand an even chance."

Gabe sank down helplessly on his door-step and buried his face in his trembling hands. But Dave was persistent. He brought Gabe a basin of water and commanded him to soak his head. He started a fire in the broken stove, got Gabe's battered coffee pot out and brought him a steaming cupful of the strong, black beverage.

The yellow cur sneaked out and laid his head

on Gabe's knee, and Gabe stroked his mangy back affectionately.

"'Taint much to leave, Dave," he said, weakly, "but this pup's the only critter that cares a tinker's cuss for me, an' I hate to leave 'im—that I do! It's three years now I've kicked 'im drunk and starved 'im sober; an' yet he's never left me. It's more'n a woman would have done. I say, Dave, if Jud won't let up on me, you'll look after 'im, won't you? Give 'im a corner an' a bone to gnaw on an' he'll love you jes' like a brother, he will!"

Dave pretended to wipe his eyes and shook with suppressed laughter, as he gave the promise and the handshake that Gabe insisted upon to bind it.

"I always thought, Dave, you had a good heart, an' now I feel certain of it," Gabe said, as Dave helped him into his coat and hurried him down the hillside, with the yellow dog following close at their heels. Turning the northern base of the bluff, they approached the river bank, where, in a small, leafless grove, Jud was waiting for them, with a crowd of joking students. Jud's head was swathed in an immense white bandage, and although poor Gabe frantically endeavored to articulate an apology, no one would listen to him. The frozen ground was hurriedly measured, the pistols were loaded and the men were placed in position. A revolver was thrust into Gabe's right hand, and as the word to fire was given, although his knees were apparently knocking together, he instinctively pulled the trigger. The reports rang out, the trees spun round, and he sank to the earth unconscious.

He was roused by a liberal dashing of snow,

and, with inexpressible horror, saw his opponent stretched out on a buffalo coat, apparently in a dying condition. One of the students supported Jud's head. His shirt front had been torn open. There was a horrible red pool on the snow and a couple of red-stained handkerchiefs.

Had Gabe looked closely he might have noticed a small bottle labeled "carmine" that had fallen from Dave's coat pocket, but, even if he had seen it, he would probably have failed to realize the farce of the situation. He gazed about stupidly for a moment, and then felt himself violently jerked to his feet, and dimly realized that the county sheriff stood before him.

"You are my prisoner!"

How the words rang out! He cast a pitiful glance about the circle of faces in search of some sign of sympathy, but his eyes saw nothing but apparent indifference on the part of everyone present. The students silently fell in behind as the sheriff marched him away, and, looking back, he saw them carrying Jud's body on a litter. He stumbled along with shaking knees, and the officer found him a burdensome charge until Dave came up and assisted him.

"Brace up, old man," Dave whispered; "I'll see you through, if I hang for it." And somewhat encouraged by the friendly words, Gabe endeavored to master his terror. They supported him down the familiar street, past the swinging sign of "Pete's Hades," where he had imbibed with such a free heart the day before.

How he cursed his passion for liquor! For years it had made him a sot—a brute, not half so worthy of his fellows' esteem as the poor

crouching cur beside him. A picture of the past flashed through his brain, and he saw himself, as he had been on entering college, a handsome boy, glowing with health and hope. And then he came back with a start to the recollection of poor Jud's body, with the blood-red pool beside it. O, for a deep draught of fiery liquor to quench and drown the thought of it!

"How does the prisoner plead—guilty or not guilty?"

The ominous question aroused him, and, dimly looking around, he saw that he stood in the local court-room before the desk of the justice, and that it was that florid-faced official in person who thus sternly addressed him. He strove to answer the question, but it seemed as if some giant's hand were clutching his parched throat. Someone pushed a chair beneath him and he sank into it helplessly. The great tears rolled silently down his cheeks, and he shook as if with ague, but he could not respond to the question. Someone offered him a glass of rum, but he pushed the hand from him roughly. No; never again would he taste of the vile stuff that had brought him to such extremity!

The sheriff was sworn and testified; Jud's body was offered in evidence; but Gabe could not grasp the sense of the proceedings. It was all a terrible nightmare. He heard the voices as in a dream. Then one sentence rang out clear and distinct:

"I pronounce the prisoner guilty as charged. It is the law that he be hanged until he is dead for murder!"

Murder ! How the word rang in his ears, echoing louder and louder until it seemed to reverberate from the distant bluffs. Murder ! murder !!

The students led, or rather carried him out. How the bright sunshine dazzled him ! It seemed to pierce his eyes like red-hot irons. And what were those wavering, fantastic shapes that seemed to dance about him, jeering and shouting with mocking laughter ? His brain seemed on fire—it was bursting !

Poor Trot—good dog. Didn't Trot know his poor master ?

But Dave had promised—what was it Dave had promised ? That he would hang—yes, that was it—would hang by the neck for murder !

“ Here, Gabe ! ” It was Dave's voice, thank God !

“ Hurry now ; tog yourself out in these, no one can possibly know you in them, and make a bee-line for the sand hills. Here, let me help you,” and Dave's nimble fingers threw over him a woman's calico skirt, tied the broad strings of a huge sunbonnet beneath his roughly bearded chin and placed a tattered pink parasol in his trembling hand.

“ Now then, light out, Gabe. Vamoose ! Scoot ! ”

Gabe's bloodshot eyes cast one wild, startled glance along the white road before him ; then he started off like a hunted deer, looking neither to right nor left, but running and leaping like some maddened thing, while Dave and Jud, the justice and sheriff and the crowd of joking students watched his rapidly disappearing figure and roared with convulsions of laughter.

"It was the best joke we ever planned, but what do you imagine has become of Gabe?"

The students were lined up against Brown's "mahogany," doing full justice to Brown's Christmas hospitality, and it was Dave who addressed them: "It's two days now since his legs vanished up the Twin Road, and he hasn't been in evidence since. Something may have happened to him. No ordinary scare could have kept him so long away from his grog, not to mention the Christmas free lunches."

"Suppose," Jud proposed, "that we walk up to his dugout after our turkey dinner. We can carry him some of the remains of the feast and investigate his condition."

The suggestion was readily accepted, and toward night the students climbed the hill, with many a thoughtless jest by the way, until they reached Gabe Freer's cabin. They found the door slightly ajar. Nothing seemed to have been disturbed since Dave had paid his last visit. The yellow dog, Trot, lay curled up on the bunk and uttered a feeble whine as they entered.

"I don't believe he's been back here, boys," said Dave, setting down the well-filled basket. "I guess he's given the town the shake. From the next that he started, I reckon he fetched the next territory before he stepped to liquorup."

But a cry from Jud, who had stepped outside, brought them crowding out of the cabin, and, running swiftly along the crest of the "Buffalo Jump," they beheld Gabe Freer, still clad in bonnet and gown, and brandishing the stick of the pink parasol, from which a few tatters still fluttered.

"Mad as a March hare—who'd have thought it!" Dave muttered. "I say, fellows," and he addressed the crowd seriously, "it looks as though Gabe had the jollies. The joke was too much for him, I guess. We must catch him and try to square matters."

Dave and Jud quickly mapped out a plan, and, acting upon their suggestions, a cordon was formed about the base of the snowy hill. The farthest pickets were first to advance, and when Gabe discovered their approach he doubled on his tracks and bounded back along the summit, only to be encountered by the men stationed near the cabin.

"We've got him—come on!" Dave shouted eagerly, as they sprang up the slippery hillside.

Gabe Freer stood for a moment at bay, his grotesque figure outlined against the rapidly darkening sky; then with sudden fear they saw him disappear over the edge of the icy precipice. A ghost could hardly have kept its footing on the perilous path where Gabe had ventured. Breathlessly the students crawled to the edge, and with straining eyes peered through the gathering night, watching Gabe's large figure as it crept along the shelving wall before them. At last he reached a narrow, jutting level of rock and paused to rest from his exertions, and Dave cried hoarsely to Jud: "For God's sake! run—get a rope—and be devilish quick about it!"

At the sound of Dave's voice Gabe Freer started up and shook his fist at them menacingly, and the still evening air bore a single word to them, a word that haunted them many a day, a dark and gruesome word: "MURDER!"

Then with blanched faces and hearts that

failed, they heard an agonizing shriek ; there was a flash through the twilight of a heavy body falling, and a sickening plunge as the cold, black, wintry waters of the "Dead Man's Eyes" embraced it. It was Gabe Freer's farewell to them—a fitting return, perhaps, for the scoffs, the jeers and the heartless jests that they had bestowed on the drunkard.

Jud Wilkins sat alone in the chilly dormitory looking out over the snow-clad campus, his feverish face resting dejectedly upon his hands. The door opened and closed with a bang, but he did not look up. It did not matter who might have entered. What did anything matter now !

"Jud," there was a choke in Dave's voice, "the jig's up. The faculty have decided to make us a public example."

"Well, we deserve it—and more," Jud replied, desperately. "Say what you please, it was murder—cruel, cowardly murder ! Shall I ever forget how he shrieked that word ?"

"The crime was more mine than yours, Jud. Do you think that I do not feel it ?"

It was the day after the catastrophe. Neither of the two students had slept. The alarm had been given, and through the long, dismal night, while a search had been made for Gabe Freer's body, both Dave and Jud had, more than once, felt tempted to follow the drunkard's example and end it all in the "Dead Man's Eyes." There could be no doubt of the genuineness of their remorse. It was not alone the fear of disgrace that lay heavy upon their consciences.

Jud finally looked up wearily and noted the

lines in Dave's pale face and the faded light of his sunken eyes. Then he rose and put his hand on his chum's shoulder.

"I know that you feel it, old man," he said. "We must share the crime between us. But one thing I have sworn, Dave Vliet—I have tasted my last drop of liquor——"

"And I," interrupted Dave, earnestly.

As he spoke the door was thrown open with a crash and a crowd of excited students burst noisily into the room.

"He's found, boys," they shouted, "Gabe Freer is found!"

"What?" gasped Dave.

"Yes, here I am!"

It was certainly Gabe Freer's voice speaking!

Dizzy and faint, Dave sank into a chair, as Jud sprang forward and threw his arms about the neck of the speaker.

"It is," Jud cried; "it is Gabe Freer!"

"How—where—" stammered Dave, feebly.

"Yes, tell them about it," the students demanded. They placed a chair on the nearest bed and forced Gabe Freer to take it.

"Well, boys," he began good-naturedly, with a twinkle in his eyes, when thus enthroned, "the thing came about quite simply. You see, you fellows nearly scared me to death, and I wasn't far from crazy when you rescued me from the sheriff. I must have run it off in an hour or two; and when I began to sober up, I figured it out as a put-up job. I was mighty sick for a couple of days, and when I saw you come up the hill I feared that instead of a Christmas present you had planned some further deviltry. And then the idea popped into my head that perhaps I could turn the tables—

give you a sort of Roland, you know. So I bundled back into those woman's togs and slipped up the 'Buffalo Jump.' I've climbed down to that ledge a good many times, and it ain't near so hard as it looks to be. There's a sort of a cave there and a good-sized lump of loose rock lay on the ledge near its entrance. When I heard little Dave sing out for a rope, I just gave a yell and shoved it off—and, well—you know the rest of the story." A long pause ensued. At last Jud Wilkins broke the silence by saying with a half-suppressed laugh: "Well, boys, it seems that the heavy end of the joke is on us. Let's adjourn to Brown's, an' you can name your pisen, at my expense."

The invitation was duly accepted, but it was a noticeable circumstance that Dave, Jud and Gabe ordered cider.

RALPH GRAHAM TABER.

COMMENTS ON UNIVERSITY NEWS.

CONDUCTED BY EDWARD S. MARTIN.

THE NOTION that there are actors who have something to say that it may be of advantage to young men pursuing liberal studies to hear is a comparatively new development, which continues to find favor, Over 1,200 students of Columbia and Barnard assembled in the Columbia College library the other day to hear Sir Henry Irving's view of the character of Macbeth; and at Vassar, still more recently, Mr. Joseph Jefferson talked in the chapel to a large congregation of maids about the actor's profession and dramatic art. It is a wise purpose which seeks to put the college student's mind in occasional contact with ideas which the ordinary routine of study does not afford. Doubtless it was that same purpose which was at the bottom of a recent address by Mrs. Margaret Deland to the students of theology in the Boston University on "The Moral Power of the Novel."

THE BACHELOR learns with regret that twelve young men of Wabash College at Crawfordsville, Ind., sons of leading Presbyterians, have been expelled because they were "Red Dragons." As members of this secret society they are charged with leaving a horse and buckboard in the president's study, with roaming the town at night, painting dragons on houses and with yelling. Surely such behavior is hugely inexpedient even for ordi-

nary college boys, much more so for sons of leading Presbyterians. Still, one may venture to hope that Wabash will take back those young Dragons and try to clip their wings and pull their claws and make good citizens of them. Horse-play is subversive of college discipline, but it does not always indicate irremediable defects of character.

DR. STRYKER, President of Hamilton College, lives up to his name when he is called to the bat. In a recent speech before the New York Chamber of Commerce he said that "there will be a truly greater New York when there is a tremendous increase of greater New Yorkers." "Men are not always to be plundered, ring-ridden, boss-driven, crank-confused," he told them, "unless by consent." Which is true and was well said, though it is also true that a minority may be ring-ridden and imposed upon because a majority consents, and a majority may consent because effectual opposition is too much trouble and takes too much time. When there comes that tremendous increase of greater New Yorkers who will spend a hundred dollars' worth of time and energy to save ten dollars' worth of taxes, then we shall see what we shall see, and it will be a noble sight.

OUT OF 363 students in Bowdoin College (the largest number ever enrolled), 120 are medical students. Not everyone is aware that Bowdoin has a medical school, much less so large a one. Bowdoin offers this year two new courses leading to the degrees of B.S. and B.L. Students entering for these degrees may

substitute other work for Greek, but candidates for the A.B. degree must still offer Greek.

The Rev. Thomas Treadwell Stone, Bowdoin's oldest graduate, died recently in Boston, Mass., at the age of 95. He was one of the speakers at the Bowdoin anniversary last June, and is of record in Boston as a Lowell lecturer in the year 1858.

ON NOVEMBER 14 Prof. George William Smith was installed as president of Colgate University at Hamilton, N. Y. Prof. Smith is 34 years old, which makes him one of the youngest of college presidents. He is a graduate of Colby University and of the Albany Law School. After practicing law for two years he took a post-graduate course at Johns Hopkins, and was called to the chair of history at Colgate, at that time Madison University. Last July ten trustees elected him president to succeed Dr. Ebenezer Dodge, who died five years ago. The principal address at the installation was made by President Gilman, of Johns Hopkins. A part of this able address was quoted in the last number of *THE BACHELOR*. Colgate University is a Baptist institution, and it is interesting to note that its president is a layman.

ANOTHER BAPTIST institution, the University of Rochester, is about to lose its president. Dr. David J. Hill, who has been at its head for the last six years, has lately resigned, with the intention of retiring from office at the close of the present college year. Dr. Hill, while a Baptist and a clergyman, favored a very

liberal policy in the management of the university and sought to strengthen it by interesting persons not of its own denomination in its destinies. In Rochester besides the university there is a Baptist theological seminary, some of the professors of which have felt strongly that the university should be distinctly kept in the Baptist fold and under Baptist influence and control. Between these gentlemen and Dr. Hill there has been a sharp conflict of opinion, and though a strong majority of the university trustees have held up Dr. Hill's hands and sustained him in his desires and projects, it is possible that the disapproval of his neighbors of the seminary, and of many influential Baptists who sided with them, have made his position less satisfactory than it might have been under other conditions. So far as appears he had won his fight, but he has resigned; and though he attributes his resignation to considerations which are entirely personal, it is felt, whether truly or not, that they probably include a certain unwillingness on his part to be an offense to his ecclesiastical brethren. Dr. Hill is an able man, popular with his students and highly esteemed in Rochester. His administration of this office has been exceptionally satisfactory to most of the friends of the university, indeed to all who have not been influenced by the sentiment that the institution was a Baptist institution, and that the Baptists ought to hold it firmly and devote it first to the interests of their own sect. His resignation is widely regretted, and strong efforts will be made to have it withdrawn, but, being thoroughly premeditated and based on decided preferences, it will probably stand.

A COURSE of lectures on French history has lately been delivered at Hobart College by Mr. Theodore Stanton, who will be remembered by newspaper readers as a frequent contributor of letters from Paris to the *New York Sun*. Mr. Stanton has lived in Paris almost continuously for the last twelve or fifteen years, and at one time was Paris correspondent of the *Associated Press*. He has come home to live as good Americans sometimes do even after long residence abroad, and among other activities will serve as lecturer on French History at Cornell. He is a son of our venerable and distinguished fellow-citizen Elizabeth Cady Stanton.

ON SUNDAY, November 10, Rutgers College (New Brunswick, N. J.) celebrated the 180th anniversary of its foundation. It got its charter in 1766 from George III. and was named Queen's College in honor of Queen Charlotte. Its primary instigator was Theodore James Frelinghuysen, the first of the New Jersey Frelinghuysens to achieve distinction in this country. Rutgers is a stronghold of the Reformed Dutch Church in America, and though Princeton men think it not so great an institution as the lair of the Presbyterian tiger, it is good and useful and venerable, and eminently sturdy and respectable, as any college should be expected to be under the influence and protection of the Reformed Dutch Church.

IT DOES not do to flout any college or university because it happens to be nominally a sectarian institution. A very great majority of American colleges began as sectarian institutions, and though the best of them have out-

grown any deleterious degree of sectarian restraint, some of the very best of them are still under the control of the denominations which hatched them out. Washington's present hopes of becoming a great university city are based on its possession of three universities, all new and all sectarian. A bill has just been introduced for a new National University for post-graduates—not a bad idea. The Roman Catholics have lately started one, the University of Washington, situated outside of the city, and destined apparently to a great growth. Another, the Methodist National University, bears a name that tells of its origin and purpose, and has bought ninety acres of land four miles out of town, in the extreme northwest of the District, where it hopes to lay the cornerstones of two buildings in the spring. The third and senior institution is the Baptist Columbian University, which started in the country, at Mt. Pleasant, but moved into town just about the time its sisters were buying suburban lots. Its friends are not sure that its move was a wise one, and the academic end of it may yet go back to its country house, to the northward of the city, while its professional schools stay in town. Columbian University has recently installed a new president, Dr. B. L. Whitman. It is said to be the intention of its trustees to incorporate with it, in time, all the Southern Baptist colleges, in some such way, no doubt, as Kalamazoo College has lately been affiliated with the University of Chicago.

THE TRUSTEES of Amherst are still trying to agree on a new treasurer. The plan that seems

to be most favored is to choose a man of financial experience living in Boston or New York, and represented by a resident deputy at Amherst. Meanwhile the acting treasurer is Mr. G. Henry Whitcomb, of Worcester.

There is talk of putting up a statue at Amherst of Lord Amherst, from whom the college and village got their name.

THE MOST startling news of recent date from Union concerns the two students Humphrey and Miller, who were discovered to be burglars. Their case is most extraordinary. Their conduct seems to bear the marks of dime-novel inspiration, and their selection of plunder gives more evidence of deviltry than of serious business intention. It may interest undergraduates generally who are addicted to the petty offense of "ragging" signs to know that these young thieves did not disdain to chase that common and mischievous propensity of college boys, but that a number of signs were discovered in their rooms, along with much property of greater value. The proofs of their rascality were so abundant and convincing that no effort was made to shield them; and though the search of their rooms was conducted by the college authorities, the young criminals were promptly turned over to the police. The case is very remarkable. These lads had no apparent motive to steal, and they seemed youths of fair intelligence, and made a respectable showing in their college work.

THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN (Ann Arbor) is to have a fifty-thousand-dollar gym-

nasium for women. Two members of the Board of Regents have given \$35,000 of the money, and committees are out raising the rest.

A feature of the social life of the university at Ann Arbor whereof no other university has the counterpart is the University Masonic Club. Forty-five Master Masons, among them many members of the faculty, came to its annual dinner the other day and shared the deliberations at which it was resolved to build a club-house.

The university is pleased and flattered because President Angell has been appointed by the President a member of the National Board of Deep Waterways between the lakes and the sea, to confer with a like board for the British Government.

THE UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA proposes to rebuild its rotunda, that was destroyed by fire, quite or very nearly as it was before. Its reconstruction will cost \$80,000, and the money is in hand or in sight. The trustees will not restore the annex that was burned, but propose to build instead four separate structures: a general academical building, to cost \$90,000; a physical laboratory, costing \$30,000; a building for mechanics and engineering, costing \$30,000, and a building for the law school, costing \$20,000. The university hopes to receive some help from the Virginia Legislature, and some money has already been subscribed for it, and it needs a great deal more, and would be particularly pleased if some admirer of Jefferson would rebuild the rotunda in his memory, thereby releasing to other uses

the funds now set aside for that purpose. Contributions to the University of Virginia relief fund may be sent to Alfred H. Byrd, 59 Wall street, or directly to the chairman of the faculty (Mr. William M. Thornton, Treas.), Charlottesville, Va.

THE UNIVERSITY OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK cries out urgently for new dormitories. The Charles Butler Hall, built to hold twenty students, now shelters twenty-nine. The fraternity houses are crowded, and only the prospect of a cold winter deters Chancellor MacCracken from pitching tents on the campus for students who have nowhere to sleep.

PRESIDENT MORTON, of Stevens Institute, has written to the editors of the *Link* declining to permit that periodical to be dedicated to him this year. His reasons are worth quoting. He says "that considerations of literary merit have been entirely subordinate to claims of typography, paper and binding, and that the most approved college annual of the present day resembles nothing so much as the advertising volumes one encounters in the parlors of second-class hotels, the saloons of steamboats and like places."

To a newspaper reporter who conversed with him about the matter President Morton said :

I think that our college annuals are too much like vast business enterprises, to the great injury of their literary value. The books are practically given away, although a nominal price of \$1 is charged. Anybody looking at any of the recent numbers of the *Link* can see that \$1 would scarcely pay for the binding. The intention of the editors is, of course, to make the advertising pay for the book in a large measure, but when the final settlement comes there is usually a deficit,

which must be made good by individual subscription. Another great objection in the particular case of the *Link* is that much advertising is diverted from the *Indicator*, the regular publication of the Institute, and a journal which is recognized and quoted throughout the scientific schools of this country and Europe.

AT HARVARD the "Index," and the "Club Book," which serve the purpose of most annuals, are simple and moderate-sized books, containing matter of interest to undergraduates, prepared as a private business speculation, and sold at a profit at a moderate price.

THE LAST of the series of carved groups on the outside of Alexander Hall, at Princeton, was finished early in November. These groups have been two years in carving. They adorn what Princeton men believe to be destined to be by far the most elegant building of its kind in America. The hall is intended for the Commencement exercises, and for other gatherings on special or state occasions. Its decorations, both inside and out, are still incomplete. The Tiffany Glass Company is making a large glass window for it to take the place of a temporary painted one, and either that firm or the firm of Tiffany & Co. is busy with a set of mosaic panels, which will be ready to put in in about a year. Decorative figures and statues of past presidents of Princeton are in due time to form part of the internal decorations.

Princeton wants to add to its decorative properties a statue of Governor Belcher, of New Jersey, who was a strong and helpful backer of the college in its infancy. The

propriety of having such a statue set up in front of old North College in time for the approaching one hundred and fiftieth anniversary is strongly impressed upon the faculty, who have served notice on the trustees of their desires in the matter.

Princeton would be much more comfortable if it could afford to add about twenty new instructors to its faculty. Its present force is overworked, or so at least appears from the recent report of a committee of the alumni.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO is joyously occupied in disposing of the last million dollars that Mr. John D. Rockefeller gave it, and in taking thought as to how it may secure as large a share as possible of those other two millions which Mr. Rockefeller is ready to bestow as fast as his advances are "seen" by other friends of the institution. It has lately done a thing that is out of the ordinary practice of American universities in affiliating with itself Kalamazoo College, in the adjoining State of Michigan. Kalamazoo College will go on with its present work and retain its identity and all its professors, but as a result of this affiliation its students, by taking a postgraduate course of twelve weeks either at Kalamazoo or Chicago, can get a degree from the Chicago University. For improvements and additions to the work done in the college, and especially in the postgraduate course, the university will furnish lecturers, teachers, apparatus and books. The university expects presently to have many other Western colleges affiliated with it in the same way, thereby gaining students in its post-

graduate department and securing an increased number of candidates for its degrees.

THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA is hard at work on its new dormitory system. It has at present nearly 2,500 students and no available dormitories, but it has a million dollars with which to begin housing its students, and the work is in progress. It expects to have presently forty-four three-story brick cottages, connecting with one another, extending around a quadrangle, and forming a continuous building, broken only by gateways. Each cottage is to hold twelve or fourteen students, and when all are completed they will shelter about 600 men. Each cottage will cost \$10,000, and will be named after its donor. A chapel and dining-hall will be built in connection with the cottages. About half of these dormitories will be ready for use next October.

Howard Houston Hall, which is to be the center of social life in the university, will be ready for use in January. It will cost about \$150,000, of which \$100,000 was given by Trustee Houston and his wife. It will contain a reading-room, smoking-rooms, billiard and pool rooms, a writing-room, a large assembly hall, various dance halls, all sorts of baths and rooms for a great number of college organizations. The management of this building will be left to the undergraduates. It will really be a great club, somewhat such as many Harvard men are anxious to see established in Cambridge.

Pennsylvania has seventy-four more students than it had last year. It believes the increase would have been much greater but for the raising of the standard of requirements for

admission and the increased difficulty of last year's examinations. Of its 2,472 students 696 are in the college, 148 take the teachers' course, 164 study philosophy, 257 law, 819 medicine, 306 dentistry, 62 veterinary medicine, 56 hygiene, and 40 auxiliary medicine.

At the laying of the corner-stone of the new dormitory system Provost Harrison in his speech stated that it was his wish to erect a commons hall, where, as at Harvard, 1,200 to 1,400 of university students, with the university fellows and with many of the professors, may dine together in common. Harvard has a hall that will seat (at tables) about 600 men. Nine hundred men take their meals there and 500 more are on a waiting list ready to fill vacancies. While Provost Harrison is wishing he will do well to wish for a hall somewhat more nearly adequate to his needs than Memorial Hall is to the needs of Harvard.

CORNELL HAS determined to endeavor to develop in its students the ability to write intelligible English. The faculty has recommended to examiners to underscore mistakes in English made in examination papers and return the marked papers to the writers. It recommends them also to consider the English used in an examination paper and reject the paper if it is too illiterate. This is a somewhat crude beginning in teaching English, but it is a beginning, and is much to be commended.

It is scarcely a pleasure to give publicity to the request of Dr. Wilder, of Cornell, that educated and moral persons should leave him their brains for examination. His collection now includes the brains of a lawyer and his wife, an

educated farmer, a teacher, a philosopher, a college professor, a dentist and a college-bred woman. Twenty-five persons still living have bequeathed their brains to him, one of whom is described as possessor of a brain whose productions are known in all parts of the English-speaking world.

The students of the College of Civil Engineering at Cornell are proud because their director, Professor Fuertes, has just received the largest fee ever paid to an engineer. It was \$120,000, and he earned it by planning a system of sanitation for the city of Brazos, in Brazil—a great work, which yellow fever compelled. The city had to be almost rebuilt at a cost of three or four millions. Prof. Fuertes had thirty or forty engineers working on the spot, and employed besides a large force at Cornell on the plans. There was a great professor once, somewhere, who said he was too busy to make money, but then civil engineering was not his specialty. Moreover, he was not too busy to raise a son, and that son, also a professor, has been a millionaire these many years.

COLUMBIA HAS adopted the plans of McKim, Meade & White for Schermerhorn Hall and the Physics Building. Both promise to be beautiful buildings and worthy of their site and the company they keep. No American university ever had such a chance to be beautiful as fell to Columbia, and no university ever showed a capacity equal to hers to improve its architectural opportunities. Heaven send that she may have little to repent of when her plans have been carried out!

The School of Physicians and Surgeons has overflowed its quarters, and a large new building is now being put up for it by Cornelius, William and George Vanderbilt. This school, which now constitutes the medical department of Columbia, has about 250 freshmen this year and almost as many sophomores, and has been suffering for the new wing, which will be ready for use in January. The school possesses very great advantages, and profits by them exceedingly.

The Columbia Alumni Association had a dinner at Sherry's on the evening of December 16.

HARVARD LOST a very well-known graduate in Dr. Samuel F. Smith, the author of "America" and a member of the famous class of '29, who died November 16.

THE MOST widely heralded event of the college year at Harvard thus far was the centennial celebration of the Hasty Pudding Club, on the 22d and 23d of November. The article in this number by Mr. Garrison will be read by Harvard men with pleasure. Of all the Harvard clubs and societies the Hasty Pudding is the best known. Its membership includes a large proportion of the most distinguished Harvard graduates. Its associations are valuable and pleasant, and there are very few Harvard undergraduates who do not rejoice to join it. At present it takes about eighty members from each junior class. It took almost as many twenty years ago, when the classes were not half as large as now; so that, though its membership remains about the same as then,

the number of Pudding men bears by no means the same proportion to the total number of men in a class as formerly. During the last decade Harvard has outgrown its entire social apparatus, and the time seems ripe for such a social reorganization as shall enable the existing clubs, with perhaps the help of some new ones, to do the work they were formerly able to accomplish in bringing men together and keeping them in touch with one another.

The Pudding celebration took up most of two days. The club-house was filled with graduates all day Friday and Saturday. On Friday night there were theatricals at the club in Cambridge, and on Saturday night a dinner at the Hotel Vendôme in Boston. Mr. Joseph Choate, of New York, presided at the dinner and many eminent gentlemen made speeches.

THE HARVARD MEMORIAL SOCIETY shows a commendable enterprise in the work it has undertaken of marking the places of special historical interest about the colleges. It has taken thought about its task and is ready now to take action. On a bronze tablet to be set in the wall of Massachusetts Hall it proposes to inscribe the names of some of the distinguished men who once roomed there. In the sandstone slab at the entrance to Harvard Hall it will have cut an inscription telling about the hall, and the two buildings that preceded it on its site. A monument will be put in front of the law school on the spot where President Langdon prayed for Prescott and his men before they set out for Bunker Hill. There will be a memorial tablet on old Wadsworth House; a block of granite near Dane Hall, where Washington and

Andrew Jackson were received ; an inscription explaining the significance of the Liberty Tree, and a tablet marking the spot where the first Harvard man fell in the Revolution. The society will also restore the finger of the old sun-dial on Massachusetts Hall, will mark the site of the first Stoughton Hall, and place "transmittenda" in various college rooms.

NO DOUBT it is true that mothers' sons who come to Yale bringing letters to Mrs. Poteat are sometimes seen with pipes in their mouths in their sophomore year, and presently form tastes and associations which interfere more or less with the cultivation of social intimacies in New Haven outside of the college. Nevertheless, few experienced persons who know Yale seem to think as hardly of it as Mrs. Poteat does. A New Haven correspondent of the *Evening Post*, who has been prompted to look into the manners and morals of the college, reports as the result of dispassionate inquiry that hazing is defunct, that the noisy vulgarities of old-time Yale have died a natural death, that gambling hardly exists, that student drunkenness is less obvious than formerly, and that though the growth of New Haven and of the college has not been favorable to the absolute suppression of licentiousness, there is less of it in proportion to the size of the college than there used to be, and not any more than in other large colleges similarly placed. The morals of all colleges vary more or less from year to year, according as successive "crowds" happen to be "hard" or steady ; but the belief obtains at New Haven, as at Cambridge, that the college men of the day live on the whole a good deal

saner and wiser lives than their predecessors of twenty-five years ago. It must always be remembered that in males the period between eighteen and twenty-two is about the craziest time of life, and that if lads are going to break out at all and do what they ought not to, they will be pretty certain to do it while they are in college.

The action of the Yale faculty in prohibiting students from serving as supes in theatrical performances will probably do Yale manners no harm, though it concerns a manifestation of youthful exuberance which is rather boyish than more seriously objectionable.

Yale has bought the College Street Church, about 300 feet south of the college buildings, and will use it for musical and academical purposes. It seats about 800 people, and the Junior Exhibitions used to be held there.

Yale, like Harvard, seems to have outgrown in some degree her social apparatus, and one hears of the development of new clubs and societies, especially among the sophomores. The D. K. E. (Junior) Society is building itself a new clubhouse. Psi Upsilon has a good house, and Alpha Delta Phi, which has lately become a junior society, has a very good new house.

IT WILL BE much regretted that Mr. E. C. Stedman thinks himself too old to take up a new profession, and has declined the offer of the new Billings chair in English literature at Yale. Mr. Stedman belongs to Yale, and it is a pity that the university is not likely to be able to gather him to herself and profit by the usufruct of his reputation and abilities. Yale is proud to own the foremost poet in America.

ATHLETIC DEPARTMENT.

CONDUCTED BY WALTER CAMP,

THE DEATH of Cotton, the Oxford oar, at the early age of twenty-four, has filled Etonians and Oxford men alike with sorrow, and his rivals at Cambridge are equal mourners in the sad event. He had been ill for some time, and as a final chance went to Davos-Platz, where his death occurred. The London *Sporting Life* contains the following comment:

"Mr. H. B. Cotton, ex-President of the U. O. B. C., and emphatically one of the grandest oarsmen ever sent from the sister universities, has joined the great majority. After a distinguished 'wetbob' career at Eton, he matriculated at Magdalen College, Oxford, in 1890, and in the years 1892-3-4-5 rode bow in the victorious Dark Blue crews vs. Cambridge, thus equaling the four-consecutive-wins record of Messrs. Millan, Muttelbury, Fletcher and C. M. Pitman. On the Isis, and at Henley also, he gained unlimited *kudos* as an oarsman of quite the front rank, while as a 'coach' his abilities were undeniable, many a public school and university man owing their future excellence to his patient yet incisive advice. The news of his death, though hardly unexpected, came as an awful blow to Oxonians and Cantabs alike, not forgetting Etonians all. 'Tis not hyperbole to say that many at either place have sustained a loss that will never quite be made up to them, as his kindly, frank and affectionate disposition endeared him to all alike.

“Of course the pessimists and uninitiated ones will take opportunity by the hand to preach in nauseous strain of the evils wrought upon rowing men by a too ardent devotion to the pastime. Odds on that the old-time legend is again hurled at the heads of long-suffering ‘wetbobs,’ that of an Oxonian crew which formed an astonishing feat years ago: ‘Six out of the eight died shortly afterward from the effects thereof.’ And poor Cotton will be quoted as another victim to the evils of severe training consequent upon university exposition in particular. Hence it is important to learn on high authority that but for a consistent course of open-air exercise thuswise the famous old blue would probably have succumbed to an insidious disease much earlier.”

THE FOLLOWING explanation is said to have come from a member of the University of Pennsylvania Athletic Committee, which also gives the explanation of their failure to meet the Boston Athletic Association team: “Much of the recent criticism of the faculty’s action in prohibiting Tuesday’s football game at New York with the Boston A. A. had shown conclusively that many of the critics and a certain proportion of the public do not recognize clearly the difference between the competitive sports of students, where the first thought should be the promotion of health and strength, and similar sports undertaken by outside organizations, where in some instances far different motives actuate the participants. He added that the more strictly the game of football could be limited to colleges and universities the more hope there would be for its preservation and for ridding it of the objec-

tionable features incident to contests in which 'gate money' and gambling were conspicuous features.

"The Athletic Committee thought it best to take this move before the end of this season, so that, no matter how future games may result, such result could not be thought to have influenced its action. Besides the reasons on the ground of the physical unfitness of the men for prohibiting Tuesday's game, the position of the Pennsylvania faculty on athletics is concisely given in the above statement.

"It is further necessary, however, to consider the failure of Pennsylvania to send over the strongest eleven that could be mustered to play under the title of the University of Pennsylvania eleven. This omission has been most severely criticised, and, in fact, forms the whole basis of the contention that Pennsylvania has behaved in an unsportsmanlike manner. This charge would appear to be well founded, but from facts that have since developed it would seem as if it would have been a virtual impossibility to have sent a team.

"In the first place, it must be stated that Dr. White's opinion as to the physical condition of the team referred to seven of the eleven men. For reasons which every medical man will comprehend, it would have been a grave professional error for Dr. White to have specified which seven men were unfit to play. Therefore it would have been impossible to have made up a team including the remaining four without at once disclosing the fact that the seven men who did not play were the ones referred to by Dr. White. Therefore the only alternative was to send eleven substitutes under the title of the

Pennsylvania eleven, and this idea was rejected solely because of the following reasons :

“ It would have been, in a measure, an insult to the Boston players, whose only aim was to meet the strong Pennsylvania eleven, and not to gain a nominal victory to which no glory would attach ; it would have been masquerading behind a false face ; it would have been unfair to the members of the regular eleven to have the title that they had gained defended by a team containing not one of their number, and it would not have been acceptable to Secretary Beales, of the Boston A. A.” It indeed seems a difficult matter to make the public recognize the difference between the competitive sports of students and the same sports undertaken by bodies of men whose situation is different. There was a time perhaps when the student organization could accomplish what was contained in the expression “ meeting all comers ” and yet not sacrifice their studies. To-day such a meeting of all comers would clearly involve the giving up of part of the regular curriculum, and it is the duty of every one interested in college athletics to see that the question never becomes one of study vs. sport. The two must go together or sport must stop.

ATHLETIC CLUB football teams have this year reached a point of perfection never before attained, and both the quality of their players, as individuals, and the strength of their team work has become something phenomenal. In the East we are thoroughly familiar with many of these crack organizations, but there are teams in the West, and particularly the Far West and on the coast, whose play would

be a decided surprise to those who think that the real development has not gone far from the Atlantic. A match was played on November 13 in Butte, Mont., between the teams of the Reliance Athletic Club of Oakland and the Butte Club, and proved to be one of the best athletic club matches of the year. The Butte eleven had not been defeated this year; in fact, have never suffered defeat since they became thoroughly organized, and the meeting between the coast and Montana was looked forward to with great interest, as the Reliance Club had defeated all the athletic clubs with whom they had played in the Northwest. The game was finally won by the Reliance by a score of 8 to 6, but Butte had succeeded in carrying the ball within a yard of the Reliance goal line when time was called, and it was only by a few seconds that they lost the game.

THE TUXEDO golfers met with a warm reception at the St. Andrews links after overwhelmingly defeating the Morris County Golf Club at Tuxedo Park. As this was the third team match between the two clubs this season, there was a great deal of interest. The first, in August, was won by Tuxedo, and the second, for the Bayard Cutting Cup, was won by St. Andrews. This match was therefore in the nature of a decisive one. It was too bad that Dr. Rushmore, Mr. Kent and Mr. Lorillard were absent from the list of the Tuxedo players. The St. Andrews men were in their best form, and won by forty-eight holes. Ceton's driving was capital, and his match with Sands a noteworthy one.

COLLEGIANS WILL be particularly interested in the promised improvement in boxing gloves. The application of the pneumatic tire to bicycles, sulkies and other vehicles has now been attempted in the construction of the boxing glove. A practical air cushion now encases the boxer's hand, and this device was given a test at the Philadelphia Fencing and Sporting Club recently with the following result: "Many members of the club and a few invited guests watched the exhibition, which was voted a decided success by those who were fortunate enough to witness it. Mr. William Rocap, the one-time amateur feather-weight champion, and Harry P. Birchall, of the Vesper Boat Club, gave a three-round exhibition, in which both men cut loose, but no damage was inflicted on either. The milling was fast and exciting, but owing to the resilience of the gloves neither man showed any particular distress, although both were compelled to withstand blows which would have put them in Queer Street if the old-fashioned glove had been used. It was demonstrated that by the use of the pneumatic glove two boxers could cut out as fast a pace as they wanted without any likelihood of serious danger, and at the same time give an interesting exhibition of the art of boxing.

"Dr. Persifor Frazer, president of the Fencing and Sparring Club, under whose auspices the exhibition was given, had this comment to make on the new gloves: 'I am delighted with the pneumatic gloves. Not only is there less jar than with any form of padded gloves, but the greater lightness of the gloves, together with the confidence which

arises from the experience of their efficiency in protecting boxers from injury, results in livelier rounds and develops stronger, quicker and straighter hitting. A bright future is assured for these gloves, and in return they must play an important part in restoring to public favor the grand old exercise of boxing.' ”

SPEAKING of boxing, an English writer describes a visit to the home of the American negro pugilist who was known in sporting circles as the “Harlem Coffee Cooler.” After the pugilist had gone through his exercises for the benefit of this writer, he ordered his coachman to have his horses put in harness and gave him a drive to the future home of the English lady who was to become the bride of the pugilist. This abode he describes in the following language: “We soon found ourselves in a fairylike abode. Around us, furnished in white fixtures, showing the dainty taste of their possessors, were lavish hangings of lace and silk, which gave a cool and airy, comfortable feeling to the eye, which found further enjoyment in following the various artistic works which adorned the walls, and the bric-à-brac by which we were surrounded.” Perhaps some overworked professor will feel, after reading this, that his talents have been misdirected, and that in the case of intellectual training virtue must be its own reward.

NEVER WAS there such a November in the history of intercollegiate football. The croakers who predicted that the sport would this season lack in interest and excitement that have characterized it for so many years must have

been astounded long before the middle of the month; and when, the week before the Saturday upon which the teams of Yale and Princeton were to meet in New York, and Harvard and Pennsylvania in Cambridge, the cry went up that all the seats had been disposed of, and many college men were unable to secure the desired places, it was evident that the season of 1895 was finishing in an intensity of interest unparalleled even by that of 1894.

But to return to the opening of the month. A match had been arranged, after years of estrangement, between the two old rivals, Harvard and Princeton. Everyone rejoiced, though many felt that it was hard on Princeton that, this season, with what was classed as an inferior team, they should meet what had promised early in the season to be Harvard's most wonderful aggregation. When it was settled that the two teams were to meet on November 2, Captain Lea, of Princeton, hurried his coaches down, and went manfully to work to put his team into condition to do credit to old Nassau. The time was short, but it was equally short for Harvard, and hasty consultations between Captain Brewer and his coaches resulted in the determination to round off the playing rapidly into what might prove match form. The expression of opinion in the Boston papers, and in fact in nearly all the journals throughout the country, was that Harvard would win. This feeling was increased to a degree when Harvard overwhelmed Cornell by a large score.

Then came the day of the match, and with it the vilest assortment of weather to be remembered by any football man since the day of

the last Yale-Princeton match played at Princeton. But that mattered little to the thousands who braved the storm to see the meeting of the old rivals. Boston sent down a goodly number, Philadelphia came up with the football enthusiasm for which that city is so noted, and everyone was well repaid for all the discomforts by the game that followed. In our last issue the incidents of the play were noted. Princeton finished ahead by eight points, the score being twelve to four. Everywhere the result was a surprise. It turned the current of football talk and thought. A week before it had been in sympathy for Princeton, as regarded the weakest of the four great teams. After the defeat of Harvard, Princeton was at once, for a time, raised to the position of the wonderful "dark horse," while the Boston papers were severe upon the Harvard eleven, and spoke of the defeat as disgraceful, with prophetic words as to what the University of Pennsylvania was likely to do with such a team. After the first week, however, the extravagant views became more modified. Princeton had won the Harvard game, it was true, but sober second thought made her friends realize that there was another hard fight ahead—that Yale would take warning from the fate of Harvard, and that the New Haven teams had a way of coming rapidly toward the end of the season. The very hard treatment that the Harvard team received at home rendered them doggedly determined to redeem themselves. So all things tended toward a readjustment of opinion and a fairer view of the chances of both Harvard and Yale, in which the game that Princeton played with

Cornell formed no inconsiderable part, the score being six to nothing in favor of Princeton. The University of Pennsylvania's game with the Chicago Athletic Association also assisted in balancing matters more evenly, for the Philadelphia team won by only twelve to four. But just as Yale's friends were picking up heart and Harvard's coaches were becoming better satisfied there came two severe setbacks. Yale was sent up to Providence to redeem herself for the former close score with Brown, while Harvard was pitted against the Boston Athletic Association to check the rising pride of that stout eleven and measure the strength that Harvard had acquired since the Princeton humiliation. Both games turned out ties, the Yale-Brown six to six, and the Harvard-Boston Athletic Association nothing to nothing. Down went the spirits of the adherents of both elevens again to the lowest notch. If Yale could not beat Brown with her best team, how could she hope to defeat Princeton? If one man on the Boston Athletic Association team could run through the entire field of the Harvard team, what would be the probabilities and the possibilities of the University of Pennsylvania-Harvard match?

But when the time of trial came, when the last great day of an exceptionally trying and equally exciting season arrived, the Harvard team, that could score but four against Princeton and not at all against the Boston Athletic Association, ran up fourteen points against the University of Pennsylvania, and only missed actually defeating them by the failure to convert two touchdowns; while Yale, who could score but six against Brown, smashed into

Princeton for twenty points! Surely, never was there a season of such surprises, such sudden reversals of form, such remarkable contests on the gridiron as that of 1895!

A BOSTON PAPER is authority for the statement that Harvard expended a thousand dollars on experiments in new eight-oared shells last season and has still another boat building now of decidedly different model from any of the recent eight oars seen at New London or Poughkeepsie. The question of the value of these experiments to the boat-building trade so long as college eight-oar rowing continues is perfectly patent; but with the present certainly very commendable attempts in all our universities toward decreasing the extravagant sums annually expended in athletics, it surely might turn out to be an influence in the wrong direction to let our undergraduate boating managers become possessed of the belief that the boat played a very large part in the question of victory or defeat in a race. We should then have them expending large sums in shell experiments and the boats that proved unsatisfactory would be almost a dead loss to the students' exchequer and of no practical value to anyone. Perhaps—nay, probably—the experiments would lead to a better knowledge on the part of the builders of these shells, but better knowledge in that especial direction is of much less value to the world than in the modeling of sailing vessels; and in our achievements along the latter line the expenses are borne for the most part by men of maturer years, who have undoubtedly a better right to extravagance.

SOME OF the captains have already been elected for next season's football. Murphy securing the honor at New Haven, Cochrane at Princeton, and Wrightington at Harvard. Tyler has the honor at Amherst, Senter at Michigan, Colby at Brown.

THE HARVARD and Pennsylvania faculty committee have made a statement through the columns of the *Press* as follows :

"Since the recent Harvard-Pennsylvania football game, the *newspaper criticisms of decisions rendered by the umpire and referee*, have induced a popular belief that the University of Pennsylvania is unwilling to accept the result of the game without protests and explanations. It happens, also, that *charges of unfairness, purporting to emanate from Harvard*, have been preferred publicly against Pennsylvania, as respects the playing of Brooke upon her team. In the interest of intercollegiate sport, it seems proper to meet these criticisms by a single *official statement* to the effect that at neither university are the *athletic authorities in any way responsible* for what has been said upon these points. As a matter of fact, the referee and umpires were accepted by Pennsylvania, and she is content to abide by their decisions, without even the appearance of casting imputations upon their integrity.

"On the other hand, the question of Brooke's eligibility was fully discussed by the proper authorities at each university before the game was played, and was made the subject of correspondence and conference. Pennsylvania's decision that Brooke should take part in the game was based upon his eligibility under the

rules of that institution, and was voluntarily acquiesced in by the Harvard University authorities. In playing him, Pennsylvania broke no rule and violated no principle."

EDGAR T. SMITH, Chairman U. of P.

JOSEPH N. BEALE, Jr., Chairman H. A. Com.

Was it not last year that Yale asked Harvard for something like this?

THERE IS a good deal being said about a Yale race with an English crew, but there is no definite knowledge as yet about such an event. It is interesting to read in the *Sporting Life* that the English crews have been at work since October:

The first stage of preparation for the great aquatic battle of the Blues has now fairly commenced on Isis and Cam, presidents Crum and Hope being daily exercised in the survival of the fittest process. A couple of trial eights are now afloat on either river, and aspiring oarsman from every college are receiving due attention and a sight of good advice. Interest at present centers in the Coxwainless Fours shortly to be decided, and, judging from the crews in opposition, some very keen racing should be witnessed. For the Cantab races, Trinity Hall (holders), First Trinity, Third Trinity, Emmanuel, Jesus and Caius will probably do battle, and I plump for "Hall" to repeat their last year's victory.

With three of the same opponents *en évidence* they travel in great fashion, while President Hope is steering finely this year. Emmanuel will hardly attain the final once again, unless they have another surprise in store for us, but First should make it exceeding warm for all comers. At Oxford the opposing crews are of the quality rather than quantity order, New College (holders), Magdalen University, Trinity, and Balliol alone being in strict training. Bar Balliol—hardly in true form yet—the others are coming on by leaps and bounds, and I anticipate some terrific racing right away.

DURING the Christmas holidays the New York Racquet and Tennis Club has been the scene of several interesting matches in branches of sport which are not really classed among our collegiate pastimes; yet we think that both racquets and court tennis should be encouraged at all our colleges, although considerable expense attaches to the construction of the covered courts. There is need in our colleges of indoor sports of a sort that will coax to exercise those men to whom the routine of gymnasium work seems a drudgery.

The doubles racquet match, played December 26, was between Alfred Tomkins and George Standing, representing the Racquet Club, and B. S. DeGarmendia, the amateur court tennis champion, and Harry Boakes, of the Chicago Athletic Association. Boakes was exceedingly brilliant in serving and quick in well judged attacks, and was well supported by his partner, DeGarmendia. The club pair, however, won two sets to one, score, 4—8, 8—5, 8—2. The series was concluded by a remarkable exhibition of racquets by Pettitt and Boakes and Standing and DeGarmendia. The former pair won four games to two. It was evident that Pettitt and Boakes directed most of their attacks upon DeGarmendia, who bore the burden well; yet these tactics and the superior team work of the professionals decided the match in their favor. We trust that those collegians who were fortunate enough to gain the hospitality of the Racquet Club during Christmas week may be so stirred by witnessing these royal sports that they may be introduced in college.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE *Outlook* speaks of President Raymond's course in promptly turning over two student burglars to the police as if it was not the usual custom of all college authorities to turn over student thieves and lawbreakers to the police. We have never known any "policy of concealment which has sometimes been unwisely adopted," except in cases of small account, where it means ruin for life to hand a student over to the police authorities. We believe that college officers are justified in quietly causing restitution to be made in petty thievery, and dismissing the offender. We remember a case of this sort once at Andover, where a student of the highest social connections was caught stealing small change. He was quietly dismissed. He has since lived a most honorable and dignified life. His boyish theft was the result of carelessness, not viciousness. Had he been promptly turned over to the police, tried and imprisoned, he would possibly have been made a criminal for life. In a certain sense a college or school is a family, and should punish its members privately. Flagrant cases, however, should be punished by the public authorities.

* * *

AFTER ALL let us remember that the jolly period of youth and college life is not to be too closely repressed. Nothing has amused us for a long time, more than the distribution of a dozen policemen to each Broadway block the night after the Yale-Princeton game. Let the college boys have a jolly time of it, says

THE BACHELOR. Singing isn't criminal, oh, puritanical and reformed city fathers ! Yet it seems that the students were to be arrested and locked up over night in vile dirty cells among "drunks" and prostitutes, if they so much as raised a voice in song. Policemen were doubled and trebled to prevent the expected turbulence. Meanwhile in the outlying districts the marauding and robbing of citizens went on apace, according to the morning newspapers.

* * *

MR. BOK, of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, asserts, concerning football, that last year forty-six deaths occurred as result of playing the game. We would like to see proof of this. Professor Richards, of Yale, states that in thirty years' experience no one at Yale has been seriously or permanently injured. Walter Camp's "Football Facts and Figures," show that the game is fully as harmless as baseball. In the Yale-Princeton game the writer stood on the side lines, and was much surprised to see members of the two crack teams in the intervals of play laughing and chaffing together. It appeared that these splendid athletes were, also, gentlemen, and were not really bent, as Mr. Bok would have us believe, on maiming each other. Rough, hard football it was, of course, but the players were well padded and protected. Thorne, in his famous run, seemed to step gayly on the chests of several of his antagonists—but it was all in the game ! We must say that for West Point and Annapolis *not* to play, seems on a par with other government foolishness. Shutting out the importation of Columbia's *fac-simile* ancient coins, for instance, as "counterfeits" !

As to the five-conered boat race at Poughkeepsie, now advocated by the papers, this may be said, that a return to the ancient intercollegiate boat races as they were held at Saratoga is not to be desired or demanded. But this race would be confined to the five chief rowing colleges, and would be an interesting event. Yale would be willing to test the crew that subsequently goes to England to row the winner of the Oxford-Cambridge race this year. Harvard would probably refuse to enter a contest in which Yale competed, though we never could understand why a quarrel in one branch of athletics should prevent competition in another. It would be hardly logical, for instance, in case two ball nines of different colleges quarreled over some decision of the umpire, for the boat crews to refuse to row on account of the baseball quarrel. The organizations and the men are quite different.

But in case Harvard declines to row at Poughkeepsie, even a four-cornered race between Yale, Columbia, Cornell and Pennsylvania would be worth seeing. The distance would probably be three miles. The boating authorities at Yale are fond of the New London course, as the health of the crew is always better in the bracing sea air of New London harbor; but the Poughkeepsie course, though apt to be windy and rough, is a good one. It is certainly wide enough, and there is no eel grass, and there is room enough on the mile wide river to afford the American public ample opportunity to see.

* * *

THE *Inlander* is the monthly magazine of the University of Michigan. In the Novem-

ber number the editors say of *THE BACHELOR*: "If the *Inlander* may venture a criticism, it is that the magazine would command more attention and be read with more interest by the college men of the West, if Mr. Camp would give a little space to Western athletics. It is a general feeling among the students of Western colleges that the magazines published in the East do not give the athletics of the West proper attention." We very gladly take up a Western matter to which Mr. Caspar Whitney in *Harper's Weekly* for November 23, alludes in a startling way. He says: I venture to say that not one man in a thousand on the Atlantic coast, interested as he may be in the sport of gentlemen, has any conception of the rottenness of the whole structure through the middle and far West. Men are bought and sold like cattle to play this autumn on "strictly amateur" college elevens. Men offer and sell themselves for an afternoon for from twenty-five to two hundred and fifty dollars, and apparently there is something like a scale of prices just as there is for horses and cows and grain. A list of a few cases here and there through the country shows a state of affairs as disgraceful to the honor of gentlemen as it is destructive to the health—even to the life—of amateur sport in our country, and it is high time that a direct statement of facts, a list of names and prices paid, should be presented to all men, especially to those who are devoted to sport, who know in an indefinite way that there are instances here and there of indirect payment for services, but who have absolutely no idea of the extent to which clean sport has been undermined. Turn to the Michigan team, which

have been perhaps as bad as any this year. They have played Hall, the old Princeton player, although he was disqualified from entering the Western intercollegiate athletic meeting last spring as being a professional. Hadden, their end rush last year, was offered half a dozen different inducements to return. Hooper, formerly their guard, who is now, or rather was in the summer, practising law in Butte, Mont., has been bought and brought back to Michigan, and is nominally studying there now. Still again, Stevenson, for four years a player on the C. A. A. team, was offered, in a cable-car on October 5, by Roger Sherman, Michigan's manager, \$600 to finish the season with the Michigan team. This was while Stevenson, with the rest of the C. A. A. team, was on his way to play Rush Medical College. I do not even have to look these matters up; they are in the papers. A short time ago the *University of Michigan Daily* said that if some good full-back did not turn up, "Brown of C. A. A. would have to be secured." The *Beloit Round Table* says:

Mr. Hollister, in a rather unfair way, considering the lateness of the day, informed the Board of Control that he had been induced by the athletes of the University of Michigan to complete his law course at that institution, but that his brother, Charles Hollister, would accept the position at Beloit if offered him on the same terms.

Hollister, it should be understood, is Beloit's athletic trainer.

The number of *The Inlander* to which we refer, contains a photograph of "The 'Varsity Football Squad," among whom Hollister appears.

We call also upon *The University of Chicago Weekly* to notice the following: "Allen, Captain of its 'Amateur eleven' is a paid instructor in a branch of gymnasium work and has often coached for a salary." *The University of Chicago Weekly* for November 14, has an account of a game in which Captain Allen took part. It says: "Long runs were very few, the two longest being one of twenty-five yards by Gale, and one of eighteen by Captain Allen." What has *The University of Chicago Weekly* to say to Mr. Whitney's grave charges?

The Ariel is published by The Ariel Association of the University of Minnesota. We call their attention to the following:

At Minnesota, for instance, the eleven looked weak this season. Forthwith the manager turned to Parkyn, a man practicing law in Chicago, and closed an agreement by which he was to, and did, receive \$500 for moving to the university and playing on the football team—all under the guise of delivering lectures, which, except in a few cases, were never delivered. The manager then went after Hoagland, the ex-Princeton man, who was playing with the Chicago Athletic Association eleven. Several telegrams were received by Hoagland, each one more urgent, and offering larger sums if he would only come and play against Chicago, and finally the promised payment for this one game reached \$250.

In *The Ariel* for November 16, we find the following note: "Parkyn will play full; his punting and line bunting will prove ground-gainers for Minnesota." What has *The Ariel* to say to these charges?

We call upon these college publications to assist in the purification of the athletics in their respective colleges. It will require a certain amount of courage on their part to do so, but

—until these practices, by which some of these Western colleges disgrace themselves, are done away with—it is their duty to throw their influence against them.

* * *

ON THE other side, for there are always two sides to these matters, Mr. Geo. Booth, of Northwestern University, editor of the *Northwesterner*, writes us as follows:

Regarding the charges of professionalism in athletics brought against the Northwestern University, to come to the point briefly, I wish to refute squarely all the charges of Mr. Whitney. We are congratulating ourselves particularly this season for having one of the fairest and most representative teams which has ever represented the university. Every member of the team is a bona fide student of the University of the Liberal Art Department, and every player is more than a *nominal* student.

In regard to the charges, three men were interviewed. Prof. J. Scott Clark, the chairman of the committee for the regulation of athletic sports; J. P. Van Doozer, captain of the team, and President Rogers.

Professor Clark denied that Van Doozer left the life saving crew for a compensation. He left the crew only on condition that he be given a trial for the place next spring at the opening of the crew work, and in support of this Thorne, who took his place, said that he took the position on that condition.

As you perhaps know, Thomas and Huddleston never played in but two games with us, and that was practically before the professional schools opened. Professor Clark said "the only grain of truth in these statements is the fact that in the very first match game this season, just as our law school was opened, Thomas and Huddleston were permitted to play. At that time Huddleston was regularly registered in the College of Liberal Arts, but he never received one cent, nor the promise of one cent, neither did he receive tuition or board for playing. As to Thomas, he was permitted

to play against Wisconsin at Milwaukee in that first game only on condition of a promise that he made to Manager Mitchell that he would register in our law school on the following Monday. The statement that he registered in the school of oratory is purely imaginary. A few days after the Wisconsin game it was learned by the committee that Huddleston was not attending his classes, and that Thomas had not registered in the law school, whereupon both were promptly and finally dropped from the team, and have never played with it since."

Van Doozer said, concerning the question at issue: "The charges against Northwestern and myself are absolutely untrue. It is an outrage that any man should give for publication anything of such a nature, especially if the statements are founded on mere rumor, as these must have been. Huddleston never received money, board, room or rent from any source here. Thomas joined the team with the understanding that he would enter the law school. He played only in the Wisconsin game, and as soon as it was found that he had not entered the university he was dropped. In my own case, the charge is totally false. I was *never* told that I would get anything for the time I was absent from the crew. The loss is from my own pocket, and by my absence I gave up the two month's salary. I hesitated about resigning from the crew only until I was assured that I could have my position again in the spring."

President Rogers emphatically denied that money had ever been paid to any athlete.

From these interviews you can see how absolutely without basis Whitney's charges are. The athletic committee, of which Professor Clark is chairman, is a committee of nine, composed of faculty, alumni, and students, and it has absolute power as to who shall and who shall not compose our team. Thomas and Huddleston *practically* never belonged to our team, for the eleven which made our record was not made up till after Thomas and Huddleston had been dropped, and as for Van Doozer, the fact of his receiving money is emphatically denied by all who have anything at all to do with the management of athletics at Northwestern.

I trust that this letter will throw light on the mat-

ter, and I hope that THE BACHELOR OF ARTS will join with all Western papers to show the absolute falsity of Mr. Whitney's charges.

President Adams, of the University of Wisconsin, in the *University of Michigan Daily*, says concerning the charges, in an interview at Milwaukee :

Our rules here in the West are somewhat different from those of the East in regard to players. At the president's meeting last winter we tried to pass a rule providing that coaching for money should bar a man from playing on any college team. We failed to do so, chiefly through the opposition of President Harper. He took the ground that if a student was poor and working his way through college he ought not to be shut off from any source of income, as this rule would do.

It was the fact that Hall, of Michigan, had coached some team down in Georgia that barred him out of the intercollegiate track contest last summer. While this is a bar in amateur contests and in the East, it is not an objection to a man playing on our Western college football teams, as I have shown you. Hollister's case is the same, apparently. He may have made enough as an instructor to permit him to return to Michigan and complete his studies. I do not believe the faculty of the Michigan University would for an instant permit anything in the nature of unfair playing of men, if they knew of it, nor do I believe it would be easy to hoodwink them, as they are sharp men and not easily misled.

At Madison we try to keep within the strict amateur rules, and do, so far as I know. I believe the University of Wisconsin has the reputation of playing the fairest, cleanest game in the West. We are unfortunate this year, but will do better, I hope, another year. So far as the University of Wisconsin and Michigan University are concerned, Michigan has twice the number of students that we have. Then, again, it has but one sport calling for its best and strongest men. that of football, while we have two, football and rowing. Few men who take part in one go into the other,

which practically gives Michigan four times as many men to pick from as we have. Still, for all that, the University of Wisconsin can, I think, turn out a winning team.

It would be much better, in my opinion, if we could have a league of Western colleges with a series of games each season. A league, for instance, of the universities of Wisconsin, Minnesota, Chicago, Wisconsin and Illinois. Or, if this was not possible, a league comprising the State universities, or one composed of Chicago, Minnesota and Wisconsin. This would give each team a series of big games to look forward to, while they could play such other practice games as they saw fit. This would tend to keep the men up to their work better and would add very much to the interest taken in the game.

The University of Michigan Daily calls Mr. Whitney's charges "The Annual Tirade" and says as to certain football men who were not considered as qualified by Mr. Whitney:

As to Hall, he was, to be sure, disqualified in track athletics last spring by a rather nondescript athletic body, but why should not Michigan play him in football? Hickok has recently been disqualified in track athletics. If he were in Yale this fall, would that keep him off the eleven?

As to Hooper, Mr. Whitney is very free to make assertions, but he offers no proof. If his statements are true, Michigan undergraduates and alumni want to know it.

No one ever heard of any desire to have Stevenson join our team. There would have been no vacancy for him had he come, for no one could have done better than Carr at center. Roger Sherman is not, and never was, manager of football at Michigan and is in no way connected with the eleven. As Mr. Whitney has given us so full particulars about the offer perhaps he can tell us where Mr. Sherman would have got any such authority.

Following some of Michigan's contemporaries in the West Mr. Whitney has charged Michigan with pro-

fessionalism because Holister again is playing here. Mr. Hollister never told the Beloit people that he "had been induced by the athletes of the University of Michigan to complete his law course at that institution." The fact is the football management did not know he would be here this year until after he arrived in Ann Arbor. He came here while the team was at Omena and informed Manager Baird of his arrival by telegraph.

Mr. Whitney, when did the *U. of M. Daily* say that if some good full back did not show up here, "Brown of the C. A. A. would have to be secured?" The *Daily's* files fails to show any such statement, and it is not aware that Michigan men have at any time been desirous of substituting Brown for Bloomington. Things seem to have become badly mixed, somehow.

* * *

YALE has won a victory over Princeton in debate. The question was: "Resolved, That it would be wise to establish in respect to all State legislation of a general character, a system of referendum, similar to that established in Switzerland." Princeton had chosen the question, while the choice of side had been given to Yale, which had taken the negative.

The judges were Messrs. James C. Carter, C. C. Beaman, and F. L. Stetson, of New York, and stood 2 to 1 in favor of Yale. The revival of debating is one of the first signs of a reaction against too much athletics in our universities. We are glad that public speaking, in which, for the graces of oratory, Hamilton has always excelled, has begun to really interest the greater colleges.

* * *

THE BACHELOR places Yale ahead of Pennsylvania in football, because: (1) If honors were even Yale last won from Pennsylvania. (2) Honors are not even, since Yale has played

two more games than Pennsylvania this season, and has lost none. (3) Yale beat Princeton 20 to 10, Princeton beat Harvard 12 to 4, Pennsylvania beat Harvard 17 to 14, and really deserved to lose the game. The *University Courier* has an amusing cartoon in its last issue called "Puzzle—to find the champion." We confess it is not altogether an easy matter.

Pennsylvania gives the following reason why she claims the championship :

One thing that Pennsylvania can and does claim, however, is the fact that her team has been the only one which has won every game played—which has not experienced that very disagreeable sensation, a tie. And there exactly is her position :

| Team. | Games. | | | Points. | |
|----------------------|--------|-------|-------|---------|-------|
| | Won. | Lost. | Tied. | Won. | Lost. |
| Yale | 14 | 0 | 2 | 318 | 38 |
| Pennsylvania | 14 | 0 | 0 | 480 | 28 |
| Michigan | 8 | 1 | 0 | 266 | 14 |
| Princeton | 10 | 1 | 1 | 224 | 28 |
| Harvard | 8 | 2 | 1 | 179 | 35 |
| Cornell | 2 | 4 | 1 | 28 | 91 |
| Brown | 7 | 5 | 1 | 150 | 85 |
| Amherst | 6 | 5 | 0 | 174 | 154 |
| Dartmouth | 6 | 5 | 1 | 174 | 95 |
| Williams | 4 | 5 | 0 | 85 | 177 |
| West Point | 5 | 2 | 0 | 141 | 32 |
| B. A. A. | 6 | 0 | 4 | 146 | 12 |

* *
■

SAYS THE *Illustrated American* of December 14 :

The ridiculous extremes to which the rage for "knowledge" is carrying the "new woman" is strikingly illustrated by a feature of the curriculum of Cornell University at Ithaca, N. Y. This institution is one of that sort where young women share the lecture-rooms, recitation-halls, and all the other privileges of the establishment in common with the male students.

The class in vivisection, conducted by Dr. Burt G. Wilder, appears to be in particular favor with the so-called "Co-eds," and the curious and refining influences of one of Dr. Wilder's operations—the cutting up of a live cat, for instance—is thus noted by an admiring essayist on the subject :

"Sometimes the younger girls swoon—for there are lots of girls at Cornell. One young woman had hysterics badly of late. She wept very hard and insisted that 'she never in the world could take the eyes out of a cat.'

"Even a man six feet tall fainted and had to be held at an angle of forty-five degrees out of the window by his feet. But nobody blamed him much, 'for,' says the Professor, 'dead cats are rather depressing, especially after they are skinned.'

"Now and then a student will be found taking genuine diabolical amusement out of the thing. Pussy's tongue and windpipe have to be pulled out ruthlessly, and the post-mortem beating of her heart is watched not without a responsive throb."

As for co-education, opinions differ as to its value. The combination of vivisection and co-education is, however, undesirable in our opinion, and even vivisection is to be used only in rarest cases solely for the advancement of science. We can hardly believe that Dr. Wilder of Cornell actually participates in such shocking operations in the presence of young girl students.

* * *

THE *Daily Princetonian* gives an interesting account of the plans for the great international Olympic games to be held at Athens next April. Greece itself has raised a fund of nearly \$200,000 to put the scheme through. The Panathenaic Stadion, capable of seating 70,000 spectators, is being restored, largely through the munificence of an Athenian mer-

chant named Averoff. The Phaleric plain will witness bicycle races. In the bay and gulf will be held swimming contests and yacht races. The arena of the Stadion is in the form of a horseshoe, 670 feet long and 109 feet wide. Grecian royalty is deeply interested in the enterprise; the King has promised to award the silver olive wreaths. The festival will be closed by the production of a tragedy of Sophocles and the "Lohengrin" of Wagner.

* * *

How MUCH influence our colleges have on the side of right reason and conservatism in international matters has been shown during the Venezuela war excitement. The Harvard authorities came out very promptly and vigorously on the side of peace. Says the Boston *Herald*:

Professor Woolsey, the instructor of international law at Yale, states that the President "is ill-advised," and that the policy he is adopting "is not that of a mediator but of a dictator." Professor von Holst, the author of the best history on the constitutional development of the United States that has ever been written, and at present the professor of international law at the University of Chicago, has said of the President's message: "This is not the Monroe doctrine; it is dictatorship pure and simple. By no license of reasoning short of wilful misconstruction and misstatement can the Monroe doctrine be made applicable to the controversy. By no principle or practice of international law can the United States find excuse for the position President Cleveland advocates. The President and Secretary Olney have nothing as a basis for their illegitimate doctrines. I condemn their utterances as a public disgrace and a calamity." Professor Moore, instructor in international law at Columbia College, and former Assistant Secretary of State under Mr. Blaine, says that he believes that "England's position

in regard to the boundary of Venezuela is the right one, and that the sentiment that has been aroused in America is an almost insane one."

President Harper, of the Chicago University, has come out "repudiating Professor von Holst's views, and, with some of his colleagues, takes a very "jingo" stand and states that such is the view of the Chicago University. We expect this new institution to be enterprising, but we regret that its influence under President Harper seems to be on the side of popular clamor.

* * *

THE FAMOUS Fayerweather will contest has been decided by the General Term of the New York Supreme Court. If the Court of Appeals affirm this decision, Harvard, Princeton, Brown and several others will lose \$100,000 each, University of Pennsylvania will lose \$50,000. Yale is sure of \$450,000, whichever way the decision goes. The University of Virginia will receive \$250,000, and this sum will be of use just now in rebuilding some of its burned dormitories. We wish that this sum was twice what it is, as the fine old Virginian institution deserves it all. Elihu Root, who is an alumnus of Hamilton, deserves a large share of the credit of this legal victory.

Under the decision the following institutions will take the amounts set opposite their names:

| College. | Specific bequest. | Share of residus. | Total. |
|-----------------|-------------------|-------------------|-----------|
| Bowdoin . . . | \$100,000 | \$150,000 | \$250,000 |
| Dartmouth . . . | 100,000 | 150,000 | 250,000 |
| Williams. . . . | 100,000 | 150,000 | 250,000 |
| Amherst. . . . | 100,000 | 150,000 | 250,000 |
| Wesleyan. . . . | 100,000 | 150,000 | 250,000 |
| Yale. | 300,000 | 150,000 | 450,000 |

| College. | Specific bequest. | Share of residue. | Total. |
|-------------------|-------------------|-------------------|-------------|
| Columbia. . . . | 200,000 | 150,000 | 350,000 |
| Union Theo. Sem. | 50,000 | 150,000 | 200,000 |
| Hamilton. . . . | 100,000 | 150,000 | 250,000 |
| Rochester. . . . | 100,000 | 150,000 | 250,000 |
| Cornell. | 200,000 | 150,000 | 350,000 |
| Lafayette. . . . | 50,000 | 150,000 | 200,000 |
| Lincoln. | 100,000 | 150,000 | 250,000 |
| University of Va. | 100,000 | 150,000 | 250,000 |
| Hampton. | 100,000 | 150,000 | 250,000 |
| Maryville. . . . | 100,000 | 150,000 | 250,000 |
| Marietta. | 100,000 | 150,000 | 250,000 |
| Adelbert. | 50,000 | 150,000 | 200,000 |
| Wabash | 50,000 | 150,000 | 200,000 |
| Park. | 50,000 | 150,000 | 200,000 |
| Totals | \$2,150,000 | \$3,000,000 | \$5,150,000 |

Here is a list of those who have given more than \$1,000,000 to educational institutions :

| | |
|---|-------------|
| Stephen Girard, Girard College, Pennsylvania. | \$8,000,000 |
| John D. Rockefeller, University of Chicago | 7,000,000 |
| George Peabody, various institutions . . | 6,000,000 |
| Leland Stanford, Leland Stanford, Jr., University, California | 5,000,000 |
| Asa Packer, Lehigh University, Pennsylvania | 3,500,000 |
| Johns Hopkins, Johns Hopkins University, Maryland | 3,500,000 |
| Paul Turlane, Turlane University, Louisiana | 2,500,000 |
| Isaac Rich, Boston University | 2,000,000 |
| Jonas G. Clark, Clark University, Massachusetts | 2,000,000 |
| Vanderbilt Brothers, Vanderbilt University, Tennessee | 1,775,000 |
| James Lick, University of California . . | 1,650,000 |
| John C. Green, Princeton College . . . | 1,500,000 |
| William C. De Pauw, De Pauw University, Indiana | 1,500,000 |
| A. J. Drexel, Drexel Industrial School, Philadelphia | 1,500,000 |
| Leonard Case, School of Applied Sciences, Cleveland, | 1,200,000 |

| | |
|---|-----------|
| Peter Cooper, Cooper Union, New York | 1,200,000 |
| Ezra Cornell, Cornell University, New York | 1,000,000 |
| Henry W. Sage, Cornell University, New York | 1,100,000 |

* * *

THE EVILS of faculty interference are again shown in a remarkable way at Purdue University. It was a clear case of a member of the faculty interfering with a student's football career. The *Sun's* account is as follows:

The seniors and eleven members of the faculty of Purdue University played a game of football on Saturday. Before it was half over Prof. Michael J. Golden was carried off the field with a broken ankle. Up to this year the members of the faculty were content with playing seniors a game of baseball in the spring, but it was decided recently to try the mettle of the seniors in football. All went well until Moraweck, the senior full-back, secured the ball and broke through the line. He was making a great run with the eleven professors, when Prof. Golden grabbed him. Both went to the ground. The professor will be in bed for four or five weeks.

* * *

MISS HELEN CULVER has given \$1,000,000 to Chicago University. On November 2 Mr. Rockefeller offered to duplicate any gift to the university made on or before January 1, 1896. Mr. Rockefeller will therefore have to "see" Miss Culver's million, or get out of the game. The enterprising way the Chicago University forges ahead is remarkable. It has recently "affiliated" the Wisconsin University, and is making overtures to others.

* * *

To the Editor of THE BACHELOR OF ARTS.

SIR: Twice already you have favored me by giving place to my remarks upon Harvard athletics in the

BACHELOR, and now again, in what seems to me an important matter, I shall ask you for a hearing.

In an editorial in the November number you say among other things, "American youths have an inborn hatred of jesuitical and indirect methods of accomplishing what can be done in a direct and manly way. Had Professor Ames, etc."

When I read this editorial I was much surprised at these expressions. We Harvard men have the highest regard for Professor Ames, and it is not unnatural that we should resent any imputation of his good faith, or manliness, and the word "jesuitical," is one which implies that Professor Ames is willing to deceive, and to do evil that good may come. The word 'unmanly,' too, implies deceit or cowardice, and seems to us unjust and insulting. I can hardly believe that these imputations are intentional, and if they are not, I suggest that in justice to Professor Ames the intention be disavowed by THE BACHELOR, and that the expressions be withdrawn.

In your editorial you imply furthermore that many Harvard men are not in sympathy with the work of the athletic committee at Harvard, for you say, "we believe the Harvard men all over the country resent the faculty interference, etc."

Permit me to state that you are in error in this respect. Harvard men are in the habit of criticising very freely the management of athletics at Harvard, but in their criticism they recognize that the athletic committee is doing, under difficult circumstances, a highly honorable work, and in no case have the motives of the committee been attacked.

I myself have said, I think, the severest things that can, with justice, be said of the course of the athletic committee, and I have said them only because I believed it might do some good. And though it is always an unpleasant task to criticise one's own belongings, I am willing to repeat my criticism, if only, in this instance, to show the point beyond which, in my opinion, criticism of them should not go.

I do not think anything worse can be said than that, however wise the actions of the committee may have been, the reasons they have announced for those actions have often been unsatisfactory.

The reasons given by the committee for declining the English challenge are still fresh in everyone's mind. They were that we could not accept the challenge without appearing to assume that Harvard and Yale were the two foremost American colleges, as Oxford and Cambridge are the two foremost English colleges. In my letter, which you printed at the time, I pointed out that no one would have taken exception to this assumption even if it were necessarily implied, and I showed further than that if the case were to rest on track athletics Yale and Harvard were at the head, as in only one case had even a second place been won by any one else before this year.

This being the case, I said of these seasons, as alleged by Professor Ames, "If they are real, they are bad ; if they are excuses, they are disingenuous. No one considers them satisfactory, and Mr. Horan, the Cambridge president, ascribes the refusal to the feeling between Harvard and Yale."

I believed, at that time, that Harvard's chief reason for declining the English challenge was that in the unsettled condition of football affairs, she did not want to participate in any athletic contests with Yale. This attitude seemed reasonable in view of the fact that all athletics at Harvard are managed by a single committee, and it would hardly be possible for such a committee to feel agrieved by Yale as to one kind of sport and remain friendly as to all others. While the dependence of all athletic relations upon a breach in any one sport may be regarded as a misfortune, it is one which necessarily follows from the management of athletics by a single committee, and this being the case, there seemed to be no reason why the position should not have been frankly accepted.

I will admit that the reasons given by the committee put into my head for a moment the idea that Harvard might be keeping out of the international contest with the idea of influencing smaller colleges in her favor—for many undergraduates of these colleges go afterward to Harvard—but I will say that no sooner did the thought arise than I dismissed it as impossible and unworthy.

I might here call attention to an article in the

December number of the *Harvard Graduates' Magazine* for December, in which Professor Albert Bushnell Hart, the University Editor, says with regard to this matter: "Neither of these considerations had the weight of a third reason. It is not the policy of Harvard to dissociate herself from the other universities in the country. For the former 'New England rule,' prohibiting contests outside of New England, has been substituted a policy of dealing with each case on its merits; we are thus participating in sports with Cornell, Pennsylvania and Princeton. As the university which attracts the most graduates of other colleges into its graduate and professional schools, Harvard desires not to weaken her friendly relations; and they appear to have been strengthened by our action on the English challenge. Aside from this argument of the advantage to Harvard," etc., etc.

I think it very unfortunate that Professor Hart should have stated these ideas in a way which is so open to misconception. It would not be difficult to infer from this passage that Harvard had declined the English challenge in order to make herself popular with other colleges from which she expected to draw post-graduate students.

Such a theory is quite untenable, and I do not imagine for a moment that such a proposition ever came up for discussion in the Athletic Committee, much less that it carried the day. Had any such suggestion been made it would have been promptly repudiated as offering no proper ground on which to decide a sporting offer—as being contrary to President Eliot's sound views, that "sports are mere by-play at a university," and as involving, to a certain extent, that business element which Harvard has so severely criticised in those colleges which try to exploit their athletes in the interests of their institutions as seats of learning.

Believing as I did, that the chief reason (and a very good reason too) for declining the English challenge was the unsettled state of affairs with Yale, I did not like the grounds on which the committee based its refusal.

I did not like, either, the grounds on which the com-

mittee based its failure to arrange a football game with Yale, viz: that "It was Harvard's part to maintain a dignified silence until an invitation should come from Yale."

Silence and dignity are the weapons of diplomacy and one may well ask why there should have been diplomacy in this case. I believe that the Harvard Athletic Committee repulsed the well-intentioned advances of Yale and Harvard men, not because the dignity of Harvard was at stake—for Harvard's dignity is never at stake—but because the committee did not want any football games with Yale for the time being. I thought this reason a good one, and I thought Harvard could perfectly well afford to announce it.

I notice that THE BACHELOR said, "we do not believe that the point of honor is at the bottom of the difficulty."

In justice to THE BACHELOR I must say that Prof. Hart, in the article quoted, fully corroborates your position, for he says in the beginning: "The present separation from Yale is not an accident, nor the chance result of an unfortunately worded letter; it is the culmination of difficulties which have been rolling up for the past three years, and for which the responsibility is divided." He then goes on to show what these difficulties were, and he ends by saying: "But that was, after all, not the main defect in the New York conference. The responsible Harvard advisers were prepared to sanction any honorable adjustment which made the games college sports, and not gladiatorial shows; but they were convinced that it was better that the contests with Yale cease, till the bad blood between the colleges should have had time to cool, and hence they did not care to negotiate or beg for a game for which they had once courteously asked in vain."

If you wish now to know why, in my opinion, this solid and dignified reason was not given before, I will say that I think it was because it was thought that such a flat-footed statement would unnecessarily offend not only Yale, but many Harvard football enthusiasts, and I think it might very well have done so, though most of them now approve of the result.

You will see, therefore, that according to my view

while you are justified in calling the methods of the athletic committee "diplomatic," and (in no invidious sense) "indirect," when you have said this you have said as much as is deserved ; you are not justified in calling them jesuitical or unmanly, and I hope you will withdraw these expressions.

Yours respectfully,

A HARVARD GRADUATE.

THE ATTENTION of the editor has been drawn by the above letter to the article in the November number, and he desires to say that he had no intention of imputing any wrong-doing to the Harvard faculty or to Professor Ames. We thought then and we still think he should have submitted the proposed letters to his committee in due form, but in not doing so, and in being governed by a policy of not intending to meet Yale he had a technical right to proceed as he did. We are impressed by the fair tone of the letter of the Harvard graduate and wish to withdraw any words which he may deem offensive. Professor Ames is a gentleman of the highest honor and ability, and the editor did not mean to charge him with anything dishonorable, but believed at the time that the attitude taken by Harvard was fairly and justly criticisable.

BOOK NOTICES.

English in American Universities, by Professors in the English Departments of Twenty Representative Institutions. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston, 1895.

To anyone who wishes to inform himself about the various methods by which English is taught to the young men and women of our country, these articles will be of great interest, and they will be helpful also, though in another way, to anyone who cares to busy himself with particular questions as to what is and what is not graceful and idiomatic English.

We ought to be able to assume that so much of beauty in the use of English as can be got through teaching may be learned under the professors of English at our universities, but as a matter of fact we suppose that when these ladies and gentlemen use the English language to express their thoughts they use it at least as they think it should be used, and that the styles and modes of expression which they adopt are those which they would not condemn.

The reading of the essays contained in this volume has raised in our mind certain doubts as to the trustworthiness of the possible teaching of some of these professors. Let us give some examples of English and of style that threaten to shake our faith in their authority, and in selecting these examples let us say that we feel at liberty to be as hypercritical as we please, and that in view of the fact that we are questioning the authority of professionals in their own special province, we cannot consider in order any charges of hair-splitting, for to split hairs, if any are to be found, is precisely what we propose to do.

Professor Melville B. Anderson tells us that at Stanford University "a considerable proportion of the undergraduate courses are adapted to the needs of the graduates of other colleges." We do not say that this cannot be defended, but we cannot admit that it sounds well. "The merely technical is incidentally, if at all, treated." Why is it not better to be more generous and say, "purely technical matters, if considered at all, are treated incidentally," or "the purely technical, if taken up at all, is treated incidentally?"

"The present year essays have been read." Why not say, "during the present year," or "in the course of the present year?"

Professor Corson, of Cornell, says: "It should be added that twelve plays of Shakespeare are read by me during the present academic year, so cut down as to occupy two hours each in the reading." Our not too serious criticism is that Professor Corson has come dangerously near cutting down the academic year in a very alarming fashion.

At the University of Virginia, the advanced study of English philology is the general subject of the course that leads to the degree of Ph.D., "And whether the students shall accomplish this by a more extensive reading, . . . or by a study of gothic, . . . is left," says Professor Kent, "to the student himself." We intend to be a captious critic—therefore we ask "Why begin the sentence on one theory and end it on another?"

In a certain course at the University of Illinois "one hour a week during the first term is devoted to the pre-Shakespearian drama, . . . bearing chiefly in mind the development of the author's genius;" but who it is that bears in mind the author's genius during this hour, unless it be the hour itself, Professor Dodge has failed to state.

Now, for the first time, we come to something that amounts to something, for Professor Dodge says: "Those students, furthermore, who wish to devote only a single year to the subject, are thus given a birdseye view, etc., etc., of English and American literature."

It may well happen that in taking this birdseye view, the eagle eye of the hasty one-year student may catch sight of the *New York Sun* and may gaze upon it unwinkingly. On one of its pages he will find this set down: "Really, ought not such a shocking specimen of ignorant reporters' bad English to be reserved for common occasions." This very severe criticism refers to the phrase "it must be given publicity." It is a case of the "inverted passive" that the *Sun* thus withers at a beam, and those "students who are given" this birdseye view must also wither if the *Sun* is right. At the University of Michigan, according to Professor Scott, "At the beginning of the Semester each member of the class is assigned a masterpiece." When

the *Sun* not long ago printed the headline "Mr. Reed Presented with a Gavel," it admitted the truth of the charge that it had "mutilated the vernacular in a hellenocharitablephoroglottical manner."

Professor Dodge and Professor Scott have done the same, and they must take the consequences. After this, it is tame to come back to mere questions of style, yet there are one or two troublesome passages in the works of these gentlemen, as to which we must get information or give it.

Professor Dodge, of Illinois, says: "It is bad enough to confine ourselves to the grammatical forms of Chaucer; but it is little far from criminal to do so with our mighty dramatist." To do what? Confine ourselves to the grammatical forms of Chaucer in dealing with Shakespeare? It might, it is true, be difficult to do this, but there is no law against making the attempt. Professor Dodge is mistaken about this.

It is a very important thing to be able to express one's thoughts properly. The power to do so reacts upon the mind as an educating influence, and one ought to be able to prove that this is the case. Indeed, as Professor Tolman, of Chicago University, suggests: "Every college graduate should be able to prove that he is liberally educated by the grace and skill with which he expresses his thoughts." In our opinion, too, every college graduate should be able to prove, by the grace and skill with which he expresses his thoughts, that he is liberally educated."

Says Professor March, of Lafayette, "It (*Trench on the Study of Words*) is relished by students of all kinds, and an appetizer for solid courses of scientific philology."

Space in *The Dial* is valuable, of course, but by crowding things a little, room might have been made for a word or two more in this sentence.

One more example we must give, to introduce a general remark. Professor March says: "Three of the recitation hours each week are occupied in the Arnold fashion, dwelling line by line and word for word on worthy passages." We cannot accept this as a model sentence, for we cannot account for the word "dwelling."

The general remark we desire to make is that there

appears to be a tendency on the part of many of these teachers to use devices of condensation which are not English. English can be made very terse, but English, to be good, must not be Hellenized or Latinized. It is their classical erudition that hampers these professors. Ablative absolutes, orphaned participles and telegraphic excisions are very objectionable. To write good English, one must use as many words and phrases as are necessary to connect the main terms of a sentence in an English way. One cannot say "I, being angry, he hit me"; and still claim to be using "elegant and idiomatic English."

Lest it should be thought that these remarks are too general, let me say that there are a number of these professional teachers of English who, in our humble opinion, write admirably.

Professors Cook, of Yale; Brander Mathews, of Columbia, and Barrett Wandell, of Harvard, all know how to write English. So does Professor Katherine Lee Bates, of Wellesley, and so does Professor Genuing, of Amherst. Prof. E. E. Hale, Jr., of Iowa, writes well, by inheritance, and there are others with whom little or no fault can be found.

It is because one ought not to be able to find any fault at all, that we have felt at liberty to say what we have said.

Many neatly bound and nicely printed college periodicals come every month and week to THE BACHELOR. We are bound to say that they are mostly well conducted, able, and well written if a little serious in tone. This seriousness is hardly a fault, it may be termed the mannerism of youth; it is inculcated by faculties, it is the prevailing college "literary" tone. Naturally it is the resource of timidity—a college youth does not care to fool with a topic which he does not thoroughly understand, nor does he care to be made a laughing stock among his classmates. Hence, what he writes for publication, he writes with a gloomy and thoughtful air, and generally enunciates indisputable truisms and takes top-lofty views. Latterly, and with a dozen years only, he has discovered his humor, and the *Harvard Lampoon*, the *Yale Record*, the *Princeton Tiger*, the *Ben Franklin*, and others are the result. These

funny papers often contain excellent jokes, and, as a rule, the jokes are better than the pictures.

The *Yale Literary Magazine* has now had a continuous existence of nearly sixty years. It shows no signs of decay or of releasing its hold on the claim of its friends of being the leading undergraduate monthly. What it says concerning George Eliot, or Oliver Cromwell, or "The Relations of the Novelist to Civilization," may always be taken as carefully thought out and seriously studied. It will be very difficult for one to differ from it in its views upon "Rural life preferred to that of the city." There is a calm and judicial tone which, upon this or kindred topics, carries instant conviction. The *Harvard Monthly* aims to reach the ears and to obtain the coöperation of the alumni, and to "afford a means of communication between the undergraduates and the alumni." It occasionally publishes the fugitive verses and articles of graduates of some years standing. The *Yale Lit* rarely if ever does this. There is, in consequence, an air of wider experience in the *Monthly*, and the topics discussed are often of vital interest. It is fair to say of Harvard that the essays, stories, plays, verses read in its clubs and societies have frequently a graduate audience, and are keyed up, so to speak, to a graduate standard. The refining influence of Boston is seen in Harvard's literature, and is reflected in her periodicals. The *Dartmouth Literary Monthly* is patterned after the *Yale Lit*, and is enlivened by some gruesome portraits of deceased professors. This is the way it opens for December:

"Nearly two thousand years ago the joyous song of the angels proclaimed the Redeemer's birth. To-day the same glad, sweet strain is singing, but laden now with a deeper meaning, drawn from ceaseless pain and weary longings. The world is the same, yet not the same as was that which listened to the divine melody at Bethlehem. A broader charity now prevails, a truer idea of nobility, a grander conception of humanity.

"In no other line can this difference be so well marked as in literature. Literature takes to itself what is noblest and best in life, thereby revealing in white light the purest ideals and the loftiest aspirations. And in Christmas literature we can trace, to a wonder-

ful degree, the growth of mankind from its first weak stretching forth to the divine, until a strong life is obtained, glorious in its beauty, and glowing with all the promise of the future."

There follows a quotation from Dr. Holland. There is a close connection between this kind of writing and the early sermons of a pale young curate. We may not scoff at it—it is too good, but it seems to be upborne on false inflation, on vague hopes, on youthful and immature experiences—in short it is "sloppy."

The *Dartmouth Monthly* is not always so inflated. It contains much that is very good in the way of verse. The *Inlander*, of the University of Michigan, bubbles over at Christmastide much in the same way.

"It is night, and a studious friend invites me for a walk. This seems a fitting close for a happy, and well ideal day. A winter's night, a brisk walk in the snowy road, and a friend, whose voice is radiant with hope, and strong in its deep, subdued earnestness—who can ask more? The spirit of beauty blends with the spirit of love and peace. The glory of the earth surrounds us, and the glory of the heavens bends over us."

A friend, whose "voice is radiant with hope, and strong in its deep, subdued earnestness," would be a bore because he would impose his individuality too much, and his deep voice would tend to spoil with its endless commonplaces what might otherwise be an agreeable stroll under the glorious canopy of the stars. We must accord to the *Amherst Literary Monthly* the palm for the December numbers. It is serious, but it does not slop over with rhapsody.

The N. Y. S. I. P. A. had its seventh annual convention at Syracuse November 22. Delegates were present from the *Hobart Herald*, *Colgate Madisonensis*, *Hamilton Review*, *Hamilton Literary Monthly*, *Rochester Campus*, *University Forum*, and *University Herald*, of Syracuse, and *The Sibyl*, of Elmira College, as the guests of the *Syracuse University Herald*. Here are some of the ideas offered by the different members of the convention. "The ideal paper should be a true representative of the student body and should savor of college, college, college!" "The college paper stands for all that is best and noblest in college life, and is

the exponent of the college to the outside world." "The ideal should be no less than the standard magazines of the day." A discussion followed this suggestion, and opinions were given as to what the college periodical should treat of. One suggested that the "literary articles should deal only with the most vital questions, such as those concerning education." Another thought "too heavy questions should not be treated." It was further stated "that the most tremendous thoughts can be put in such a brilliant and skillful way as to be most interesting." A very interesting question was raised as to whether credit in marks should be allowed for work on the college paper. The general opinion of the convention favored allowing credit on the student's stand. It seems to THE BACHELOR that newspaper work and magazine work by students should be properly taught and have its place in the curriculum. Hitherto college authorities have ignored the newspaper too much. To-day the newspaper is in some instances an amazing reproduction—a mirror of our democratic life, and the best instruction should be had in college so that an elevating and a conservative influence be made to go forth into journalism from college life. Horace Greeley, in the old days of rough and tough newspapers, said "of all horned cattle deliver me from a college graduate"—he did not want the scholarly tone in his paper at that time. But it is true that since his day the tone of the *Tribune* and some other great dailies has come up to that of the college man rather than that of the college writer has been lowered to that of Greeley's *Tribune*.

Altogether this convention of capable young men and women college editors was most interesting.

Many of the college periodicals have "Christmas numbers," and in these as in all the college press generally, the BACHELOR is heartily welcomed. The *Inlander* is doing good work in collecting Western college slang. Let us make the suggestion that an Eastern college paper collect Eastern college slang, and later on, both collections be united and published in book form. The book would have an extensive sale.

"Finally, brethren," of the college press, the Wesleyan *Lit*, Williams *Lit*, Amherst *Lit*, Princeton

Lit., the *Columbia Spectator*, the *Lehigh Burr*, the *U. of C. Weekly*, the *Ariel* and all of you clever, clean, bright college papers—we wish you all the compliments of the season and a happy new year.

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AND GENERAL LITERATURE



VOL. II

No. 3

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THE BACHELOR OF ARTS

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ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

This is the day call'd lover's day,
The gentle day of smiles and sighs,
When youth is bright and sad and gay,
And life seems but a girl's kind eyes :
When Cupid seeks the world to see
Who still neglects his changing spell—
When unskill'd rhymers try, like me,
To say what words can never tell !

For us it has no meaning, dear,
For our two hearts are not as they
Who, in the whole wide, spacious year
Find but a single lover's day ;
Each minute, hour, our love shall see
To grow yet sweeter and more fine,
And life itself—shall it not be
One long, unbroken valentine ?

BURTON J. HENDRICK.

BOLOGNA UNIVERSITY AND ITS
SUCCESSORS.

Italy was the chief center of intellectual activity in Europe during the middle ages. In that country the remnants of secular learning that had survived the general ruin attendant upon the overthrow of the Roman civilization were more carefully preserved than elsewhere, and there the Renaissance first and most strongly manifested itself. The pagan schools disappeared in the sixth century, but the Episcopal and the Monastic schools continued religious instruction uninterruptedly, even though feebly. Salerno was distinguished as a school of medicine as far back as the beginning of the ninth century and Bologna with a traditional existence dating two centuries before had its substantial beginning less than two centuries after, while the University of Paris was a hundred or more years later in making its influence felt. Other nations were just struggling into light when Italy had made a considerable progress on its way upward.

The Italian universities became at once the guardians of the past and the precursors of the future civilization, and were held in high esteem as civil as well as educational powers. These at Bologna, Naples, Padua, Pisa and Modena, have been especially associated with the brightest pages of Italian history, and it has been justly said of them that their emulation and fame kept alive, at least until the middle of the sixteenth century, an interest in intellectual culture amid

much that was depressing in the political condition of the country.

The university that existed at Salerno before the tenth century was probably to some extent an outgrowth of the School of the Benedictine Monks at Monte Cassino. The science of medicine was just beginning to free itself from the superstitions belief in amulets, relics and prayers that for generations had been relied upon to heal the sick. Benedict advised the study of medicine among other things, and thus gave an impetus to the new practice. But the school came more from the Saracens than from the Christian monks. The Emperor Constantine took the institution under his special care. He had traveled extensively in the East, and in Babylon had studied grammar, dialectics, mathematics, necromancy, music and physics before Europe had reawakened to those pursuits. He was one of the most learned Europeans of his time in medical science and brought with him from the East new ideas in therapeutics that were made the foundations of teaching at Salerno. The university had the right of autonomy and was fully recognized by the Pope and other potentates and—strange thing for that age—during the time of Constantine a few women studied there. Salerno became a faculty of Naples University in 1252, but subsequently was made a full *studium generale* by Conrad II. When Naples was restored by Manfred, Salerno again fell back to the lesser estate of a faculty.

It is claimed that Bologna University was founded by Theodosius II. in the year 433. Full dependence cannot be placed upon this assertion, and the date of the commencement of

the university has never been absolutely fixed. Several centuries elapsed before the school became prominent, and even after students began to frequent it in numbers its formal incorporation was not for a long time considered. While Salerno was retrograding and losing its enviable preëminence, Bologna steadily grew in size and importance. It became the Alma Mater of all the Italian universities, and in the beginning was the model and one of the prime factors in the educational development of Europe. The position that it held was due largely to the fact that it was devoted particularly to the study and exposition of law, a subject that was of first consequence in the general reorganization of church and society that was then going on. Eminent jurists made the statutes by which the university was governed. Popes, cardinals, archbishops and ambassadors and men notable in other walks of life were among its doctors, while nobles and princes were its students. In the fourteenth century there were 18,000 scholars at Bologna—Italians, Germans, French, Belgians, Spaniards, English, Poles, Greeks, Irish and Portuguese. Each nationality had its own professors and its own independent organization and its own exclusive place of residence.

In administration this enormous academic body was divided into jurists and artists. As law was preëminent at Bologna the jurists were superior in standing and in authority, but each body elected its own rector and had its own independent government. The artists were the teachers of medicine, philosophy, grammar and polite literature, and paid tribute in many

ways to the jurists. There was constant jealousy and friction between the two, and the differences often led to street brawls, from which both jurists and artists would emerge with bloody noses and cracked skulls.

The Emperor Frederick Barbarossa paid great respect to all the universities of Italy, and particularly to Bologna, whose professors were the preëminent authorities of their age in jurisprudence. At the Diet of Roncaglia in 1158, important questions arose between the Emperor and the Italian cities, and when all other means of settlement had failed the Emperor submitted the issues for final decision without appeal to four doctors of Bologna, placing implicit confidence upon their learning and integrity. This is the earliest known precedent of the appointment of college professors as arbitrators. At this Diet special privileges were granted to the university by the Emperor. Protection was provided for all foreign students, and the Germans were exceptionally favored in this respect, on the ground that they were so far removed from their own country. This class distinction had its inevitable results. The Germans took on airs of superiority, and fighting between them and their neighbors soon became frequent. At Padua at one time, a quarrel between German and French students led to a riot, as a result of which seven law, four medical and one philosophy school were closed.

Academic life in Italy was at its height for three or four centuries after the Emperor Frederick gave a charter to Bologna. The rich Republican cities vied with each other in promoting the cause of learning. They estab-

lished universities with free hand, and invited professors and eminent doctors from all parts of the world. Intense rivalry existed between the cities and all sorts of inducements were held out to entice popular professors from one to another. These offers were in the form of financial considerations, and of various privileges to the professors and students. They had special jurisdiction to try their fellows for any infractions of the civil law, and, except in cases of serious riots, were exempt from military service, and free from taxation. After ten years attendance upon lectures a student became a citizen of the town, and was called a "Son of the people." No actions for debt could be enforced against him, and if a student was robbed by a citizen the municipality made good his loss, while if a citizen was robbed by a student he was practically without redress. Lecture rooms free of rent and lodgings for students, either free or at nominal rent, were provided. At Padua 24 houses were given free for poor students. In 1228 the city of Vercelli tried to persuade some of the students of Padua to migrate, and offered 500 lodgings free, 10,000 liras for needy students, and salaries for fourteen professors. Very often professors thus persuaded would migrate from one town to another, taking with them their armies of students and hangers-on. The prosperity and sometimes the very existence of a city was bound up in its university. After a war or a pestilence extraordinary efforts would be made to rebuild a city by attracting scholars to it. Thus Florence was conserved after the plague in 1348. For several centuries the universities led to a very

great extent, a nomadic existence, very much as Yale did at the outset of its career.

The scholastic year in the Italian Universities extended over a period of ten months. It began on St. Luke's day, in October, and the occasion was celebrated with great pomp. There were processions of the civil, ecclesiastical and university dignitaries, high mass was celebrated in the cathedral, and there were receptions and out-of-door festivities galore. Vacations were fifteen days at carnival, fifteen days at Easter, and eleven days at Christmas. Lectures were also omitted on feast days and on Fridays. Every school day the morning bell rang and lectures began at an unseemly hour, often in the winter time by lamp-light. There was no chapel to cut, but the laggards of those days made up by cutting early lectures. Regular exercises were held continuously from early in the morning until late in the afternoon and often extra lectures were given at odd hours and late into the evening. For a long time it was the custom of the professors to receive their pupils in their own homes or sometimes in convent halls. Bulgaro, a famous jurist of Bologna, lectured in his house, which was called the *Curia Bulgaro*. Azzone of Bologna delivered his lectures in the open piazza. All teaching was oral, and sometimes the professors would lecture to assemblies of the common people of the city as well as to the students who paid for tuition.

It was long before degrees were established. The principal purpose of all instruction in the beginning was to fit pupils to teach, for the universal craze for learning was gradually making that pursuit so lucrative that men

often found it more profitable to teach than to practice their professions. Any student who had attended a few lectures felt himself quite competent to start on the new road to fame and fortune if he could only secure a following. Even when, finally, for self-protection, the professors deemed it necessary to formulate a more restricted and systematic practice in relation to certificates of attainments, the Bachelor of Arts degree was easy to get. It conferred no particular distinction and was not highly valued. Any professor had a right to give it without examination, and the applicant was only required to reside in the University town a certain length of time and attend prescribed lectures. The second degree—licentiate—was that for which serious students aimed. Before securing this one was obliged to pass an examination and engage in a public discussion before the bishops and professors. For this degree in the legal department two questions were put, one on canonical and the other on Roman law. Then the novitiate had to read a paper on each thesis and defend his propositions in oral argument with his examiners. The possessor of this degree had the right to teach.

The Laurea or Doctor's degree added little save honor to the licentiates. It gave the right to wear the distinctive Doctor's gown, but the cost of securing it was very great. The applicant must have spent from four to seven years at the University. The conferring of the degree was made the occasion for a brilliant ceremony at the cathedral which was gorgeously decorated. There was a street procession of the dignitaries, with the candidate

for honors riding on a horse with rich golden trappings. In the church the assembled doctors went through the form of voting for the applicant, whose promotion, of course, had been fully settled upon beforehand. For the rest of the day there were dinners, sports and other festivities, the cost of which was met by the new doctor. In the course of time these expenses ran up to enormous figures, so that only the very rich could afford to take the degree. In 1311 the extravagance had grown to such a figure that the Pope ordered that thereafter not more than £400 should be spent upon any one of these entertainments.

All doctors were held in high esteem and that made the degree much sought for. Many of them received large gratuities for their services. Taddeo, a physician of Florence, who was declared to be the equal of Hippocrates, was in demand from all parts of Europe. The Pope paid him 10,000 ducats in one case. So great a reputation had Suzzora that the University of Modena gave him 2,250 lira and a piece of land on condition that he would never leave that city. The doctor accepted the price but made no pretence of keeping the agreement. He spent his time traveling over Europe, lecturing at all the universities and gathering in more fees. Baldo received a large sum of money upon agreeing to attach himself exclusively to the University at Florence, but after that he spent only six years at Florence, giving thirty-three years to Perugia, three to Bologna, one to Pisa, three to Padua and ten to Pavia, where he died, the possessor of a great fortune. Pope John XXII. gave a feudal estate to the celebrated Giovandrea of

Bologna. When it was desired to draw Campeggi, the celebrated jurist from Bologna to Padua, the city sent its offer by an embassy of fifty scholars headed by the rector of the legal department.

The honor that attached to the Doctor's degree even followed the licentiate. Many cities paid large subsidies to popular teachers, for their presence always brought an army of students who were a profit to the community. Halls were built for them, and they were advanced in various ways. The students paid small fees direct to their teachers, and these amounted to large sums in the aggregate. Fees were paid by an entire class as a whole, or by each attendant separately. Sometimes a company would hire a teacher for a fixed sum. Teachers often bargained with each other, exchanging duties, selling their scholars or hiring inferior and low-priced substitutes to do their work. Some professors bribed pupils to come to them, thus increasing their apparent popularity on which to trade.

At first there was no thought of salaried professors, but soon after the universities took on a definite organized character, fixed salaries were established. At Bologna in 1273 Cervottus, son of Accursius, had 500 liras; in 1310, Jacopinus de Ruffinis, 400 liras; in 1314, Raynerius Arisendus, 600 ducats. In 1381, at Bologna, 23 salaried jurists received 5,125 liras, and 21 artists 2,860 liras. It was not long before all the regular professors received salaries, and six professorships at 100 liras each, not open to doctors, licentiates or natives of Bologna, were established. In the fifteenth century 800 to 1,000 ducats were

paid. In the sixteenth century Decius received 600 florins, but he was enticed to Pavia by an offer of 2,000 florins. In 1289 there were two professorships of 100 and 150 liras respectively, and in 1279 Guido de Suzaria received 300 liras for reading the "*Digestum Novum*." Salaries began to be paid at Pavia in 1361. Baldus received 1,200 florins in 1397, Jason 2,250 florins in 1492, Alciat 1,000 scudi in 1536, and 7,500 liras in 1544. At Ferrara, in 1473, 23 jurists received salaries ranging from 25 to 600 liras, and 29 artists were paid from 23 to 800 liras. Carolus Ruini received 2,000 liras in 1509, and Fachineus, in 1607, 1,000 scudi.

After Salerno and Bologna, arose the universities of Reggio, Modena, Vicenza and Padua. At Reggio and Modena law schools were well established before the close of the twelfth century, and famed for the scholarship of their teachers. Both were entirely independent of Bologna. On the other hand, the University of Vicenza was an offshoot from Bologna, founded in 1204. It attained to a high degree of prosperity, and by the middle of the century could boast of four nations of pupils and schools of civil law, medicine, grammar and dialectics. The university at Padua was also started as a law school in 1222 by an exodus from Bologna. A school of arts was added to it in 1360, and a theological seminary in 1363. The statutes of Bologna, with some few changes, were adopted for the government of the younger university. At first Padua was given over entirely to the study of civil and canon law, but later on, faculties of grammar, rhetoric and medicine were added. Under the

Dominicans, Padua had a brilliant reputation as one of the great universities of Europe.

Naples was the first University to rise directly upon the foundation of a charter instead of growing out of the spontaneous association of teachers and pupils. It was established *de novo* by Frederick II. in the year 1225 as a school of theology, jurisprudence, the arts and medicine. The universities at Piacenza and Pavia were closely associated in their early careers. Even before the establishment of Bologna, lectures upon civil law were given at Pavia, but the university was not founded until 1361 by a charter from the Emperor, Charles IV. Piacenza was chartered in 1248, and in 1398 received the faculty and students from Pisa, transferred bodily by the Duke of Milan. The university thus reconstructed had a phenomenally brilliant career for a few years. Twenty-seven professors of civil law were there, twenty-two professors of medicine, and many other lecturers and professors of philosophy, astrology, grammar, rhetoric and Latin and Italian literature. Six years later the university had ceased to exist, but in 1412 it was revived at Pavia, and soon took a position second in importance only to Padua.

The University of Rowan was devoted almost exclusively to the study of civil and canon law. Founded by Boniface VIII., in 1303, it attained to its highest point of success in the sixteenth century, when it had eighty-eight lecturers and thirteen other professors, with an annual salary list of 14,000 florins. It has never been so important since that time. Innocent IV. made the university a *studium generale*, and it followed the papal court to

Avignon, subsequently returning to Rome. Perugia University, began in 1276, was made a *studium generale* in 1307, and during the fourteenth century was one of the most famous educational institutions of Italy. Ferrara University dates from the thirteenth century. In 1391 Boniface IX. made it a *studium generale*. The university had a checkered career, and at least once went out of existence entirely. In 1474 it had fifty-one professors and lecturers, but by 1613 the university had dwindled to less than half that number. It now has merely a nominal existence. The law school at Pisa was founded in the fourteenth century, and in 1344 Clement VI. made it a *studium generale*.

Some of these universities did not outlive their age. The brilliant ending of Piacenza has been referred to. Vercelli lasted from 1228 to 1370. Arezzo had a precarious existence of a little more than two centuries before its final extinction, about 1470. Treviso, chartered in 1318, did not live to see the end of the century. Florence existed for a century, making a valiant struggle to establish itself, and having at one time a brilliant reputation for learning. The school was transferred to Pisa in 1472, when the latter city subscribed 6,000 florins for annual salaries to the professors.

Italy has now seventeen state universities and four independent institutions, twenty-one in all, for a population of about 30,000,000, or one for about every 1,400,000 inhabitants. In Germany there are twenty universities for a population of 49,500,000, or one for every 2,475,000; in France, fifteen separate facul-

ties for 38,400,000 population, or one to every 2,555,000; in Austria-Hungary, eleven universities to 41,400,000 population, or one to 3,765,000, and in England and Wales, seven for a population of 29,000,000, or one to 4,143,000. More than that, the universities of Italy are attended almost exclusively by native students. They have long ago ceased to attract, to any appreciable extent, students from other lands, while in the universities of the other countries cited in comparison, foreign students constitute a notable proportion.

Nearly all these universities are decadent, and the difficult problem of their improvement has perplexed educators and publicists for many years. It is generally recognized that changes are imperative, as to their number, curriculum, government, support, etc., and various propositions have been made from time to time to decrease the number of faculties, to close the weaker institutions and to withdraw government aid, thus allowing those to die for which there seems to be no legitimate demand. The most important universities are those of Naples, with nearly 5,000 students annually; of Rome, with some 1,500 students; of Bologna, with about the same number; of Genoa, with 1,000; of Padua, with 1,300; of Palermo and Pavia, each with 1,100. Pisa now enrolls some 700 pupils, Florence 400, Milan 500, Modena, Parma and Messina 300, Perugia and Sienna 200, Ferrara less than 100, Catania 600, and several others between 100 and 200. The figures are in striking contrast to the record of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, when at one time Bologna is said to have had 10,000 students and at another time 20,000. The full

curriculum includes jurisprudence, philosophy, medicine, surgery, pharmacy, natural science, mathematics, agriculture, veterinary surgery, and engineering. Several of the larger universities have all these faculties. The universities at Rome, Naples, Turin, Pavia, Padua, Bologna, Palermo and Pisa remain as the only genuine representatives of the *studium generale*. Modena, Sienna and Parma are still in complete, Modena and Parma having only faculties of science and veterinary schools, and Sienna having faculties of medicine and law, with a school of pharmacy. Sassari has only two faculties.

Many of these institutions are endowed with ancient legacies and privileges, so that they are firmly rooted in their existence, even though they are dying at the top. But their own resources are quite insufficient to support them. Thirteen of the seventeen are aided by annual grants from the city treasuries in sums varying from 67,580 liras upward. The cost of the seventeen State universities is over 8,500,000 liras annually. During the academic year of 1892-3 the average cost of education per pupil was lowest at Naples, being 187 liras 79 centimes, and thence ran upward to 347 liras 25 centimes at Turin, 661 liras 88 centimes at Rome, and 1,113 liras 15 centimes at Sienna, where only 220 students were in attendance.

The professors are divided into three classes—temporary (*incaricati*), extraordinary (*straordinarii*) and ordinary (*ordinarii*). The temporary professors are not regularly attached to the universities, but are specially engaged and paid by the course. The extraordinary professors are those who have entered upon the university career with the intention

to make it their life pursuit. They are not permanently engaged at any particular university, but are transferred from one to another as the Minister of Public Instruction may deem best. The ordinary professors are fixtures for life. They are not subject to removal or to change in their positions or place of service or salaries. All ordinary professors at universities of the first class are paid 5,000 francs a year, but even of that moderate sum the government retains one-thirteenth as a tax, and another thirteenth for the pension fund.

LYMAN HORACE WEEKS.

TO THE CORNELL BRAIN ASSOCIATION.

Bequeath my brain ? Ah, no ! good sirs ; too keen
Your scalpels and your glasses. Much I dread
Your rummaging within this poor old head
Without my watchful eye upon the scene !

My fond ambitions left with me, I ween,
Their footprints cerebral before they fled ;
My foolish hates and youthful loves, long dead,
Mayhap have flecked the gray with spots of green.
The marks of petty pride and purpose mean,
Of lofty plans let perish at their birth
Through paltry fear or love of ease, remain.

Ah, no ! the telltale pages of my brain
Must hide their record in the trusty earth,
Where none their gruesome secrets e'er may gleam.

JOHN HANSON WILLIAMS.

COLLEGE LIFE AT DUBLIN UNIVERSITY.

PART I.

How well we remember that eventful day on which we went up to take our college examinations at Cambridge, New Haven, Princeton or Amherst. Perhaps after a sleepless night we were out of bed in the early gray of the morning, and, dressing hurriedly, made our way to the little railroad station where the train would take us in a few hours' ride to the much-dreamed of town. How clearly we remember the long ride, the crowding thoughts and imaginations of the place we had never seen, and then, at last, we see the gray buildings of the town and college looming before us, about which young Fancy has gathered the whole destiny of the world.

With scores of others we troup up to the examination hall, a bleak, chilly place, even in June—for did not our knees thump each other and our teeth chatter as we sat waiting for the questions to be distributed?

And with what respectful awe did we, green Freshmen, watch the older students come and go. And especially when a professor appeared, how we shrank into some obscure nook, as if the man—no doubt a very human man—wore a radiant halo about his head!

If we had been going up to Dublin University instead of an American college no doubt our feelings would have been precisely the same. We would have been the same age—eighteen. We would have been cramming on

the same subjects for examination. And then we would have gone up to a similar hall—similar except that the light by which we conjugated our Greek and Latin verbs and solved our problems in algebra and geometry—would have come through stained glass windows instead of plain white glass, and above our heads would have been a beautiful gilded candelabrum instead of ordinary gas jets, while by glancing into the high gallery at the rear we might have fancied ourselves inspired by the old organ from a ship of the Armada wrecked on the Irish coast, as the legend goes.

But for all his stained glass, candelabrum, and organ from the Armada, the Irish youngster would no doubt have felt his teeth chatter just the same, or else looked more for his cribs (an invention in which American students do not have a monopoly) than the inspiration of the aforesaid ancient relics. The fact is, ancient relics are no more to the man who sees them every day than are plain wood and clear window glass. The greatest man is not a hero to his valet, and a prophet is not without honor save in his own country. The famous examination hall of Trinity, Dublin, is of more interest to Americans than it ever could be to the Trinity student, though as a plain examination hall it has a tremendous importance.

In passing, I may say that Trinity College and Dublin University are practically one and the same. Oxford University and Cambridge University comprise several colleges each—a system we Americans know nothing of—but Dublin University has but one college, Trinity, which includes the Arts Course, the Medical School, the Divinity School, etc., as much as

our term university does. "Dublin University" is a sort of superior function of Trinity College.

I have said that the Examination Hall, as a hall for examinations, has a tremendous importance for the Trinity student, for the chief purpose an Irish student has in going to college is to be examined. The fact is, he can do his studying at home if he is poor, and, by passing his examinations, take his degree in due form; and one-fourth of the thousand students of Dublin University appear only once a year to be examined in the old Examination Hall. Here the freshmen come for the preliminary examination at the end of the first term—a taste of what must come after. Here also comes the senior freshman (we would call him a sophomore) for his "little go," the first great trial of his examination-passing abilities. After that he is a sophister, and feels himself genuinely a student of the university. At last he comes for his "finals," the heaviest and most difficult of all, on passing which he receives his degree of Bachelor of Arts.

But this is not all that goes on at the Examination Hall, by any means. Here come the honor men for their honor examinations. Here come famous musicians from the world over to take their musical degrees (there is no instruction in music, only examinations, and you may be sure the tyro has no chance). There are held here examinations for master's degrees and doctor's degrees—for what not I do not know. (The rival Royal University of Dublin is *only* an examining body.)

Having faced the great and serious feature of college life at Dublin, the examinations, let us turn to the lighter and more genial matters.

As you come up the broad main street of Dublin, past the postoffice and Nelson's Pillar, and over the bridge of the Liffey river, on the left, surrounded by a high iron fence and a great stone wall, stands a low pile of granite buildings, in the massive, classic style of architecture, like our department government buildings at Washington. The old granite is sooty black in places, discolored almost past recognition by the wear of hundreds of years and the foggy, smoky climate of the British Isles. An arched gateway under the outer granite building admits you to the quadrangle, with its long line of buildings on its four sides, with here and there, perhaps, an opening to the Provost's garden, or the college park, or "Botany Bay," the green square at the left. Before you, in the middle of the lower square, stands the bell-tower, tall and imposing, presented by some old primate of the church. Its solemn bell rings every morning at half past eight to call the resident students to chapel (they only have to go twice a week or once on Sunday, and yet, all too often, they get fined half a crown for not attending chapel). But more solemnly it tolls, tolls, tolls for the death of a fellow or other college potentate, and the student who has sat in his room and heard the doleful sound echoing through the empty quadrangle will never forget it.

Across the middle of the quadrangle, dividing the lower square from the upper, is a dormitory in bright red brick after the style of Queen Anne, all polished up and restored in recent years, the one bright bit of color in all the grey old square of buildings.

On the right are the lecture rooms, the

examination hall, the library, with its long, severe style, and still farther down on the right the Engineering Building and Museum, the most attractive and modern of all the buildings, designed according to the notions of Ruskin, and approved by him on its completion. On the left are the chapel, the dining hall, and dormitories, and just at the corner of the upper square the little printing office, looking like a Greek Temple. Off at the left one may enter Botany Bay, a green square, the ugliest of the whole college, which was laid out in that past age when prisoners were being sent to Botany Bay, that famous resort for so many interesting characters. No less curious and interesting, no doubt, was the motley company of students that came to live in the dormitories which surround the square on every side.

But let us go back to the student we left kicking his heels in the Examination Hall. The first thing he does on gaining admission to the college is to secure his rooms, for which he pays from thirty to three hundred dollars, or six to sixty pounds, paying in to the bursar a proportionate deposit to cover any damage or arrears he may be unfortunate enough to incur. The next step is to choose a tutor, one of the junior "fellows," who is expected to instruct him, advise him, get him out of scrapes, represent him to the Board (of senior fellows), and secure his moral welfare. The fact is, however, there are plenty of men in Trinity College who are scarce known to their tutors by sight.

But the first practical step is to furnish his room, secure a "skip" or servant (several students will hire a servant between them from the poor people of the city, who come to care

for their rooms and serve them their breakfast) and set up housekeeping. At Memorial Hall in Cambridge three meals are served each day, but though Britons eat four meals instead of the American three, only one, dinner at six, is served in the college dining hall. For the rest the student looks out for himself. Attached to each room is a small buttery or "skippery," which is always supplied with a row of bottles of stout and ale, even if there is little else there. Irish students are great drinkers, and on such important occasions as those on which the Cambridge or Oxford football or cricket teams visit the college, the Junior Dean, who manages the discipline of the college, allows the boys to get as drunk as they will, though on other occasions he is likely to "drop on" the drunken student with a fine of half a crown or possibly ten shillings, or if he has disgraced himself too much, bring him before the Board.

For the most part the Irish student does as he pleases (when did an Irishman ever submit to be ruled in anything!) Your American student rises at half after seven in the morning, called up by the loud clanging of the college bell. He hurriedly dresses, rushes to his boarding house for breakfast of oatmeal, beefsteak or chops, potato and coffee, which he bolts in five minutes, and hastens on to compulsory chapel at eight. Then follow recitations, lectures and laboratory exercises, dinner at the boarding house at half past twelve or one, and an afternoon of work, ending with tea at six.

Not so in Dublin. If he is religiously inclined the young fellow may possibly attend chapel at half past eight, but usually prefers taking out his required religious exercise by

attending a longer chapel exercise once a week, Sunday morning at ten. If he does not go to chapel he gets out of bed at nine, half past, ten, eleven, whenever he feels like it or is required to by a desire (not a compulsion) to attend some lecture. He breakfasts, perhaps, on bread and butter and coffee, which his skip prepares and possibly serves to him in bed. As examinations are the thing, and recitations do not exist, the student spends his time largely where he can get the most interesting or helpful instruction. If he lives in college the dean will see that he does not waste his time, but there are no such restrictions as are to be found in Cambridge, or Oxford, or the American colleges. In Dublin he may live as he pleases.

SHERWIN CODY.

(To be concluded.)

A POET.

Through long years sought he poet's Fame,
And Fame was coy as woodland elf.
The song that glorified his name
He did not sing—it sang itself.

KENT KNOWLTON.

SOME ASPECTS OF COLLEGE PROFESSORS.

Their vagaries are many, their charms and excellencies more, but the professor of any science is apt to unite most good qualities in bewildering profusion. And, in particular, when we come to a professor of astronomy, those who follow in his train scarcely know, amid the multitude of original diversions provided, where to find themselves from day to day in an existence successfully robbed of monotony.

For not only does he rise at all hours after midnight, and remain awake at all hours before—not only does he fill the house with developed and undeveloped photographic plates of stars and meteors and ghostly nebulae, to say nothing of an occasional comet, while sketches of the sun and blue prints of weird apparatus meet one at every turn,—not only do piles of student examination papers covered with wild diagrams of all degrees of badness turn up under the most innocent magazines, and proof-sheets of forthcoming volumes lie in wait in every drawer, but the professor himself is liable to be met in any corner of the globe at a moment's notice.

Fortunately he cannot see any more transits of Venus, because the next one occurs in the year 2004, and that date is a little in advance of even the most hopeful astronomer who has the misfortune to be still alive. But his profession is chasing eclipses and other celestial phenomena, which, as a rule, refuse to be wit-

nessed from strictly civilized centers. And so, though he may be here to-day, he is to-morrow on the high road or the high seas, bound for Alaska or Pike's Peak, or West Africa, or the Marquesas Islands, or Southern Spain or Chili. He speaks of these somewhat unusual localities with a familiarity unknown to the tourist, and born of intimate acquaintance and superior companionship. He casually mentions his residence for a time in Nova Zembla or Vladivostock as too much a matter of course to be even commented upon. Truly, an intimacy with the immeasurable stretches of infinite space induces a just estimate of the littleness of our own planet, where no region is too remote or forbidding for his purpose, if only some celestial performance can be viewed from its inaccessible wastes.

And the professor of this science is not only all this—he also invents; for no astronomer worthy of the name is without a mechanical bent by which instruments of whatever sort bring him joy, and all telescopes delight, merely in themselves, and quite independently of what they perform for him in bringing heavenly bodies a few million miles nearer than they could otherwise be brought.

Now, chasing eclipses in particular is sometimes an unsatisfactory business; for it is a sad fact that while sun and moon are of apparently the same size, and by some kindly working of the celestial machinery are sometimes in direct line with each other and the earth, so that a total eclipse of the sun is occasionally possible, this happy state of things can by no means last over eight minutes. Usually in much less time than that sun and moon have slipped past each

other, and though for two hours or more there may last the partial eclipse, the entire darkness is, as an average, not much over three minutes in duration. The professor wishes it lasted three hours, or three months, or even three years at a time, that he might, by the beneficent darkening of the sun's brightness, have an opportunity of studying uninterruptedly the most beautiful and mysterious sight in nature—the outflashing radiance of the corona, perhaps an atmosphere of the sun, and only visible at these times. It probably holds the secret of the sun's whole constitution and energy, and he would like to interrogate it without ceasing until those secrets came forth to his questioning eye and telescope and camera. That a permanent eclipse, until these matters were revealed, might seriously affect mundane matters here below, such as crops and general vegetation, would be as nothing to him until this knowledge should be gained.

By a series of saddening calculations, based upon the number of total eclipses in a century, the length of the total phase and the average number of telescopes and astronomers addressing specific questions to the sun at the time of its humiliation, he arrives at the depressing result that one day of solid watching of the corona is all that a miserly and grasping century is willing to afford. Thus his impatience to follow wherever this fascinating shadow may beckon,—and herein also his wish to invent something whereby the precious three minutes shall be virtually lengthened tenfold, or even a hundredfold. This could only be done by one astronomer taking with him ninety-nine others, each with his telescope, or spectroscope,

or polariscope, or camera, or other bit of apparatus, to ask his own particular little question of the calm corona as it gleams out upon the silent darkness of totality. But so far eclipse expeditions of one hundred astronomers have not materialized, attractive as that prospect would undoubtedly be to the communities where they might locate. So the next best thing was to invent a machine through which one hundred instruments could all ask different automatic questions of the corona at the same time, while one astronomer manipulated their mechanical parts and set them all in motion.

When it was done this professor had lengthened his three minutes of totality much more than tenfold, and the accurate records of the unemotional tool were at hand ready to be studied at leisure. So who could complain if tubes and valves and pneumatic arrangements, and things savoring of electricity, and wires and object-glasses, strewed the drawing-room and measured their innocent length on every floor throughout the house? The family of a professor of astronomy get thoroughly accustomed to all such trifles, and learn to step gingerly about among polished brass and shining specula and cannot by any chance be surprised at strange occupants of their desks and dressing tables.

In connection with the invention of automatic observation by manufactured assistants in lieu of the one hundred astronomers who cannot be collected for any one expedition, a sand clock was thought of by the ingenious professor. This is a most simple arrangement, whereby, on strange and foreign shores, where

delicate apparatus of sufficient size cannot be obtained, a weight, resting upon a tube of sand, slides gently down as the sand is allowed to escape at just such a rate of speed from the bottom, thus allowing the various instruments, without farther attention, to follow accurately the sun in its passage through the sky during the eclipse. Experiments were made and the working seemed quite perfect, but it was thought the quality of the sand could be improved, and the astronomer set forth to find a new variety.

He invited to accompany him a member of his family, who quoted to him on the way the story told by Henry Thoreau during his pilgrimage of Cape Cod; that after walking for hours through loose sand, and seeing nothing but square miles of sand on every side (even a school-house filled with sand up to the tops of the desks), he was amazed, not to say exasperated, by a sign at the door of a fisherman's house, "Fine sand for sale here." He thought "Fine sand got rid of" or "Shoes emptied here" would have been more to the point. But it afterward appeared that the wave-worn sand of the Cape did not answer at all for building and mortar purposes, the individual particles being too smooth and rounded; the coals had apparently been brought to Newcastle in the importation by a thrifty inhabitant of inland sand, of which each particle was full of sharp corners, square-shouldered sand, as it were, there to be sold in a land of nothing but sand.

"Why, of course," said the astronomer blandly at the end of this tale, "That is just the point. We have been using gritty sand

for the clock, and I am going to get some river sand, which is fine and rounded, and will run out more smoothly."

"And are we bound for the river?" she asked with an inward sinking—for it was December, and was very warm; Nature was in a melting mood, and a heavy snow of the previous week had entirely disappeared the day before, leaving wreckage in its wake, and the river was miles away. New England country towns, even college towns, have nothing to boast of yet in the matter of highways—"The air is lovely," she continued, "but the 'going,' as they call it, is an unspeakable horror."

"We do not have to go to the river to get river sand," he replied, "with as near an approach to sarcasm as his gentle nature permitted, "Have you never studied the geology of the Connecticut Valley?"

Quite crushed, she subsided for the moment, while the small horse continued to wade almost knee-deep in black mud, varied by an occasional pond, or a few feet of frozen ruts in the shadow of some tree.

The carriage was already plastered with splashes, and the horse a disreputable sight. At that moment, too, he caught sight of the upturned roots of a huge pine, blown completely over during a recent hurricane, and taking the bit in his mouth made one frantic jump to get by the fearsome object. Before he was subdued to his normal condition of amiable indifference, the professor and his companion were showered with drops, balls, projectiles of mud in varying stages of fluidity.

But the Holyoke mountains rose mistily blue in their picturesque ruggedness beyond a fore-

ground of soft gray and dull yellow and russet in the leafless woods and open pastures, and the sun looked forth now and then from rifts in the gray clouds, which he glorified by his glance. If only he knew of all the preparations made solely for his sake! From the top of Hadley Hill it is impossible not to stop and breathe the freer air, and view the wide expanse of gracious river valley spread below. To the east the college towers rise above their groves, dignified, brooding, old with generations of students made men under their care—to the south the Holyoke range, serried and abrupt—to the west the gleaming Connecticut and the fair lands beyond full of promise and vague sunshine. But the road! Deeper and deeper it grew, abysses of unknown proportions yawned, and through it all the patient little beast tugged along, ever hopeful of an ultimate emerging on some happier shore.

Another, though less material, woe appeared in what had once been an exceptionally lovely roadside. With that sense of beauty for which the New England farmer is justly famed, the sumacs, small oaks, pines—all the sweet growth which makes untouched roadsides the delight of life in the country—had been chopped down, and jagged stumps with an occasional pile of branches lay awaiting the touch of the fire, which a little farther on had been so successfully applied that telegraph poles and fences had nearly been demolished—the only gleam of suggested comfort in the whole sad sight. All the lovely potentialities of the roadside wrecked—the trees, small and large, prostrate, and all to satisfy a supposed love for “Clearing up” on the part of our rustic brethren.

"Do you think this road looks sandy enough to take some of it back?" at length inquired the professor—for by this time a small island had appeared in the chain of mud rivers and puddles, but to the uninitiated it did not even yet look strictly sandy, so his companion suggested a little farther search; and at length—true patience being always rewarded—a mine of genuine sand was found at the side of the road, white, clean, comparatively dry, and unmistakably river sand. A salt bag capable of holding several bushels was produced, and a shingle of unusual dimensions, and the astronomer who is to wrest the secrets from the sun next August among the Ainu in Japan went to work in pursuance of that determination (imperfect as the connection might have appeared to a casual passer-by) at digging up enough sand to fill the bag.

In all the drive, up to this point, no other occupants of the road had appeared—nobody less bent upon a serious errand than a scientific professor would have ventured forth into such highways on such a day. But just then two other unfortunates came into view—it would have been interesting to know what conceivable errand brought them forth—and they looked with mild amazement at the dignified man digging sand with a shingle in a pit beside the road, while a bespattered female, an encrusted buggy, and a parti-colored and drooping horse were anchored just beyond.

But the sand was gathered—that was the main thing; the patient beast turned toward home, though even then showing no special emotion, and the line of march in a retrograde direction was resumed. Early December

twilight was falling on the breezy upland fields and through the gray and leafless woods, and a bit of clear, apple-green sky showed in the West. A little red house gave accent to the landscape, and in its humble window shone suddenly forth a flash of lamp-light, the sight of which wakens such thought of possibilities of warmth and homely comfort.

There are many compensations in a drive of several miles in December through bottomless mud to get river sand to make a cloak to observe an eclipse a following summer at the Antipodes. Certainly there is no other profession than astronomy in which such varieties of experience lie in wait, not only for the professor himself, but for those who abide beneath his roof and avoid breaking his instruments, and stumble against sun, moon and stars in various guises on his library floor every day of their lives.

May a thoughtful heaven grant clear skies and favorable breezes for this devoted astronomer when he chases down his next eclipse, and enable him to catch it with every one of his instruments, of which the sand clock will be by no means of least importance.

MABEL LOOMIS TODD.

A SEA PARTING.

A little while, a fleeting hour,
And you and I must part.
Let us forget that fate, and dower
The future with this moment's power
Of heart that answers heart.

Or let us lull our hearts with guile
Of fancies fond and vain,
Ah, let us say, then, with a smile,
"A little while, a little while,
And we must meet again."

The world is small—how very small—
For those who *will* to meet !
They say there is a time when all
Are masters of their fate, then shall
The seas withhold our feet ?

Alas, alas, why tears and fears
Because we cross the seas
Of time and tide ! Shall not the years
Bear us together ? Oh, vain tears
For life's uncertainties !

DALLETT FUGUET.

THE OPENING OF A SCOTCH UNIVERSITY.

Such a heading awakens little interest in a reader to whom Commencement or the closing of a university means so much, and the opening so little. He may or may not have noticed in the daily paper that such and such a university has opened. That he has read a full account of the prospects of the promising football team of the same institution is certain, and from this he has doubtless inferred that the intellectual side of the university has also entered upon the routine of another year. But more particularly, in the university town itself and among the students no special interest, as on Commencement Day, is apparent. The presidents of the respective colleges make their usual opening addresses, assuring the freshmen of a hearty welcome beneath the shadows of classic elms or ivy-clad walls, as the case may be, and warning the sophomores once more of the helplessness of the innocent freshmen committed to their care, and painting in glowing colors the element of mercy in what might be called sophomore virtue. The address over, the students rush off to the 'varsity field to watch the first football practice of the season, or spend the rest of the day in "settling" their rooms in the dormitories, or more probably in hand-shaking and friendly chats on the front campus, reviewing the many pleasant experiences of the long vacation.

None of these mark the opening of a Scotch university. First of all, there is in reality no

front campus, no hand-shaking, no vigorous demonstration of real college friendship—how shocked a Scotch student would be to see two college chums hug each other!—in short, no idea of social life, as it exists in many of our American universities. Dormitories do not exist, and men who only meet at odd times during the day as they pass through the “quad” of the university building to lectures can only be comparative strangers, because college fellowship is produced by dormitory life, and that alone. To a Princeton man, for example, who has breathed the atmosphere of that institution, which is notable in this particular, the absence is readily detected, and is a matter of deep regret. Nowhere is this more visible than in athletics. Let us take Edinburgh as an example, standing, as she indisputably does, at the head of Scottish universities. A ’varsity football eleven is almost impossible, not from lack of good material, but simply because men from one preparatory school will not play alongside of men from another—in other words, because there exists no such thing as devotion or loyalty to the university as a whole. This is a digression, however, and only connected with the subject under consideration in throwing light upon the different atmosphere one finds himself in at the opening of a university like Edinburgh.

Special interest was added this year, owing to the inauguration of two new professors. The inauguration of one of these, Professor Saintsbury, who had been elected to the chair of English Literature, upon the retirement of Professor Masson, was the occasion of intense interest and the special feature of the opening ceremonies. The appointment of a professor

to fill so important a place as had been left by Prof. David Masson, the friend of Carlyle, the associate of Thackeray and Dickens, biographer of Milton, historian and critic, was a proceeding of great moment to the proud Scotsmen of Edinburgh. This was very evident when, long before the hour, the lecture-room, accommodating six or seven hundred, was filled.

At the appointed time the *chief servitor* (famous for looking wiser than any of the professors), carrying a silver mace, entered from the side door. Following him in their academic robes were the Principal, Sir William Muir, the Lord Rector, Professor Saintsbury, and a large representation of the Senators or Faculty, including such eminent men as Professors Tait, Geikie, Calderwood, Seth, Rutherford, Butcher, Chrystal and others. After a short introductory sentence by Principal Muir, Professor Saintsbury was enthusiastically received, and proceeded to read his inaugural lecture, which was of the highest literary order and warmly received. There was much in this formal occasion, and in the dignified presence of so many distinguished "Dons," to borrow an English term, that impressed a stranger of the veneration in which a university like Edinburgh and learning in general is held.

These exercises were unusual, and occasional. Let us pass to the customary features of the opening of a Scotch university. Each professor in the several departments is expected to give what is called an opening or public lecture. This is not the informal discussion of the prospective year's work, or references for collateral reading, as usually followed in American universities. It is nothing if not formal.

At the close of the five or seven minutes allowed for the entrance of students, and on this occasion for visitors, the professor is ushered in from his retiring-room by an assistant, or more probably by an aged professor *emeritus* in the same department. He is met by an outburst of applause that to a delicate ear, which does not relish the demonstration of huge walking-sticks against rickety wooden floors, is not in keeping with the dignity of the occasion. With no words of introduction the professor reads a scholarly and carefully-prepared lecture on a subject always general and of public interest. For example, this year Professor Calderwood lectured on "The Relation of Moral Philosophy to Science," Professor Geikie on "The History of the Science of Biology," Professor Rutherford on "The Physiological Ideal," and so on.

The arrangement and appointments of the university buildings, which include under one roof the lecture-rooms and the library, and is the only building this venerable university boasts of, are such as to lend an air of dignity. At the entrance of each lecture-room a servitor in uniform opens the door, while the professor enters by the side door leading from the retiring room, where, I might add, he is only approachable for private interviews, and never appears except in the gown which contributes most, perhaps, to the dignity that is everywhere apparent.

The two following critical observations, of no great importance in themselves, and liable to mislead, may at least be of interest. Alarmed as many who are interested in the welfare of academic matters and manners have been at

the increased tendency of students to indulge in "horse-play," I am sure that the American art of "guying" or "horse-play" has not reached the stage of development it has attained in Scotland. To illustrate: As the audience gathered for each opening lecture, everyone, medical and lady student alike, even old men with gray hairs, was greeted with a boisterous outburst that was shocking, even to the American student, who ought to be well versed in that lore. Unless this same diversion had been displayed during one of the inaugural addresses, no comment would be made. When a scholar and tutor of Oxford enters the lecture-room, and that for the first time, with all the dignity of flowing robes and a retinue of professors, such as Edinburgh affords, and begins to read a carefully-prepared lecture, one would naturally expect a large amount of consideration would be paid him, in spite of any personal defects in speech or manner. Such was not the case, and how far this "guying" was carried I will not say. Already I may have given a wrong impression, for in spite of all this "horse-play," largely good-natured, but extremely boisterous and lacking in that real wit and point that characterizes the American species, no students are more loyal to their professors. It is just here that I venture another observation. Such idolizing devotion as is manifest everywhere, except sometimes in the lecture-room, and especially was observed during a summer's acquaintance with several representative university men, tends to make students narrow. From all appearances, every word that an Edinburgh professor utters is an *ipse dixit* in the mind of the student. Time

it is that the Edinburgh student can assume this attitude with as good a right and with as great a degree of safety as any; but the spirit savors of intellectual narrowness and everything that cripples a scholar's progress—the one condition of which is to do one's own thinking. Such a tendency is always apparent when men sit under great minds, but unless the student is thoughtful and prudent in the acceptance of such truth, he will find he has drunk a great deal of error along with the nectar, and has crippled his own individual and independent thinking in the process. This is often apparent in the effect that study in Germany produces in men who, through lack of previous intellectual training, are specially susceptible to this intellectual disease. Doubtless this is no truer of the Scotch student than the English or American; it is a period through which every student is liable to pass.

After an attendance of a few days upon the regular lectures, which follow those described above, one readily sees that the dignity and ceremony connected with them are merely indicative of the high standard of scholarship that Edinburgh University maintains, and the high position she holds in the intellectual world.

CHARLES ALEXANDER ROBINSON.

BOOKS.

These are not ink and paper ! They are souls
That strove in travail ; they are lives of tears ;
The brain-throbs and the heart-beats of long years,
Joy's ocean deeps and pain's wreck-tossing shoals ;
Here smiles the Hope whose wondrous current rolls
From deed to duty ; here weep doubts and fears
In bosoms tremulous, and Love endears
Disconsolate toil and all its hate controls.

Aye, they are inspiration ! In the low
Sad hours of weakness they are stores of might ;
They treasure truths eternal, and they glow
With stars brought earthward from unmeasured
night ;
Somewhat of God's great verities they know,
Somewhat of man's great future and his light !

FREEMAN E. MILLER.

HISTORICAL LANDMARKS NEAR AMHERST.

Few colleges in this country are so well gifted with interesting literary and historical landmarks as is Amherst. While Yale, Harvard and the older universities have many notable events connected with their own history, few, if any, are placed in such interesting surroundings as is Amherst. Writers have often called attention to the fact that the beautiful places of the earth are also the places where man has done the most, and, as a rule, where he has done his worst. That saying is strictly applicable to the country in which Amherst College is placed. Not only has it been chosen for a home and working place by a large number of the greatest Americans, but it has also seen some of the worst deeds which blacken the history of our country. The Indians for years made the little valley about Amherst their battleground, and in it did deeds which cannot be spoken of without horror. The last hundred years of its history, however, are as happy as its beginning was dark, for the valley has been made a subject by poets and novelists. With opposites of light and shade in its history, as in its scenery, and with the past accessible by means of actual objects and places, Amherst makes a delightful spot for the lover of history.

We have said that history clings to beautiful places, and if that is true, then Amherst is a natural theater for great events. However successful or otherwise an Amherst man's col-

lege life may have been, there is one thing that is always remembered with pleasure,—and that is the country in which the college is situated. Central Massachusetts needs no description, for it has been often spoken of by Hawthorne, Bryant, and the lovers of nature. Its rivers and mountains have been praised by all kinds of authors, and are as familiar to the New Englanders as is Mecca to the Mohammedan. For four years the students of Amherst College are placed in the midst of this great garden of beauty, which is surrounded on all sides by hills and mountains. If he stand on the great tower of the chapel he sees that Amherst is placed on a hill which rises almost in the center of a ring of mountains. Once, indeed, geologists say, that hill was an island rising in the middle of an immense geologic lake, which had an outlet in the notch in the southern wall. From this tower every side of the compass has its hill or mountain. Directly to the south is one of the most imposing sights in New England,—the long and jagged range of the Holyoke Mountains. Peak after peak rises to view, and in the far southwest is seen the looming mass of Holyoke, Nonatuck and Tom. To the north is Sugarloaf and Toby, the latter being a wilderness of crag, cliff and forest. To the east is the long range of the Pelham Hills, and faintly seen beyond them is Mount Lincoln, higher than Holyoke itself, but seemingly lower. To the west is Mount Warner, and back of Warner blue hill rises on blue hill, until at last Greylock ends the view. Far to the northwest are the distant peaks of the Green Mountains. Framed in by these splendid views is a valley of fifteen to twenty

miles in length and breadth, through the center of which flows the Connecticut. Sprinkled in at the feet of the mountains, and now and then over the plain, are many villages and houses. The factories of Northampton darken the southwest, and the spires of Hadley, North Hadley and Belchertown give idea of aspiration. Such is a bare outline of the beautiful landscape in which are placed three colleges, and on whose boundary is a fourth. Small wonder that history has had much to do with such a place!

When the student tires of books and companions, nature in her most glorious beauty is always ready to smile upon him. When he wishes to ponder over the past with its deeds of men, that same landscape always has for him something new in interest.

Leaving Amherst four miles behind one comes to the pretty village of Hadley. Here is material galore, for here in 1760 came the friends of John Hooker, hoping to find in the wilderness that religious freedom which was denied them in Hartford. Hadley had then been founded over a hundred years, and had lived, though in the very heart of Indian land. So it was almost 300 years ago that the ancestors of the present elms of Hadley were felled to build its first log hut. The age of Pericles is not half so distant to the student as are the early days of Hadley. It is hard to replace the present quiet with the forest, the Indian and the battle. It is strange to think of Indians living through the terrible New England winters in skin tents, but it is stranger to think that the Indians of this place were as cruel and bloodthirsty devils as any we meet

in the dime novel of to-day. Cruel they were indeed, and religious convictions, block houses and rifles came near yielding before them. How many times Hadley was attacked and almost destroyed by Indians the writer does not know, but once at least it was in the greatest danger, and was saved only by the intervention of Goffe, the regicide judge. This was during King Phillip's war, which came near driving every settler from the valley. Seven or eight hundred Indians, covered with war paint, and crazy with what was really patriotism but what was called fanaticism, attacked the town. We may still see the house from which, in the heat of the battle, came the venerable figure of the outlawed judge. He, with his fellow outlaw, Whalley, had been concealed for some time, but battle was too much for the stern follower of Cromwell, and with the roundhead cry he rallied the settlers and led them to victory. When or how he disappeared no one knew, but he was the saviour of Hadley. The elm shaded streets have more than once heard the tramp of soldiery as well as the tumult of Indian warfare. Minute men of the Revolution drilled on the commons. Down the long street in 1770 went half of a British army, and the sight must have been a fine one for the colonists, for it was Burgoyne on his way to Boston, disgraced by defeat. In 1787 American troupes from Springfield drummed their way along the street leading to Amherst and Pelham, in which latter place they were to put down Shay's Rebellion.

Here in Hadley is the old church where J. G. Holland says Kathrina went to worship. Near it is the famous Bay Path after which the

same author named one of his novels, and along which Burgoyne marched his army. Here Jonathan Edwards sometimes thought out thrilling sermons; here Beecher came to walk while a student, and here, too, is the present home of the venerable Bishop Huntington. What a subject for a poem is "Old Hadley!" Its founders destined it for a city, and laid it out in broad squares. They fought the wilderness and the Indian, and then after all their toil Hadley failed, and to-day sleeps as quietly on the banks of the river as though it had attained its desired future, and had never heard a war cry or a shriek of death.

Hatfield, a few miles beyond, is like Hadley in its history. Its destiny was to be as great, and its annals are still bloodier. On Hatfield fell the first rage of the Indians after their appetite had been whetted by Bloody Brook massacre. There is scarcely a foot of ground by Hatfield that has not been soaked again and again with human blood. If one were inclined to doubt history he has only to visit the town museum, where he will see enough to make him dread the dark if he walk abroad in the town at night. There are gathered together all the weapons of the frontier, and with them certain ghastly relics of the early wars. There, for instance, is a solid door of oak, battered and hacked by Indian tomahawks, until at last a hole was made through which a rifle might be put. It was once the door of a log hut, and through that hole a redskin knave shot a sick woman as she lay in bed with her child. It hardly seems possible that the sky could have smiled so sweetly then as now, but it may have smiled even more sweetly over the dark deeds

of men than it does to-day. The town is noted for its immense elms, and some of them which are pointed out have been praised by Holmes in his "Autocrat," as have also other trees in Hadley and Northampton.

Four or five miles beyond Hatfield is Deerfield and South Deerfield, each with its terrible remembrances of war. Between them is Bloody Brook, the scene of one of the best known Indian massacres in our history. It was in 1675 that Captain Lathrop and nearly all the young men of the county left Hadley to get provisions from Deerfield. They were on their way back, and stopped under the perpendicular slopes of Sugarloaf for rest. While they either rested in the shade or gathered grapes from the mountain, they grew careless in their fancied security, and stacked their arms. Then it was that the mountain yielded an Indian for every tree. Crafty eyes had watched them for hours, and they were eyes of men who knew no mercy. Resistance was short, and the Indian's victory was complete. The blood of the soldiers went down to the Connecticut on the laughing waves of the brook which has since born such an ominous name. The Indians left the mutilated bodies where they fell, and these were afterward buried by the whites. Their grave is still marked by a white slab which lies on the ground, not two hundred feet from the place of the battle. The place where the combat was hottest is marked by an imposing monument, which tells the names and fate of these martyrs of early civilization in America. It is a sad spot, if one is inclined to reverie, and a beautiful one if he can forget its memories. Sugarloaf rises

directly above it, and if the traveler climb to its summit he will be on an elevation which overlooks the whole plain. The eastern wall is absolutely perpendicular, and tradition says that a nook in its surface was "King Phillip's Seat." Here in this dangerous situation, safe from all disturbance, the old warrior sat for hours, watching the signs in the valley before him. Below was the Connecticut, like a great ribbon of silver, opposite was the serrated range of the Holyokes, between was the valley, with perhaps now and then the smoke of an Indian camp-fire. May we not suppose that the Indian patriot admired the valley, and that its beauty made, possibly, his sorrows greater? Small wonder that he wished to keep New England for his race, and that he hated the the white thieves who were driving him from his native home.

Sometimes when the New England traveler is far away on the banks of the St. Lawrence he hears the tolling of a distant bell. He may not know why it carries him back by the slopes of Sugarloaf and the scene of battle, but if he were to inquire he would find that the mission bell which he hears was once in his native valley. When the French, and their terrible allies, the Indians, were devastating Massachusetts they took the Deerfield bell and carried it tirelessly for hundreds of miles through the forests to the church where it now hangs. Here it has been sounding out its music for years and perhaps as a note of melancholy in memory of the pioneers whose death it saw.

Pelham, a few miles to the east, was the scene of the short but noted rebellion of Daniel Shays. The student may still trace the route

by which Shays and his company retreated from Springfield to the Pelham hills. Leverette and Shutesbury have each their odd stories of early life in the woods. Indeed, at the present, one may ride for hours over roads that lead through the thickest of woods. Rattlesnake Gutter with its wierd memories of witch times, and the home of a deluded hermit a few miles away, gives us a present that is tinged with a past. In Belchertown is found the birthplace of Holland, the novelist of the Bay Path, and the road thither passes the spot where Beecher preached his first sermon, at a time when he was still a student in Amherst College. In Cummington we find the early home of the poet Bryant, whose father was the village doctor. The scenery of the country around and near Cummington is a delightful chaos of forest, hill and dale. The imaginative take delight in wondering at which part of the scene Bryant was looking when *Thanatopsis* came to him as an inspiration, and for what particular forest was meant the "Inscription to the Entrance to a Wood." Bryant's name overshadows the place and increases its inspiration, for this was his favorite bit of earth.

In Northampton there are innumerable associations. Passing by its history we find that here was the home of one of the greatest of American thinkers—perhaps as earnest a man as has ever lived in America—Jonathan Edwards. Strong in mind as he was frail in body he labored here during the best days of his life. The student of philosophy has much on which to think as he walks the streets of "The Meadow City," as he strolls by the Connecticut, or walks to Hadley, or the foot of

Holyoke, for he is following the paths along which Edwards walked when he was thinking out his Philosophy of the Will, that incomparable bit of logic. Holland has made Northampton take part in his poems ; Holmes made it the scene of Elsie Venner, and often spoke of its great elms ; while Beecher placed in it the plot of his one novel—Norwood. The student may even enter the houses where the heroines lived, if he tire of walking the streets where the other characters went. Jenny Lind has connected her sweet fame with the town ; Warner the essayist, whose early home the student sees at Plainfield, speaks lovingly of the place, while it has been visited and praised by a host of literary fry, great and small. To-day George W. Cable has made it his home, and here writes his exquisite stories. A few miles beyond Northampton we may visit the home of George William Curtis, and see in the landscape some cause for his kindly heart.

Taking up the road to Amherst we pass a place noted in history as "Foote's Folly Swamp," and a short distance beyond is a dismal place where at times the Will-o-the-Wisp makes night uncanny. Witches were found near there once, and it was truly a fit place in which to meet the evil one. The road is an ugly one at night, for with the memory of the fiendish deeds of the Indians near it, the witches, the Will-o-the-Wisp, and the fact that one night a maniac pursued a student home, it in no way diminishes fear of the dark. In Amherst we are shown the home of Noah Webster, and not far from it the place where was passed the boyhood of that graceful writer who has so recently passed away, Eugene Field. In Amherst

Beecher and Parkhurst made out their plans of life, and worked or loitered as they pleased. In the winter, if the student choose, he may follow the path along which Beecher tramped on many a cold evening to see the woman whom he afterwards married. Here too is the house of one who was certainly a poet as well as a genius of no mean rank—Emily Dickinson. Her love of nature was as deep as it was beautiful, and the only nature that she knew was that of this valley hemmed in by the mountains. Here too we find the home of Helen Hunt Jackson, “H. H.”, that other woman writer who was so much admired. Emerson passed many pleasant hours with her poems, and to-day her books are being read with an interest as real as when they were published. Here is the house where Dr. Hikok thought out his beneficent philosophy, and did so much to give the world higher ideas and ideals. Here too Dr. Tyler, and President^t Seelye did so much in the building of a college’ and here have passed the footsteps of hundreds of earnest men. For Amherst has always had one characteristic—earnestness.

If the student leave the towns and ramble on the mountains, he is met with a host of legends. The wild story of the Devil’s Garden in the Notch at the south is matched by the wilder story of the notch in Sugarloaf at the north. An Indian wizard put Mount Warner in the center of the valley, and so north and south and middle has each its story of the weird, while the whole valley has the usual New England stories of wizards, witches and haunted places. Mount Holyoke has the path along which ran the lover of Katrinah, and in the maze of cliff and forest on Tom one can

still find the place of Rattlesnake Ledge, where Holmes put his heroine in such a dramatic situation with her lover.

The entire valley, with its every house and stone, has its history, and that history is brightened alone by the memory of the great men who have loved the place. The grim mountains have looked down on many varying scenes, from the great upheavals of nature that lifted them, the grand old lake that they once inclosed, the primeval monsters who have left their tracks on the stones up and down the valley, the original wilderness, the Indians, with their skin tents, and the pioneers in their log huts. The same mountains have seen the battle and flame, and have watched the birth and inspiration of a poet.

To-day they look on a valley which has forgotten all else save peace, where the lover of nature may wander at will, meeting fresh beauties on every side, while he listens to the birds and gathers the flowers. But through all the beauty and all the laughter the student of history sees the somber, blood-stained veil of the past.

FREDERICK HOUK LAW.

THE ROMANCE OF A WOODEN LEG.

"Marian darling," I said, as my wife met me at the front door, "I have brought you home a package. Something valuable this time, I am sure. See how long it is and what a queer shape."

I was conscious that I spoke deprecatingly—conscious, too, that Marian's face betokened reproach and annoyance, rather than pleasure. But the dear girl's voice was quite cheerful.

"Have you, Victor? Where did you get it? At the auction sale again?—oh, Victor!"

"Yes—got it from Eve's Express Company auction this time; and I am sorry to say it cost rather more than I cared to pay—ten dollars."

"Oh, Victor, *ten dollars!* You are always going to auctions! Did you remember that the grocer and the butcher were clamoring for their money? That we owe Celia a month's wages? That the coal man says we can't have any more coal till he has been paid at least part of his bill? That—that—oh, Victor—it's only a week from Christmas, and the weather is getting colder and colder and we can't do without fires—and—oh, Victor"—she concluded with a sob.

In a clumsy, husbandly way I tried to comfort her, and tamely assured her that what I had done was for the best and with the hope of improving our condition, etc., etc.

"But you have bought so *many* of those unclaimed express packages, and they have always turned out complete failures. There was that patent plow, that case of damaged

marmalade, that suit of diving apparatus, and—oh, Victor—that bicycle frame without wheels! Why *will* you go to express auctions? You are such a foolish old dear. *Really* you are such an idiot! Don't you remember, dear, that we both decided it was a useless expenditure?" (I couldn't help remembering that we *had* so decided.) "And you said," she went on hurriedly, "that it was so unsatisfactory to pay so much for a thing when you hadn't the faintest idea what it was you were buying, and to have it turn out as the last package did, to be nothing but a st—stove pi—pipe and a bl—blackening b—br—brush?"

Here Marian broke down completely, and without replying I led her sobbing into the library.

Marian and I had been married about two years at this time. We were very happy, the only drawback to our complete felicity being an almost habitual lack of funds. Since I was graduated at college I have been an artist, and have the artistic temperament, they say, to an unusual degree. It is this development of mind, I suppose, that enables me to take a cheerful view even of the most discouraging circumstances. My pictures, which I am bound to say were as good as many of my contemporaries'—better than a few—were of marine subjects mostly. Some of my patrons complained that they lacked variety; and perhaps they did; for not having the means to travel and gather inspiration from new scenes, I was obliged to paint the same subjects, with slight modifications, over and over again. I had painted sun-kissed waves in Blank Harbor; mist-covered waters, golden sunsets, furious

storms, vessels at anchor, vessels in motion and vessels becalmed in Blank Harbor. In fact, there was nothing in or about Blank Harbor that I could not have painted with my eyes shut.

The evening on which my story opens—and I am sorry to have begun it so unpropitiously by presenting my dear Marian to my readers bathed in tears—was none other than December 23d. A cold wind rustled through the trees in front of our little cottage, and made the dead vines on the piazza trellis rattle mournfully. Marian had had a fire lighted in the library grate. Perhaps it was the sight of it that suggested to her afresh, thoughts of the coal-man's threats, and called forth a final pathetic sob, so mournful that it went to my heart.

"Now don't cry, dear; I can't bear to hear you—and it's Christmas week too—merry Christmas, you know."

"I w-won't," she said presently, wiping her eyes and trying to smile. Dear girl, she has such a buoyant disposition nothing distresses her long. "I won't cry any more, dear. And we'll have Celia bring the tea service in here and I'll make tea and cut thin bread and butter, and we'll talk over how we'd like to spend Christmas—and what we'd *like* to have for dinner—and all the nice things we can think of;" and she laughed and ran away to issue orders to our maid of all work.

We had a merry, happy tea, and grew quite hilarious making plans for Christmas day—plans vast and pretentious, which we knew for a surety, while we were making them, could not be carried out.

I began to think that Marian had forgotten

all about the express package and was surprised, when, after the tea things were cleared away, she suddenly exclaimed :

"Now, Victor, let's open your package—it *may* be something of value."

I laid the long, rather ungainly package on the table. "Mary B. Higgins, 123 Locust street, Blank," said I, reading the superscription. "Who may she be, I wonder?"

"Perhaps she's dead, poor thing," suggested Marian, "and that's why she never claimed it."

"Well, we'll see what she missed," said I, cutting the string. As layer after layer of the paper was removed, my heart beat with renewed hope. Surely only something of enormous value would have been so carefully wrapped. Marian stood with flushed cheeks and parted lips, the picture of expectancy.

"Ah," said I, thrusting the last wrapper aside.

"*What is it, Victor?*"

I lifted a heavy white object from the mass of paper and held it up.

"I—I think, dear, it's a—a beautiful wooden leg."

There was a dead silence. A silence which remained unbroken so long that it became oppressive.

"Well, dear," I said at last, "it may prove useful some day." Marian burst out laughing.

"What do you mean to do with it, Victor? Whose leg can it be? Is there no note with it? Nothing to explain where it came from, or why it was sent? Do you think it has ever been worn? Isn't it horrible!"

I replied that the leg seemed to have been

worn a great deal—there were several dents in it—that I would look among the papers in which it had been wrapped for some clue to the whereabouts and name of the owner. We carefully examined each sheet separately and on both sides. We turned and twisted the leg itself in every direction, but nothing could we find to indicate from whom it came. Just as we were about to give up the search, a scrap of paper fluttered to the floor. I picked it up and read, written in a cramped, scrawly hand, "*I'm a-comin'. Wait for me, Mary.*"

"How very strange," I said.

"Extraordinary," said Marian, taking the scrap of paper from me and scanning it closely.

"Oh, don't put the horrid leg on," she remonstrated, as she saw me jokingly thrust my knee into the little cushioned ledge, where the stump of *someone's* knee must have rested, often before.

"Why not, dear," I inquired, laughing.

She did not reply; but went and seated herself in an arm chair by the fire, and resting her chin in her hand was soon lost in deep thought.

"Victor," she said at last, as I hobbled across to where she sat and laid my hand on her head, "this is really dreadful."

"You mean my having paid ten dollars for this leg, dear?"

"Oh, no, I wasn't thinking of that, just then. I was thinking how wicked it would be if the poor creature is actually in need of that leg, and we are keeping it from her. We *must* make some effort to restore it to the owner be she *he* or she."

I laughed and I reminded Marian that the

Express Company had doubtless made every reasonable effort to deliver the package to Mary B. Higgins, and if they had failed to find her there was not much chance that we could.

But Marian thought otherwise. She said she could not be happy until that leg was restored to its owner, or delivered to Mary B. Higgins.

"I'll tell you what we'll do, Victor. We'll put a personal to-morrow in the *Sunday Budget*."

"All right, dear. If it will make you feel easier we'll do it. Let me see—what shall we say—if Mary B. Higgins, of 123 Locust street, or the owner of an unclaimed express package addressed to that party, will call at Breeze Blown Cottage, 8 Turnpike road, Blank, and produce proof of ownership or claim to same, said package will be restored?"

"Yes, that will do," said Marian. "And then we shall have done our duty, and I shall breathe easier."

"Yes, we shall have done our duty. But the personal will cost something, Marian, and I'm not quite sure . . ."

"Oh, I've still a dollar or so from the money papa sent us—that will pay for it. I was saving it toward our Christmas dinner, but of course this is ever so much more important. And perhaps you will be able to sell a picture before then, too."

I felt dubious about the picture, but did not like to discourage Marian, who, now she had decided what ought to be done about the wooden leg, grew very bright and cheerful, and even offered to race me round the table for a kiss.

"Poor Victor," she said at last, after winning three successive rounds, "you are rather handicapped with that great wooden leg on. How does it feel, anyway?"

"Well, a woman's leg feels, I find, very like a man's."—

"Victor!"

"Of course it will be claimed. I have a feeling in my bones that that leg is valuable to someone. (I only wish we knew who and all about her.) But, Victor dear," she went on, putting her pretty arms around my neck, "promise me that you'll never, never run the risk of buying another wooden leg. Please give up this dreadful practice of going to those awful auctions of unclaimed express packages."

I promised, and hobbled away to my chair at the other side of the fire.

For some time we were silent. I puffed away at my briarwood pipe and Marian mended—she was everlastingly mending, it seemed to me—poor little Marian. Suddenly she raised her head, and pushing her hair back from her forehead, sat looking pensively at me.

"Green turtle soup to begin with—I don't care for oysters, do you, dear?"

I guessed that she was thinking of our Christmas dinner, and replied promptly that green turtle soup would suit me admirably to begin with.

"But what are we to do about the coal-man and the grocer and Celia and the butcher? Don't you think, Vicky, dear, that if you started very, *very* early to-morrow, say nine o'clock, you might be able to sell that last picture of yours and get some money to go on with."

"No use, my dear, I've tried every man I know; no one wants one."

A dead silence again, broken only by the click of Marian's needle against her little gold thimble. My pipe was smoked out and I sat idly gazing into the fire, the wooden leg standing straight out like a ballet dancer's.

"Marian," said I at last "I will give up art and get your father to let me have a place in his law office, as he promised to do some time ago, whenever I liked to take it. There's no use working on in this way. I'll stop before I get too old to turn my hand to something else."

"But it would be dreadful, dear," said Marian, with a perceptible brightening of the eyes, "for you to give up painting. Try a little longer—just a little longer—just a little longer—just a—lit——."

I set a "kiss between her charming words."

* * * * *

It was Christmas eve. Marian and I were seated in our usual places by the fire, which was less bright than heretofore, owing to the fact that our supply of coal was almost out, and we were oppressed by the fear that Stewart—the coal-man—would carry out his threat and insist upon having his bill paid in full before he let us have any more. Our exchequer was even lower than the previous day when I had brought home the wooden leg. And to satisfy Marian, I had been to the expense of inserting a personal in the *Sunday Budget*, in the hope of discovering its owner. Presently there was a quick ring at the door bell. I heard Celia's heavy footsteps as she went through the passage to open the door. Then all was silent. The wind howled around the

corner of the house and blew the branches of the maple tree against the window panes.

"I wonder who *that* was?" said Marian. "You didn't hear Celia come back, did you, Victor?"

No, I hadn't heard her come back. Thought most likely it was a lot of Christmas waits come to beg for pennies. I guessed Celia had given chase—she hated boys.

At that moment the library door opened and Celia appeared.

"There's a man in the hall to see you, sur."

"Who is it?" I asked.

"Sure, how would I be afther knowin'? 'Tis a low man wid a limp in his leg, a dacent person, and would I be afther insultin' him be askin' his name, faith?"

The last words were muttered as Celia turned away from the door and flounced down the passage.

"Celia is getting so uppish, Victor. We must try to pay her something on her wages, or she'll be altogether unbearable."

"Never mind her, dear. A low man with a limp in his leg," said I thoughtfully, repeating Celia's description.

"Oh, Victor, the personal!" exclaimed Marian. "Quick! Get the leg!"

Just then there appeared in the doorway a slim little man with gray whiskers. He stood for a moment on the door-sill, the background of the dark hall throwing his thin face and figure into startling relief. Where had I seen him before? I rose uncertainly and went toward him, trying to look bland and unconcerned.

"I see you don't know me," said our visitor, grinning.

"Your face is familiar," said I, feeling confused. "But I don't feel that I know you."

"Wall, there ain't no real reason why ye should. I see you've got my leg there."

"Won't you be seated?" I asked, bringing forward a chair. "It is Christmas eve. Have some hot toddy."

"Don't mine ef I do. I walked all the way from Locust street, and this here new cork leg o' mine ain't perfection, after all, though I thought it would be when I bought it. Think o' payin' so much for a article that most people gits for nothin'. Howsumever, I can walk purty good on it. Now, mabee ye'd like to know who I am and what I've come fur. My name's John Perkins, and I've come in answer to a personal I seen in the *Sunday Budget*."

"Oh, I see," said I. "But, Mr. Perkins, if you've come to claim the wooden leg, which is at present in our possession, you will have to give absolute proof of your identity and of your claim to the article; and then it will cost you ten dollars—what I paid for it."

Mr. Perkins scratched his head and sipped his toddy.

"Wall," said he, "I landed in this country from Calcutta three days ago, after an absence of nigh forty years, a-hopin' to fin' Mary Higgins, as I sent the leg on fust to, to let her know I was a-comin', and a-thinkin', p'r'aps, she might fin' it useful."

"Has she lost a leg, too?" interrupted Marian sympathetically.

"Not to my knowledge," replied Mr. Perkins. "Tho' that thar wooden leg o' mine is a female leg. But, as I was a-sayin', I come clear from Calcutta a-hopin' to fin' that dear little

lass. We was sweet on one another onct, forty years ago, an' was to ha' been married, an' it was all along o' her I lost my own original leg, so to speak. But I've come back here to fin' she ain't no more, an' our weddin'll have to be postponed till I gits to the next world." Here the stranger heaved a deep sigh.

"But, Mr. Perkins," said Marian reproachfully, "why didn't you come back long ago and marry her, if you really cared. Perhaps she died of a broken heart. Poor thing! Did she not write you she was ill?"

"Wall," said Mr. Perkins, "you see, thar warn't no reason fur her to do that. I argues this way about it: It's forty years sence she seen me, an ef she'd ben a-goin' to break her heart over me, she'd a-done it before. But she warn't that kin' o' girl. I'd a-ben glad ef she'd a-lived to git that thar leg o' mine. But when a man gits to be my age he don't take things so keen to heart, an' I don't feel so bad as ye might think. Not so bad as yer husband would feel ef he was to send yer a little token like that, an' then foun' you was dead, an' never got it. But yer both young, and yer feelin's is keener."

Marian looked at me, and I, hoping to divert Mr. Perkins's conversation from the rather personal tone it had assumed, broke in quickly:

'You said it was all through your sweet-heart, Mary B. Higgins, that you came to lose your leg—your original leg, I mean. How did it happen?"

"Why, sir, 'twas forty years ago come to-morrow, Christmas Day. Me an' Mary was invited to a dance; an' ye'll be s'prised to hear that it was in this here very old brick house too."

"How extraordinary!" exclaimed Marian and I in a breath, "since it was only built two years ago."

The stranger blinked and went on: "Wall, Mary an' me started off as happy as larks. An' though it was a-snowin' like blazes we didn't min'. We'd had a good dinner in the middle of the day, I havin' dined at Mary's as was my custom on feast days and holidays—a mighty good dinner it was. Green turtle soup——."

"Oh, that's just what Victor and I wanted to have to-morrow!" burst in Marian.

"Turkey stuffed with oysters, prairie chicken an' current jelly, and we'd topped off with the rarest plum puddin' and mince pie. As I was a-sayin', when we started to drive over here it was a-snowin' quite smart, an' I had to kinder put my arm roun' Mary to keep her from gettin' cold, beside havin' buffler robes over our knees—I had two knees at that time, ye'll recollect. As we druv along the snow got thicker'n thicker, an' the win' blowed sharper'n sharper; but it was only five mile from Mary's house here, an' we'd a good horse, so we wasn't oneasy."

Here Mr. Perkins sipped his hot toddy and sat blinking at the fire in a strange, uncertain way. So long did he remain silent that at last I thought it better to recall him to the matter in hand, so I said:

"Well—and then?"

"And then," he went on, "there was claret and cherry tarts and oceans of champagne—and then—and then——."

"You were telling us," interrupted Marian, a little coldly, "about a Christmas Day forty

years ago, when you and Mary Higgins drove to this very house to participate in a dance that was to be given here. You had got yourself and Miss Mary Higgins as far as—as far as—well, I don't know exactly *how* far, but at all events it was snowing and very cold. Now *please* go on!"

"Oh, yes, I remember," said the little man, giving the fire a poke. "I was a-goin' to tell how my sweet little Mary was the cause of my losin' my fust an' original leg. Wall, this here road as runs by your house to-day, and as is full of life and traffic now, was mighty lonesome then; an' awful things had ben known to happen here after dark. Thar warn't no cause fur alarm that night, though, as it was arly, and other people would be drivin' the same road we was to the dance; but we hadn't seen none of them yit, an' was jist about a-wonderin' whar they was, when a man"

Again Mr. Perkins paused and sat blinking at the fire.

"A man—what?" I asked.

"Beg pardon," he continued. "A man riz up from the side of the road, an' sez he, 'Hold on.' 'What fer?' says I. 'I've got some-thin' ter say ter ye,' says he, 'and ef ye take it quiet, all right; but ef ye don't, the worse for ye both.' 'Git out,' sez I, 'an' go ter blazes!' an' I whips up my horse. And then from out o' the dark thar riz up a man on horseback, an' he give his horse a whack that made him jump sky high; and before we knowd whar we was he had stood his beast acrost the road an' wouldn't move fer love or money. 'Take yerself out o' the way,' sez I, 'or I'll shoot ye dead as a door-nail.' I was a-talkin' bluff, fur

I didn't hev nothin' to shoot him with. He knowed that mighty well and only larfed at me. It made me hoppin' mad, an' I sez, 'Ye darned idjit, what do ye want?' 'We wants yer small change,' sez he, 'an' any ornaments the gal may hev, and mabee we'll take the gal herself, ef she's good lookin'.' 'Will ye?' I sez, an' I lashed my horse till he rared and plunged an' tore away in a bee line for the man in the road, and dashed at his horse with his head down, and the suddint shock o' the collision knocked him back on his haunches, an' me an' Mary out in the snow. An' all I remember then was a wild yell an' a scramble. An' the next I knowed I was a-lyin' in this hyar room with my head bandaged, an' Mary was a leanin' over me, an' I had a queer feelin' in my leg, as ef it warn't thar; an' then everythink come back to me, an' I arsked Mary ef them robbers had escaped, an' she sez they warn't no robbers at all, but jist Dick Stewart an' Jack Smith, as had come out to frighten us with a skylarkin' Christmas joke, an' she said the queer feelin' in my leg was because it was broke, an' she cried an' seemed to feel awful bad. 'That's all right, Mary,' sez I, 'I'll be well again in a jiffy.'

"Wall, to make a long story short, there'd ben no dance, as everybody felt too awful bad about me. A few days later, I foun' out that I'd hev to lose my leg; that pesky horse o' Richard Stewart's had walked all over it."

"Richard Stewart—why, that's the name of our coal man," said I; "it can't be the same?"

"The very same," said Mr. Perkins. "His father was in coal."

"Are you sure?" said Marian. "Was the

Richard M. Stewart you knew always sending in his bills ? ”

“ Always,” replied Mr. Perkins, “ an’ never gettin’ paid,” and he smiled a smile that was very bland.

“ It must be the same,” said I.

“ After my leg, or what was left of it,” he went on, “ got better, and I could get about with a crutch, I made up my min’ that I wouldn’t stay in this part of the world no longer. I warn’t a-goin’ to hev my Mary tied fur life to a one-legged man. So I up an’ I sez, ‘ Mary, my dear, I’m a-goin’ to leave ye. Thar ain’t no use in yer sayin’ that me bein’ crippled ain’t no bar to our happiness. It air.’ An’ Mary cried and said she loved me better with one leg than with two. But I thought I knowed better. Ye see I thought it warn’t fair to Mary, an’ didn’t believe her, especially as I knowed Dick Stewart had ben hangin’ round. So I paid all my bills an’ started out with one leg an’ a crutch to seek my fortin’ in Californy. After I’d ben gone a while, I began to wonder ef I’d done right, an’ to feel most awful lonesome. An’ I hobbled roun’ on that thar leg you’ve got on (which I bought in ‘Frisco) lookin’ ’s ’f I’d lost my best fren ; an’ so I had—two o’ them—Mary an’ my fust original leg. So I wrote her a long letter—Mary, I mean—but she never sent me no answer, an’ then I knowd I’d done right to come away. ‘Spite o’ my only havin’ one leg, I prospered an’ got to be a rich man. An’ I went out to Calcutta in ’70 an’ made more money. An’ one day, about a year ago, Richard M. Stewart he come out thar—”

“ Oh, that must be a mistake,” said Marian.
“ Richard M. Stewart has never been away

from here for two years to our certain knowledge. We've often wished he would go, but he never did. He sends us a bill every week——"

"Can't help it," went on Mr. Perkins. "He come out to Calcutta 'bout a year ago, an' I met him, an' he told me that Mary had never married an' had most pined away when I left her; an' then I made up my mind I'd go home an' we'd git married. But why did I send that leg in advance o' me? Well, now, I'll let ye into a secret."

And Mr. Perkins stood up in front of us, leaning his body forward and peering into our faces with his keen gray eyes.

"I sent that thar leg on ahead because I thought perhaps I'd never git here myself, an' I wanted Mary to share some of the good fortin' as had come to me. That thar leg is the most valuable piece of furnitoor in this house, I'll venture to say. That thar leg ain't no common leg such as most people wears—to me it's a real sort of *treasure*." Here Mr. Perkins leaned so far forward that I thought he would lose his balance.

"You mean there is money concealed in it?"

"No, 'tain't money so much, but——"

"But what?"

"Why, it brings me to you an' you to me—an' Christmas Eve, too; an' so let's drink hearty."

And the mysterious Mr. Perkins drained his glass of hot toddy and braced his real foot on the fender.

My wife squeezed my hand—as much as to say "he's going to bring us a fortune! I'm sure of it!"

Outside it was snowing heavily; and I

The Romance of a Wooden Leg.

hardly had it in my heart to send poor one-legged Mr. Perkins out into the storm. He seemed to feel deeply the sad death of his Mary Higgins before he could get back from India to her. He kept crooning to himself over the fire the general refrain that "times wuz hard, and Christmas brought no joys or presents for him." He kept harping on his never having anything *given* to him; and Marian, with tears in her sweet eyes, leaned over to me and whispered: "I will give him those worked worsted carpet slippers I was going to surprise you with, dear."

When it came time for bed, we asked the poor, lonely, bereaved old man if he would occupy our spare chamber, but he said no, he would much prefer sitting up alongside of the fire, and he would sleep better that way. So we left him alone crooning over the fire and thinking, as we believed, of his lost Mary Higgins.

During the night I awoke and thought I heard a sound as of tinware rattling together. But as I heard no further sound I did not disturb Marian, but turned over and went to sleep dreaming of old Christmas days of my boyhood.

In the morning Marian rose early, and I was awakened by her excited cries down stairs. "Victor! Victor! Mr. Perkins is not here—and I can't find one of my silver forks or spoons!"

I rubbed my eyes and hastily dressed. When I got down stairs, I could not help swearing a little. Mr. Perkins must have helped himself to every article of value in the house. Spoons, forks—the silver cup my

mother gave me when a child—a silver vase, one of our wedding presents. The only thing he *did* leave was the beautiful wooden leg with a piece of paper pinned to it. “When this you see, remember me, J. Perkins.”

What a sad Christmas morning it was for us! Marian sobbed on my shoulder, and got breakfast with a heavy heart. We were obliged to use kitchen forks and spoons. We had to share the same fork, as the “others were needed in cooking the steak.” It was terrible!

“So he was a burglar! *Now* Victor, you see what your awful wooden leg has brought us to!”

My wife had such an “I told you so” look in her eyes that I was obliged to hold my peace.

“His story about Mary Higgins was all made up of whole cloth. The wicked old hypocrite; and I carried down your slippers for him to wear Christmas morning—oh, Victor!” (Sobs.)

After breakfast I lit my pipe, and unable to endure the wreck of our once happy home, I seized the miserable wooden leg and threw it as far as I could into the snowy front yard. “There!” I said, “that thing is out of the house, at all events!”

Then, as the snow was melting and packed nicely, I began mechanically to amuse myself by making a small snow image. Then I went and got the beautiful white, though *false* leg, and making a larger statue of a female seated on an ottoman, I utilized the leg to good purpose and I called to Marian to look out of the window.

“See, Marian! It is Patience (with a wooden leg) smiling at Grief!”

Poor Marian could only reply with a burst of sobbing. "I hope it will be the last Christmas like this!" she cried. "Oh, Victor, if you only *would* give up Art!"

"It isn't art—its auctions," I laughed.

Just then we heard jolly sleigh bells in the air, and a large sleigh filled with children drove rapidly along the road and stopped in front of our house. The driver, a jolly-faced gentleman whom I knew by sight as Mr. Klein, a wealthy soap manufacturer, called out:

"That's a fine image, sir—did you make it?"

"Yes, sir, I am an artist—"

"What I admire especially is the right leg—wonderfully artistic, sir."

"I'm glad you like it," I replied, leaning dismally against the fence.

"I want to know if—if—"

Then the jolly-faced Mr. Klein paused as if embarrassed.

"I—I need an artist, sir, to design soap figures, sir. I should be willing to give you a good salary—if—"

"I'm not above such a job," I hastened to put in.

"Cakes of soap sell better if artistic—you catch my idea? Lions, tigers, dogs, heads, figures—you perceive?"

"Certainly—I am sure I can be of service."

"Well, just at this season we put out our greatest quantity of soap. We need an artist very much."

Mr. Klein looked again at the snow statue of Grief, with her wonderfully natural right leg.

"That is nature itself!" he exclaimed "that right leg is—superb!—here's my card—you'll

do—place vacant—salary \$4,000 a year—call to-morrow—good day!”

And, before I knew it, he was gone with his swift horses, and gay, laughing load of children, out of sight.

Suffice it to say that Christmas was finally a merry one for Marian and me. She laughed and forgave me for everything—and she clasped the wooden leg in her arms and ran about the house too happy to be quiet.

To-day, Christmas, 1895, my bills paid, my little children on my knee, my darling wife sewing at my side—my salary raised for meritorious work at the soap works—who has not seen and used any “Patience” and “Ottoman” soap? I am the happiest soap artist in Christendom. I find time to paint in extra hours, and *some day* the world will recognize my talent—so Marian says! Above me as I write hangs the source of all our good fortune, our household god—our sacred wooden leg! I believe Marian thinks quite as much of it—as of our newest baby!

FRANCES A. SCHNEIDER.

THE YALE PROM.

[FROM THE GIRL'S POINT OF VIEW.]

"From a woman's point of view" is a phrase that is often tossed from men's lips contemptuously, or at best given half apologetically. Yet often a woman's impression may be of value, if only to lend variety. Society bears the distinction of being the one undisputed orbit in which woman has the supreme right to revolve. The character of the Yale Promenade brings this event within her acknowledged domain, and gives her the right to express an authoritative opinion, for in it she "revolves" to a considerable extent!

The ball is found to be unique in several particulars, one of which is that it is given, of course, entirely by men. The generous scale on which it is arranged also makes it distinctive. Not only is the armory where it is held a mammoth structure, but the decorations are most elaborate, combining artistic drawing-room bric-a-brac accessories with emblematic athletic trophies. Skirt the ballroom with boxes; place in them hundreds of pretty girls, typical American beauties from all parts of the country; offset these by a fringe of diamond-decked chaperones; confront them with a solid phalanx of white-shirted, handsome, muscular young men, and you have a rough sketch of the outward aspect of the Junior Promenade.

Beginning on Monday morning, each train steams into the New Haven depot bearing a freight of attractive girls. The station becomes flooded with them. The streets bloom with them. The campus might be the grounds

of a young ladies' seminary. No spot, except the interior of the awful secret society buildings, is free from them, and I have heard girls declare that even these sacred precincts had often been invaded. The petticoated-intrusion may be resented by a few cross-grained "theologs," bachelors before their time, or womanhaters because some boarding-school miss has failed to fulfill their idea of fidelity. But they are in the minority, and do not count.

Then begins the beautiful butterfly existence for a girl whose pace would kill if steadily indulged in. From night until morning, and from morning until night, the hours are one whirl of pleasure that might tend to sweep even the most level-headed girl off her feet.

In the daytime, "spreads" as they were once called, "teas" as they are now termed—probably because it is the one beverage sure not to appear—absorb interest. But how different from the usual tea, where a man is as rare as a blizzard in summer, and looks quite as much out of his element. Here every condition is reversed. Men are the hosts, and attend in hosts. With sweaters and soft hats cast aside, they blossom out in Tuxedo coats and silk beavers looking as well groomed as if used to donning them daily. Yale University teaches one thing not down in the curriculum: it teaches a man how to dress. The majority of students could pass a hundred in this course. The Monday "teas" are really a necessity, as they provide opportunity for men to meet the girls upon whose cards, without previous acquaintance, they have been rash enough to inscribe their names.

"How did you know that I could dance, or that you wouldn't be sorry that you had asked me?" a girl, who was perfectly sure of her accomplishment in this direction was heard to ask of a college man.

"By the faith that I had in the man who brought you. He's no farmer," was the answer given in true Chimmie Fadden language, a language found to be very much in vogue now at the University.

The scene at the New Haven House is a duplicate, in all except background, of the one I saw at the Waldorf during Horse Show week. Parlors and halls are crowded with girls and men, the stairs even being used as a rendezvous for the *tête-à-têtes*. One young woman was seen making her way slowly upward accompanied by her chaperone and the Junior who had brought her.

"Give me the key to your room and I will unlock the door for you," he volunteered politely.

With fascinated eyes upon the scene around her, the girl put her hand into her pocket and mechanically drew out, not the long key, but a terra-cotta pipe-stem, colored deeper than any meerschaum the college man possessed. He looked at it for a moment in puzzled wonder as it lay in his hand, then quickly glanced at the lovely waves it had wrought in the golden hair that adorned the girl's head. She turned intuitively. At a glance she took in the tell-tale pipe and met the student's twinkling eye. Simultaneously they burst out laughing, and in a manner suggesting sleight of hand the pipe was made to change places with the key. But when the young woman left New

Haven one of her toilet accessories did not accompany her. The man claimed that he deserved it as a reward of silence, and the girl did not disagree.

Monday night the Glee Club gives its concert at the Hyperion Theater. A more beautiful audience could not be imagined. Not only in boxes, but orchestra chairs, *décolleté* gowns are the rule. Germans are given after the concert, and on Tuesday night the Senior german takes place. Wednesday evening is the "gladdest, maddest one of all," for it ushers in the "prom." A distinct feature of it (and one worthy of imitation) is the early hour at which it begins. Before nine o'clock carriages commence to drive up to the armory, and about nine the ball is opened. From that time until four in the morning a girl must unceasingly trip it, whether she wants to or not. Two orchestras provide continuous music. Dance follows dance in breathless succession, making the affair proceed with a snap and enthusiasm peculiar to itself and most entrancing. Forty dances are danced, and if the girl is a belle, most of these will probably be "split."

After such a task it might be imagined that the universal desire would be to speedily obtain rest. Far from it! Yale men do not seem to include the word in their vocabulary. They are obliged to present themselves early in chapel, and argue that it would be absurd to seek their beds for so short a period. So they don't retire at all. They have what they call a "dawn tea." The unconquerable drowsiness of all present is the most amusing feature of this entertainment. Instead of teas, and more highly to be recommended as offering superior

advantages, Welsh rarebit parties are occasionally given. Everyone is put to work, and the desired object of keeping people awake is thus accomplished. It is a certainty that there will not be enough plates or knives and forks, and the poor students must rush around and beg, borrow or steal them. The girls volunteer to make toast, and kneel in front of the open fire with a disregard of ball gowns that would make their mothers weep. Condiments for the rarebit are sure to have been forgotten, but finally salt and mustard are obtained from the "hot tamale" man or the traveling night lunch wagon. Several girls are pressed into service, cutting cheese. Everyone present has a different and infallible rule for making a perfect rarebit, and argument and laughter waxes warm. In fact napping at a Welsh rarebit party is practically impossible for anyone, except, perhaps, the chaperone!

One student had wrested from his family a much-cherished heirloom, a beautifully carved silver chafing dish, to be used after the "prom." The cheese was piled into it. Spiritedly the blue flame danced underneath. A peculiar odor permeated the room, but the rarebit refused to thicken. Finally one of the carved legs of the heirloom gently lowered itself; then another and another dropped off until the whole dish collapsed onto the table. Then the mystery was solved—no one had thought to fill the hot-water pan! Everything had cooked except the rarebit! It was served in its liquid state, looking like a breakfast dish of milk toast. But to fasten the blame of the oversight where it belonged offered *food* enough, for discussion at least, to animate even the most weary!

Six o'clock brings you to your lodgings, while the cocks are crowing and the sun is lazily waking up. You have barely time for a nap and a cold plunge—the best substitute for lack of sleep—before donning a street dress to be ready for chapel. Many students do not follow your example, but appear at service in evening dress, half-opened overcoats, and a slightly disheveled appearance about the head, telling the story.

There can be no doubt about a girl's enjoyment of the "prom." The girl may return with blue shadows under her eyes, and a determination in her heart to do nothing but sleep for a month. The pleasure she has to recall more than compensates for bodily weariness. But what of its moral effect? After physical recuperation has taken place, and mental equilibrium been regained, what does she find that the "prom." has done for her?

At first glance at this gay scene it would almost seem as if it could have no ultimate, elevating or beneficial influence. It might be argued that to elevate was not its mission. Yet everyone knows no act, however light, is without a lasting moral influence. Viewed from this standpoint no scene is trivial.

To be judged correctly, however, events must be viewed from a distance. The strains of the "prom.'s" sweetest waltz or most bewitching "two-step" must have long since ceased to vibrate except upon the reverberatory chords of memory before the pleasures and consequences of the week at Yale can rightly be correctly classified and determined.

In the first place the "prom." girl finds herself rejoicing in the fact that she is a woman. If

she does not she is only half a one. The homage that has been offered her induces this. A few girls may become so fascinated with the jolly, unrestrained Bohemian life of the students as to wish to change places with them. But to the average girl the amount and variety of attention received creates pleasure and enhances the value of her own self-respect and possibilities. The treatment she receives is royal. Indeed, the highest praise that a Yale man can bestow is to call a girl a "queen." And she is one for that one week!

"I never felt so like a Princess in my life," exclaimed one girl, "as when I was being handed up and down the steps of our box at the "Prom." with a dozen men around me, and a colored waiter standing ready to run if I lifted my little finger." Every wish that she has is anticipated; nothing is too good for her. Her Junior friend declares disgustedly that those roses he ordered weeks ahead for her are not "half fit," and pronounces the "prom." supper "beastly." As if the girl cared what she ate! She could subsist, as the orchids do, on the atmosphere and the blandishments she absorbs for the whole week.

The effect of this homage ultimately adds to the pleasure and dignity of her life. The world needs more "queens" among women. One way to enthrone them is to treat them as if they were already crowned. (A hint to some people I know!)

But the prom. girl, if she has a fun-loving nature, and back of it a soul whose eyes rest always unswervingly upon the highest and best, is a combination that a college man will fall down before and adore. She dis-

covers that opinions fearlessly spoken at opportune moments carry weight; that influence may also be exerted by the force of example, and sometimes, perhaps more strongly than all, by silence. It may be beneficially inhaled, as ozone without conscious effort is taken into the lungs. It performs its duty when assimilated, and that is the result desired. In short, the "prom." girl finds that she may have a good influence, yet not be a prude; be broad, yet not a Bohemian; a good comrade, yet not "a good fellow;" an uncompromising believer in principle, yet not above a fondness for sitting out waltzes under the stairs. The true American girl is to be trusted; her fetters are her freedom. Though unconventional often in public, in private she always assumes a dignity as imperious as it is unconscious.

These memories and after-thoughts of the "prom." crystallize in the mind of the girl who attends. It is a time to be recalled with keenest pleasure, and repeated like fairy-tales to children and grandchildren. And over its recollections through all the years floats the blue flag of Yale—"that unconquered Y."

FLORENCE GUERTIN.

REVIVAL OF THE OLYMPIC GAMES
AT ATHENS.

Physical exertion is now considered as the proper accompaniment of intellectual effort, the corrective of a course of midnight oil is recognized to be a course of mid-day training, and it is very generally admitted that the *mens sana* can be best maintained in *corpore sano*, and that the true means of keeping the working power of a man at its highest point is the adoption of a simultaneous cultivation of his mental and physical powers. The natural tendency of a modern life is to institute and unduly to intensify a broad distinction between the intellectual and the muscular classes of society, and although it is quite proper that the upper classes should direct their chief efforts to the acquisition of mental power, it is difficult to see why they should not at the same time seek to acquire a physical power not less desirable in its degree. It is a glory to a gentleman that he should possess a larger mind and a more highly developed intellect than a hoodlum, but it is a shame to him that the hoodlum should possess a broader chest and a more highly developed biceps.

That a conviction of this nature appears to be gaining ground is evident by the number of athletic clubs that have sprung up of late years and by the increasing importance of the competitions which naturally spring from them, and it is to be expected that before long athletics will be thought as necessary a discipline as mathematics, and that hard muscles and the

power of running a mile will be considered as necessary qualities as a hard head and the power of solving a quadratic equation.

It must be remarked that the courage and self-denial shown in exertions of this sort are not at all capable of being measured by those made in the actual conflict. The hardest part of the work is that which is gone through during the preceding month or more of training, when cigars and wine and amusements of all kinds have to be abandoned for laborious exertion and abstemious living. Little do the spectators think of the horrors comprised in that word of fear, "training."

It means to go through a course of medicine, to rise at an hour when the rest of the world is turning round for its second sleep, to run miles in heavy clothing till the limbs refuse their office and the whole frame becomes deliquescent, to eat meat without fat and bread without butter, and to be denied apple pudding and pie. It means to run again in the afternoon, with nobody to look on but an aggravating trainer with a watch to take time, and whose only encouragement is in the form of constantly-repeated exhortations to "put it on" and to "shove 'em along." It means to be curry-combed like a horse and to be rubbed over like a silver spoon without plate powder, to leave the training-ground with a cough low down in the throat and with a sensation that all the muscles in the back of the legs have been taken out and stretched and then put back in their wrong places.

It means being regarded as a property by every individual who has an interest in the race, and as an individual destitute of honesty

if the property should be endangered by the intermission or slackening of the training for a single day. It means the entire loss of liberty and free-will and generally the abandonment of all that is usually considered to make life pleasant during the whole time of preparation for the conflict, and when it is over it means for all but a very few the consciousness of having done and endured all for nothing at all but the pleasure of being beaten.

These are the incidents that really test the courage and endurance of those who would win a name in athletic sports, and those who persevere through all to the end deserve a crown, less for any victory they may achieve over their rivals, beneath the eyes of thousands of spectators, than for the long and unwitnessed martyrdom they have previously imposed upon themselves.

The qualities which must be of every-day practice with the athlete are those to which the highest place has ever been assigned by mankind, and were rewards measured solely with regard to the exertions made, the highest would be gained at every athletic meeting. The courage that leads one man up to the cannon's mouth on the field of battle is of no higher order than that which enables another to compass that most frightful of all exertions known as "pulling himself together" and of "putting on a spurt" in the last lap of a mile race, and it is no small subject for pride that there are to be found hundreds of men to undertake either task with equal eagerness, without regard to the reward involved. That there are in the universities and colleges and athletic clubs of the country a large number of

gentlemen for whom training has no terrors and athletic distinction many charms, is shown by the statistics of recent events.

It is impossible to overrate the importance of athletic sports. Athletics alone can correct the vicious tendencies of the artificial nature of modern life, and it is pleasing to find that the growing sense of their value should have received its important, practical application at the hands of the above-mentioned institutions. If the interest in athletics is only kept up in the future as well as it has hitherto been, there is little danger of physical culture falling into disuse.

“The old order changeth, giving place to new.”

But sometimes the new order, having been weighed in the balance and found wanting, is more or less promptly discarded for the old, and the continual revival and reincorporation of the best ideas and practices of the past, and even of antiquity, are facts patent to the historical student.

If the spirit of Polybius is as completely aware of what is passing among us as intelligent spooks are reported to be, he will doubtless congratulate himself upon the truth of his famous observation that “history is made up, not of continuous progress, but of cycles of repetition.” Especially so when he perceives that the Olympic games, which have been nominally dead for 1500 years, and practically dead for 2000, are to be reëstablished by a modern world as the only expedient for securing absolutely honest and single-hearted sport for sport’s sake. It is natural to suppose that the revival of the best antique methods and condi-

tions of athletic contest will be modified and adapted to the new conditions of modern civilization. Our Olympic games will be open to all the world, from Scandinavia to New Zealand, and from Russia to Uruguay. The Greek games were restricted to pure-blooded Hellenes, and no outer "barbarian" might set his unhallowed foot upon the Olympian arena.

Our running, jumping and wrestling will take place with equal sanction at Athens in 1896, at Paris in 1900, and probably at New York at the next quadrennium; and whether beside the Ilissus, the Seine or the Hudson, the Olympiad will be equally honored and authentic; with the Greeks there could be but one possible scene for the crowning contest, and that was Olympia beside the Alpheus. These differences mark an immense advance in the feeling of the unity of the world and the brotherhood of man. The Greek system was rigorous in his exclusiveness; the modern is uncompromising in its inclusiveness. The games are to be cosmopolitan, their arena impartial, and the reputation of their victors world-wide.

Nevertheless, the essential object and principal are precisely the same in both the ancient institution and its modern renaissance. The object is to insure genuine and honorable sport, and the principle is to eliminate those elements of professionalism and money prizes, which experience has shown to be dangerous to that object.

Sport has evolved many a new variety since the last Olympic games took place in the year of grace 394. But it has, unfortunately, no less developed all its latent germs of self-corruption.

While it has added rowing, cricket, baseball, cycling and football to the racing, wrestling and leaping of antiquity, it has also added the betting ring and all the crooked devices which come thereof.

It would be contrary to all history to regard the speculative Greeks as being above offering a bribe for value to be received ; but it would be no less contrary to common sense to believe that any competitor at the national games would sacrifice for a " consideration " all that *kudos* and public recognition which he regarded as priceless. The fact is that the athletes at Olympia were both sportsmen and national representatives. They wrestled, or ran, or boxed, for sport's sake, for the honor and glory of the thing, and in the knowledge that victory meant a distinction throughout Greece and a special honor at home in their own particular city or state, such as no money could purchase. The " professional " had no existence, save as a trainer ; the nominal prize was but a crown of wild olive, while the real prize was the applause of all Greece assembled in its multitude, together with seats in high places and other more or less substantial acknowledgements. Every competitor knew that he would find a fair field and no favor, that a knavish trick would disqualify him forever, and that the eyes of his country were upon him.

He had no interest in any such thing whatever as gate-money, but he felt the keenest interest in the test of his own physical powers, in the good report of his nation, and maybe in the poet who was ready to immortalize him in a triumphal ode.

Under these conditions he had no motive to

do other than his best, and if any Alcibiades or Megacles chose to speculate upon him or his antagonist they could risk their money without fear of trickery. Every spectator knew for certain that he was witnessing a manly contest, manfully and honorably conducted. From the new and world-wide Olympic games, which the energy of a young Frenchman has succeeded in reviving for 1896, and which are to exercise a "sort of high moral jurisdiction over the whole world" of honorable and manly games of sport, the professional is relentlessly shut out.

From that serpent, at least, the new Eden will be free.

The money prize is to give place to the prize of simple glory. It has been laid down that no athlete can serve two masters, and those who choose to serve Mammon must serve him elsewhere. Such are the conditions of the supreme athletic contests of the future, and they are nothing else but an attempt to revert from modern vices to ancient virtues. The necessity for such an attempt may be candidly acknowledged without unfairly deprecating the morals of our own times, and without giving the Greeks undue credit for wisdom and honesty. The fact is that the moral evolution of the professional incubus is due to the altered conditions of life since the days of the *pentathlon* and the *pancratium*.

The new institution of world-wide Olympic games for amateurs, and amateurs alone, may, therefore, be welcomed as some attempt to bring back the Greek *mens sana* into our present excessive adulations of mere *corpus sanum*.

A few remarks may be added with regard to

the physical and mental exercise that should be taken *salutis causâ* by those who are unable or unwilling to earn distinction on the running-path or in the gymnasium.

Give your brain sufficient food and an abundant supply of oxygen, and then give it a fair amount of good, hard work every day, if you wish to maintain it in a high state of healthy activity.

Attorneys and clergymen who use their brains much are the longest-lived men in the state, showing plainly that regular brain work is good for the general health as well as for the efficiency of the nervous system in particular.

The muscular system must be treated in a similar manner, if you do not wish it to become subject to fatty degeneration. An unused muscle shrinks and becomes soft and flabby, presenting a marked contrast to the brawny arm of the blacksmith. A muscle is called upon to perform a vigorous contraction, but it snaps in the effort.

The heart itself is sometimes torn asunder in attempting to send an extra supply of blood to some needy limb. No man can afford to lower his general vitality for the sake of mere idle gratification. He never knows when he may require all the energy which can be stored up in his tissues. A railway accident, a runaway horse, a run to catch a train, a fall or a fit of coughing, may bring a life of misery or an early death to one who would have passed unscathed through them all had he allowed his nerves and muscles to grow strong in glorious activity, instead of carefully preserving them, like smoked bacon, in the fumes of tobacco.

J. W. LAING [Ex.-Pres. Oxford U. A. C.]

COMMENTS ON UNIVERSITY NEWS.

CONDUCTED BY EDWARD S. MARTIN.

THE FRIENDS of the University of Rochester continue to look with disfavor upon the resignation of President Hill. The local desire to have him stay is very strong, and schemes are afoot and efforts are being made to induce him to withdraw his resignation. Members of the Chamber of Commerce of Rochester have been exerting themselves to raise a new fund to advance the development of the university according to Dr. Hill's ideas, and they hope that if they can raise as they expect to, between \$50,000 and \$100,000, it may weigh with Dr. Hill as a practical argument in favor of his remaining. Dr. Hill is a very reasonable person and ready to consider anything, but as yet he has not shown any sign of changing his mind.

BY A decision of the General Term of the Supreme Court of New York, handed down December 18, the trustees of the residuary estate of the late Mr. D. B. Fayerweather are directed to distribute the residue as directed in the tenth clause of the will. This tenth clause originally provided that the residue should go in equal shares to these colleges, named in the ninth clause: Bowdoin, Dartmouth, Williams, Amherst, Wesleyan, Yale, Columbia, Union Theological Seminary, Hamilton, Rochester, Cornell, Lafayette, Lincoln, University of Virginia, Hampton, Maryville, Marietta, Adelbert, Park, Wabash.

Two codicils were added to the will at various times, and finally a third, declaring the tenth clause void and giving the residue outright to the executors. The executors admitted that the residue was given them to distribute, but held that they could distribute it as they saw fit. So they made a deed of gift whereby about two-thirds of it was given to various colleges and hospitals. The court found that the third codical was added on the strength of representations made by the executors to the testator to the effect that if the residue was left to them they would distribute it in accordance with the tenth clause of the will. So this clause, though nominally void, is held to be binding on the executors, and the colleges named in it (or, more accurately, in the clause preceeding it) will get their money. The amount of the residue is about \$3,000,000, which gives about \$150,000 to each of the colleges named above.

It is still open to the Fayerweather executors to appeal to the Court of Appeals, but the General Term decision establishes the facts in the case, and the opinion of the learned seems to be that there is no chance at all of upsetting it.

The colleges not provided for by the tenth clause but remembered in the trustees' deed of gift, which is now void, were Union, Haverford, New York University, University of Pennsylvania, Brown, Harvard, Princeton, Northwestern University, Rutgers, Wells, Elmhurst Female College, Vassar, Barnard and Trinity. These deserving institutions lose from \$50,000 to \$150,000 apiece. The colleges which won are those which by the ninth clause of Mr. Fayerweather's testament received specified bequests of from \$50,000 to \$300,000. Thus once again

the Scripture is fulfilled, and they who have get more.

The total in amount of the Fayerweather accumulations which have been or will be distributed to colleges is estimated to be \$5,150,000. As yet only three Americans have given greater sums to educational purposes. Stephen Girard gave eight millions to Girard College, Mr. Rockefeller seven or eight millions (at last reports) to the University of Chicago, and George Peabody six millions to various institutions. Stanford University is likely, in the end to get an immense endowment from the Stanford estate, but the outcome there is still a little uncertain.

BARNARD COLLEGE will be particularly sorry to lose her prospective share of the Fayerweather funds. Barnard has almost everything to do at once. She wants to move, to build, to expand, to emerge and assert herself. She feels very deeply and earnestly that it is someone's solemn duty to provide her with \$500,000 within the present twelvemonth.

PRINCETON HAS 1,088 students this year, 21 less than last year. The slight falling off is attributed to the raising of the standard of admission. Forty States and fourteen foreign countries are represented among these students. Pennsylvania sends 307 representatives, New Jersey 249, and New York 165.

THE ART GALLERY of Dartmouth College has an interesting collection of portraits of Daniel Webster, to which has lately been added a daguerreotype given by Mrs. C. D. Stuart, of

Huntington, L. I., and believed to be the last picture for which the god-like statesman sat. Dartmouth is lucky in that her great man was so superlatively picturesque. There has been no American, not even the first President himself, whose effigies and portraits are more intrinsically interesting than Webster's. He looked all he was, and it is even possible that in some particulars his appearance had a slight advantage of him, and set a pace that he could not quite keep up with.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO, which, by the way, has gathered a couple more millions or so into its endowment fund since the last number of *THE BACHELOR* went to press, has again experienced the inconvenience of having in its faculty professors who insist upon speaking their mind. Professor Von Holst, well-known for his *Constitutional History of the United States*, was so scandalized by President Cleveland's Venezuelan message, and came out so strongly against it, that President Harper and other professors found it expedient to publish a statement explaining that Dr. Von Holst expressed only his own personal views, and that the faculty and students of the University of Chicago believed that the President's attitude was right, and were prepared to back him up in it. Dr. Von Holst's views on the Monroe Doctrine were interesting, not because he was a member of the faculty of the University of Chicago, but because he was a well-known student and writer of American history. Nevertheless, it was reasonable and proper that it should be understood that he spoke for himself, and not for the university.

The strong interest of the college professors in the Venezuela boundary question and their various expressions of opinion about it have been highly interesting and somewhat remarkable. The opinions of distinguished professors of history and international law in all parts of the country have been called for and published in the newspapers. The great majority of the views expressed have been decidedly pacific, and the doctors, as a rule, have inclined to the opinion given by Professor Von Holst, that the connection of the Monroe Doctrine with the Venezuelan boundary dispute was not intimate enough to warrant the President's suggestion of the readiness of the United States to fight, if necessary, in defence of Venezuela from British aggression. Harvard took the war scare uncommonly to heart, and cried out very earnestly for pacification; Yale did not commit herself so definitely, though Professor Woolsey's remark that the President had gone gunning without a license, and his opinion moderately enough expressed that the Monroe Doctrine did not apply, was the most important expression of Yale sentiment that went out, and was looked upon as representative.

AMHERST COLLEGE will send out an astronomical expedition to observe the eclipse of the sun next August from the Japanese island of Yezo. The greater part of the necessary apparatus is on its way to San Francisco aboard the schooner yacht *Coronet*, a part owner of which Mr. D. Willis James, of New York, is one of the Amherst trustees. His son, Mr. A. C. James, and Prof. David P. Todd, of Amherst,

will join the yacht at San Francisco and cross the Pacific in her.

Amherst has been lately enriched by a gift of 5,000 pieces of table china, marked with the monogram of the college, from Trustee Henry D. Hyde, of Boston. It is to be used for the annual alumni dinner and other public dinners of the college, for which, heretofore, it has been customary to hire the necessary dishes. Amherst's habits are pretty well fixed, and her housekeeping gives fair promise of being continuous. It is high time that her butler's pantry was adequately stocked.

The Amherst faculty has lately ruled that no undergraduate who is seriously behind in his work may take part in any public game or entertainment, and that no association of undergraduates may give any public exhibition or entertainment without first consulting a committee of the faculty.

THE VENEZUELA boundary question will be a boon to the college debating societies, which have lately shown such strong symptoms of recovering their old-time vigor. The Monroe Doctrine is sure to be sifted thoroughly by undergraduate debaters within the next six months, and it will be well if the whole foreign policy of the United States and the history of American diplomacy is thoroughly studied and wrangled over. It was suggested the other day that Spain was getting tired of fighting in Cuba, and might be glad to swap that turbulent island with England for Gibraltar and something to boot. The suggestion is met by the assertion that the United States would not for an instant permit such a trade. Whether she

would or not, or rather, perhaps, whether she should or not, is a question involving important principles of international politics, the investigation of which by undergraduate debaters would be both timely and profitable.

YALE WILL be proud enough of its three commissioners on the Venezuelan Boundary Committee, no doubt, to endure with complacency the possible retort of Harvard that "after all, our Mr. Olney put up the whole job." Harvard's claim to Secretary Olney, which does not seem likely, by the way, to be violently pressed, rests on the fact of his being a graduate of her law school and the recipient of her honorary degree of LL.D. He took his Bachelor of Arts degree at Brown.

YALE, ACCORDING to her new catalogue, has 2,415 students this year, as against 2,350 last year. Her academic department has gained 49 students; her scientific department (where the requirements were raised) has fallen off 82; the Divinity School shows a loss of 11, and all other departments a gain. Seven hundred and twelve of Yale's 2,415 students were from Connecticut, 496 from New York, 154 from Pennsylvania, 124 from Ohio, 118 from Illinois, 115 from Massachusetts, 88 from New Jersey, 10 from the Sandwich Islands, 5 from Japan, 5 from Turkey, 7 from Great Britain, 2 from India, and 2 from Cuba. It appears, therefore, that two States send 1,208 men, and five other States 599; a remarkably good distribution, which gives Yale a high place as a representative university.

The Phi Beta Kappa Society at Yale has

shown itself alive and contemporaneous by inviting Professor Wheeler, John Burroughs, John Kendrick Bangs, Hamilton W. Mabie, George W. Smalley, and Thomas Nelson Page to deliver university lectures at New Haven during the present term. It might be possible to get together a squad of lecturers who would impart more solid information than these gentlemen, but it would be hard to find a lot whom Yale men could listen to with less expenditure of conscious personal effort.

The Phelps gateway building is to be finished in April, and is to have a big elevator to carry students to the recitation rooms on the upper floors. There is an effete private dormitory at Harvard which has an elevator, but so far as THE BACHELOR knows, the Phelps building is the first recitation-room building in which this modern improvement has been introduced.

Every year now from twenty to thirty women take graduate courses at Yale. If they stay two years and write a satisfactory thesis they get the degree of Ph.D. Most of them are students of distinction, who go to New Haven in preference of going to Germany. They go there to study, and go about their business very earnestly and unobtrusively. Little is seen or known of them by Yale undergraduates, but they appreciate the hospitality of the university, and profit by it.

THERE SEEMS to be a real prospect of the organization of a new club at Harvard, which will be comprehensive enough to take in all Harvard men who are clubbable. Need is felt in Cambridge of some common stamping

7th / ground where the social outcasts of the university can meet and perhaps make one another's acquaintance. Inasmuch as under the present out-grown club and society system at Harvard the outcasts include from one-half to three-quarters of the whole undergraduate population, the need of providing for their social development has been held, not unreasonably, to be somewhat acute. Editor William R. Mayer of the *Harvard Graduates' Magazine*, is one of the more energetic instigators of the new enterprize, and with him are interested some of the most influential graduates of the university.

A HARVARD law student, in good standing, was arrested on December 3 at the instigation of S. S. Pierce, the Boston grocer, for obtaining goods on false pretenses. On investigation it turned out that the student was a solvent and otherwise reputable person, and that his arrest was due to a misapprehension of facts and statements. He received forthwith one of the most complete and elegant sets of newspaper and other apologies amassed in modern times, and his present credit among Boston tradesmen is a thing upon which the imagination delights to dwell.

THE ROAD making exploit of certain Oxford students under the inspiration of Mr. Ruskin's exhortations has lately found a sort of parallel in the activities of the students of the University of California, at Berkeley, who pledged themselves before Christmas, to go to work after the holidays and put the university grounds in order. There were crooked paths

to be made straight, the campus to be graded, roads to be repaired and ground to be broken for a new gateway. The field was white—as white as fields get in California—and the State would not furnish money to pay the laborers. So the students agreed to do the work themselves and save the university the \$3,000 that it was estimated to cost. At this writing it has not appeared how their efforts succeeded, but the Park Commissioners of San Francisco were ready to lend them tools and the expectation was that a week's work would do the business.

THERE ARE drawbacks as well as advantages about being a high priest and chief spokesman of agnosticism. The senior class of the law school of the University of Missouri at Columbia, appointed a committee early in December to invite Col. Robert Ingersoll to deliver an address in commencement week. The faculty of the university, however, looked with such decided disfavor upon the plan that it seems to have fallen through. Colonel Ingersoll's reputation as a lawyer is so overshadowed by his fame as a belligerent heretic that a desire to have him speak on any academic occasion would be sure to be held to imply some degree of sympathy with his irreligious sentiments.

SCHOOL SUPERINTENDENT PEDERSON, of Winnebago County, Wis., charges in a recent report that President Adams, of the University of Wisconsin, is an aristocrat and that the whole of his efforts are directed toward making the university an aristocratic institution. The regents of the university have objected clamor-

ously to the report, and censured Mr. Pederson, who, when last heard of, was busy with a new manifesto setting forth specific instances of Dr. Adams's uppishness. It is rumored that the president of the university rides in a carriage driven by a man in a tall hat, that he uses four-pronged forks on his table, reads the *Nation*, gets his clothes in Milwaukee, and is addicted to the use of nail brushes, tooth powder, and other means of offensive personal embellishment. How far such dreadful blemishes as these have earned him the school superintendent's disapproval, will appear when Mr. Pederson's impending statement sees the light.

ADVICES FROM Hamilton College, dated December 14, read:

The college is in the full swing of examinations, and this means more than it used to mean in Hamilton. Already one man has been dropped because he failed to reach a grade admitting him to the examinations. Men can no longer stay in the college without studying.

This is as it should be. The ideal college is one in which men cannot stay without learning something. The next best kind is one like Hamilton, wherein men cannot stay without studying.

ABOUT THIRTY high-spirited youths, who are in the process of education at Wyoming Seminary, Kingston, Pa., felt called upon, on the night of December 16, to tar and feather a fellow student. It seems to have been a painful duty, but thoroughly done. The ground of action was that the student dealt with was a thief, and the fact was so clearly established that when it came to the knowledge

of the faculty the lad was rubbed clean and then expelled. Tar and feathers is a severe form of discipline, but not necessarily unkind. Any ministration that is effectual to awaken in the mind of a young thief a sense of the inexpediency of stealing is essentially benevolent, though it may be deeply disguised. The trouble is that a college lad who steals money from his fellow students is usually made of such perverse and imperfect materials that no impression, however strong, continues long in force with him.

THE FRESHMAN class at Union College took measures before the holidays to introduce the honor system in examinations. The faculty is warmly in favor of their doing so, and if the freshmen will agree not to cheat, the examiners are ready to engage not to watch them. The plan is that the class shall appoint a committee to take action in any case of dishonesty that may transpire. The upper classes in the college appear to approve of the enterprise of the freshmen, and are not unlikely to follow their example.

HERE IS a pleasant story from the Ithaca correspondence of the New York *Evening Post*:

Among the seven trades which a student in mechanical engineering must learn at Cornell is that of the blacksmith. Occasionally there is a protest, but it is never heeded. A student ten years ago, who was averse to soiling his hands, was compelled to work at the forge just the same. This fall he came to Professor Morris and thanked him for being compelled to learn blacksmithing. He explained that he was now superintendent of a mine in Colorado. "Last summer the main shaft broke," he said, "and there was no one in

the mine but myself who could weld it. I didn't like the job, but I took off my coat and welded that shaft. It wasn't a pretty job, but she's running now. If I couldn't have done it, I'd have had to pack that shaft on a mule's back and send it 300 miles over the mountains to be fixed, and the mine would have had to shut down till it got back. My ability to mend that shaft raised me in the eyes of every man in the mine, and the boss raised my salary !”

OUT OF the \$5,500,000 which President Low estimated as necessary to enable Columbia College to move and start prosperously on her new site, \$4,000,000 have been received, and Dr. Low has his ear to the ground waiting for the thud which will signify that some friend of the university has dropped the other million and a half.

Meanwhile the cornerstone of the new library has been laid (December 8), the Alumni Council have had a successful dinner at Sherry's (December 17), and the number of matriculated students falls only 47 behind last year's list. The present number is 1,821. The departments of medicine, mines and political science have fewer students this year than last. The departments of the arts, law and philosophy have gained. The law school has 316 men, as against 258 last year; the medical school 701, as against 778 last year; the school of mines 353, as against 388 last year; the college proper (arts) 268, as against 252 last year.

ATHLETIC DEPARTMENT.

CONDUCTED BY WALTER CAMP.

THE year 1895 has been one of the most remarkable in the history of college sports in this country. Had it not been for the unfortunate severance of relations between two of our most prominent universities its athletic glories would not have been dimmed by any breath of the disagreeable. Outside of college sports a similar disagreeable fiasco marked the yacht race, and the Cornell defeat at the Henley Regatta was unfortunate. But our other foreign relations were of the happiest. Both collegian and clubman demonstrated to the Englishmen that our watches were not wrong, and that our tapes were right. New London and Poughkeepsie invite their attention next, and if an Oxford or Cambridge crew will come we will give them a race, and, if we can, a beating. If we fail in that we'll give them the best time we can, and as hearty a welcome and send-off as we did their track teams and cricket elevens. Our fall season was one continued surprise, and the interest was of the kind known as "sustained," indeed. In fact, there never was a football season that showed such remarkable development in all tactics, and in an evenly balanced fashion as that of 1895. The smaller teams, by devotion to the principles of combined kicking and running, with the added knowledge that has come from skillful coaching, came to be feared, and rightly so. The athletic clubs held their own against the strongest aggregations, and every game was in

doubt until actually played. That is the kind of season we ought to see.

TO SUMMARIZE briefly the events of the year, one can say that in track athletics 1895 was easily the most important year since the inauguration of the Mott Haven games and the old amateur association which preceded the A. A. U. The season of 1895 was enlivened by contests with foreign competitors, and the showing of the American athletes was beyond the most sanguine expectations.

The London Athletic Club was defeated by the New York Athletic Club team without winning a point, and the Cambridge team fell before the Yale athletes in almost an equally convincing way, although in the latter meeting the records did not suffer. In the former they were simply mowed down, as the day and conditions were more favorable than the most sanguine could have hoped. In addition to the visit of these foreign athletes, we have enjoyed contests with a visiting team from the Pacific Coast—the University of California—and found their representatives of good quality, and withal plucky and dashing. Yale won the Intercollegiate and also the dual meeting with Harvard. The one thing that marred the season of 1895 in the way of track athletics was the refusal by Harvard of the Oxford–Cambridge challenge, for, while it was good to see Yale pitted against Cambridge, it would have been doubly satisfactory to have seen Yale and Harvard trying an issue with the combined team of Oxford and Cambridge.

THE COLLEGE baseball season proved another

triumph for Yale, who defeated Princeton in two exciting matches, winning the second game after the score was 7 to 1 against them, and making a most remarkable finish. Carter was knocked out of the box, but had an opportunity to redeem himself in the last Harvard game played at New Haven, where he aided in the defeat of Harvard by allowing them but two hits, giving way to his substitute only toward the end of the game.

This man's baseball history has been a remarkable one, and he is probably the best all-round man of the college players of last season.

THE TENNIS SEASON gave us an opportunity of seeing Messrs. Pim and Mahoney, and a most pleasant sight it was to watch the playing of both, particularly Dr. Pim. In the annual tournament at Newport Hovey at last reached the height of tennis ambition, and thoroughly deserved the victory which he won.

IN BOATING the New London and Poughkeepsie races divided the honors and interest. The day upon which the Poughkeepsie race should have been rowed, had it not been for the accident to Pennsylvania's boat, was an ideal one and would undoubtedly have resulted in the breaking of records. Unfortunately the Governor's tug threw her wash against the Pennsylvania shell just as it was being tenderly dropped from the float, and the result was a smashed shell, and no possibility of a race for some days. When the race was finally rowed the conditions were much less favorable, as the weather was rough and considerable wind blow-

ing. Columbia, who had not had a university crew afloat for some years, won well-deserved praise by defeating Cornell and Pennsylvania. The race at New London was a foregone conclusion to those who had followed the two crews carefully, and Yale led the procession with ease, although Harvard seemed to finish in much better physical condition than in past years.

Our foreign relations on the water consisted of Cornell's entering the Henley regatta. The history of the fiasco there is still too fresh in our minds to need recapitulation. It certainly seems to the writer, after all the heat and smoke of the conflict have cleared away, that the most serious error lay in the overtraining of the Cornell crew, and their physical condition. Without discussing the merits of strokes, for, as in any other work, a stroke of thirty-six properly applied may accomplish just as much as a higher one, the time made by the Cornell crew, verified by reputable English watches, would indicate that had the race been rowed a week or two earlier—in other words, when the Cornell men were fit and were rowing their stroke to the best advantage—the best time made by the Englishmen would not have held them.

Although the acceptance of the heat after a false start made Cornell and the Americans many enemies in England, this episode was as nothing when compared with the Dunraven matter, the echoes of which are still resounding. Whatever may be said of the merits of the case, surely nothing could be more ill-advised than the late resurrection of all the unpleasantness by further charges, which could only be

regarded, unless backed by the most unmistakable evidence and proof, as in the highest degree insulting to the Cup Committee and to the New York Yacht Club. It is not a case for heroics and never was one. We have really made more stir over it than we ought to have done.

The interest that has been stimulated in college boating circles this winter regarding the establishment of a general regatta to be held next summer at Poughkeepsie, takes one back immediately to the days of the old National Rowing Association of American Colleges. To the graduate of the seventies the mere mention of these days is like waving a red rag before a bull. If he be a Yale or Harvard man he is full of the fouls that were then committed; if he be a member of the other participating colleges he cannot tell too earnestly of how these two—Yale and Harvard—broke up the Association. But it does not take the college community long to forget, and there is more than a sneaking longing on the part of many, even Yale and Harvard men, to see a more general regatta. Should such an affair become established upon the Hudson there is little doubt that upon the occasion of a fair day we shall see the records broken, for in spite of detractors, the Poughkeepsie course, when clear and smoth, is a fast one.

But to return to the history of general regattas among the colleges. Many of their former ills arose from conditions which could never again exist. For instance, the early races were rowed with a turn instead of a straight-away course. Boats of all kinds and descriptions were used. Handicaps were placed

on extra oars. And most serious of all, the boats were without coxswains, the bow-oar steering with his feet—not literally with his feet in the water, but by means of ropes running back to the rudder. The chapter of misfortunes is a long one. The first year the drowning of Dunham, of the Yale crew, a week before the race, put all thoughts of a regatta out of everyone's head. The next year the Harvard and Yale boats fouled each other. After the race of '60 the Civil War cut off the contests until '64. Then, at a meeting of Yale and Harvard delegates, it was agreed that no other colleges should be invited to contest, and it was not until 1871 that others were again let in. Yale sent no crew, having challenged Harvard to a separate race, which never came off, and the Massachusetts Agricultural College now easily defeated Harvard by 37 seconds. I well remember, and so do probably many of my readers, the chills that thereafter ran up and down our backs at the mention of the redoubtable "Amherst Aggies," as they were called. The next year Yale came in, and both Yale and Harvard were beaten, the regular Amherst crew finishing first and Yale a bad last. There was, however, no fouling. But a brief history shows the growth of the numbers in these regattas, and, as history repeats itself, it is probable that, give us a fair start, and we shall have a dozen eight-oared crews on the course before many summers.

THE FIRST intercollegiate rowing meeting actually took place in 1859, although the proposal and plans to hold an annual intercollegiate regatta dated back a year before that. In

the spring of 1858 one of the Harvard papers started the idea of establishing an annual regatta, and the proposition finally resulted in a meeting of delegates from Harvard, Yale, Brown and Trinity, at New Haven. The result of this convention was the decision to hold an annual regatta, the first meeting to take place at Springfield in that year. The course to be three miles, and each college to enter as many boats as it liked. The most singular part of the provision was that the boats could be of any description, with or without coxswains, and that a handicap of 11 seconds per extra oar should be made. Still further, the race was to be either a straight-away or a turn, according to the weather. It was in this year, a week before the day of the race, that the drowning of Geo. Dunham, of the class of '59 of the Yale crew, occurred. The result of this sad accident was the giving up of the race, so that it was not until 1859 that the first annual regatta took place. In the latter part of the winter of 1859 a meeting of the four colleges was held, and it was decided to hold the regatta at Springfield on July 22. But later the date was changed to July 26, and the place to Lake Quinsigamond. Harvard entered two boats, Brown and Yale, each one.

It was claimed that in the race the *Avon*, one of the Harvard boats, forced Yale out of her course, so that Harvard's other boat secured the winning lead. Yale finished second. On the next day, the 27th, Yale and Harvard were entered by themselves to compete for the Citizens' Prize. Yale defeated Harvard by two seconds in a most exciting race, in which Yale turned

first, but was overtaken by Harvard, who finally opened up clear water between the boats, but was once more pulled down by Yale not far from the finish. In 1860, at Lake Quinsigamond, Yale, Harvard and Brown rowed all in six-oared shells, Harvard winning.

The next seven regattas were contested by Yale and Harvard only, and all on Lake Quinsigamond, but in 1872 Yale, Harvard, Amherst, Massachusetts Agricultural, Bowdoin and Williams were all entered at Springfield in six-oared shells. Amherst won. The course was three miles straight-away. The following year Yale, Harvard, Wesleyan, Columbia, Cornell, Amherst, Dartmouth, Massachusetts Agricultural, Bowdoin, Trinity and Williams were entered. The course was the same and Yale won. The following year the regatta was changed to Saratoga where Yale, Harvard, Columbia, Wesleyan, Williams, Cornell, Dartmouth, Trinity and Princeton formed the party. Columbia won. The next year, 1875, at Saratoga, was the most cumbersome of all these National Rowing Association regattas. Thirteen crews were entered as follows: Yale, Harvard, Cornell, Columbia, Dartmouth, Wesleyan, Amherst, Brown, Williams, Bowdoin, Hamilton, Union and Princeton. Cornell won. As far back as 1871 Yale had been troubled regarding the course. In fact, it was a matter of established tradition at Yale ever since their defeat of 1866 that they were against the Worcester course, and in the race of 1870, when in the freshmen race the Harvard and Yale boats collided, and again in the University race Yale and Harvard fouled, a boating meeting was held at which the feeling

became so strong that a resolution was passed that no Yale crew be allowed to challenge any Harvard crew except for a straight-away course. A challenge based upon this resolution was sent to Harvard, but no reply was made, except an invitation to Yale four months later to send delegates to the convention at Springfield to establish a Union Regatta of American colleges. In the race of 1873, at the start Yale and Harvard took the lead, and there was for a moment a touch, but the boats came free and thus avoided what would have added even more fuel to the flame of bitterness. In 1874, at the convention held in Hartford, delegates from twelve colleges were present. Harvard brought forward three propositions none of which, however, were carried. They were as follows: First, That no more colleges be allowed in the association. Second, That professional school students be eligible for crews. And third, That the next race be rowed at New London.

In 1875 Yale made a proposition to fence off the course by buoys thus giving each crew its own water. This amendment was carried, and the experiment proved a success. For all that, however, a writer of that date says, it was generally known by those in the inner councils that the Harvard and Yale Universities would recommend their boat clubs to withdraw from the association and reestablish the annual Harvard-Yale race. As a matter of fact, the following year Yale did withdraw, and challenged Harvard to a separate race. Harvard accepted promptly, but so much stir was made of the matter in the newspapers that Harvard decided to row once more in the general regatta

as well. A Yale writer reckons the result as follows: In the general regatta on Saratoga course Cornell won with Harvard second. As Yale defeated Harvard by half a minute in four miles, and Cornell defeated her by only four seconds in three miles, the Saratoga race was considered by Yale men to demonstrate the superiority of their crew to any college crew afloat at that time. This was Harvard's last year in the general regatta, and in the following year the smaller colleges were so discouraged by the withdrawal of Yale and Harvard that only three came together to make arrangements for a race. Columbia and Princeton wanted a four-oared race, while Cornell wanted an eight-oared. Columbia was the only one of the three that put a crew in training and they, finding nobody to compete with, disbanded. A Rowing Association of New England colleges, originated by Dartmouth, failed completely also this year, not a single crew beginning to train. This left Yale and Harvard as the only two colleges with crews on the water in the summer of 1877.

Columbia's boating victories in the past have been many, but never was there a more refreshing one than that of last season. It has started up boating matters with wonderful push, and already there are 75 candidates representing both 'varsity and freshmen crews who are now at work in the Gym. They have six months' of training ahead of them but that does not daunt them in the least. It is said that only four of last year's crew expect to go in the boat again. Prentiss, the captain, will of course row, and so will Longacre, Pierpont and Hobdy. It will not be surprising if some of the others like McGregor and

Carter take it up again although now they say that their studies are going to prevent them. Fish has left college but Pressprich is still eligible. One of last year's freshmen crew, Haight, is likely to get a place. Sturges, Goldsmith and Shepard are some more big men in the freshmen crew upon whom Coach Peet is likely to spend some time.

The big question is just what races will be rowed. Columbia is willing to accommodate the Yale men both 'varsity and freshman, and there is a good deal of talk about having the general regatta on the Hudson River to accommodate all the varied interests. Columbia has challenged Harvard, and Harvard is to row Cornell. Harvard, Columbia, Cornell and Pennsylvania have now agreed to row in June, at Poughkeepsie. Will Yale also enter that race? Again, will there be separate freshmen races between Harvard and Columbia and Yale and Columbia, for it is said that Harvard will object to the usual entry of Yale in the freshman race.

To tell the truth, things are somewhat mixed in boating matters, and it is a question what the final outcome will be as far as Yale is concerned.

THE OLD story of a quarrel over colors seems to be starting once more. Down at Princeton they have discovered that blue and yellow were the true old Nassau colors, but it is likely they will stick to the famous black and tan.

C. H. Jackson, a Harvard graduate published in one of the San Francisco papers an open letter, remonstrating with one of the universities on account of their color, adopted some years ago. The two letters following speak for themselves:

December 4, 1895.

*C. H. Jackson, Attorney-General's Office, Sacramento,
Cal. :*

DEAR SIR : Your favor of the 3d inst., with clipping from the *Call* is duly at hand. I will refer the matter to Mr. Sheldon, president of the student body. The colors of the university were chosen by the students themselves, the faculty having nothing to do with the matter. It would be exceedingly difficult to make a change now, even if it were thought desirable, because the cardinal has become very closely associated with the history of the university.

I do not, however, appreciate the strength of your arguments. It does not seem to me that the cardinal of Stanford is any more like the crimson of Harvard than the blue and gold of the State University is like the blue of Yale. Besides, what is to be done, for example, with the color of Wisconsin? If, however, we were to trace the significance of the cardinal of Stanford, we would find in the very close resemblance in our plan of organization and arrangement of studies to those of Harvard a sufficient reason for resemblance in other things.

If we ever have a football struggle with Harvard we shall try to see that the difference in shade of red is made sufficiently evident. The colors of red, white and blue are the colors of the nation, as well as of several foreign nations, and we would not wish to be suspected of trying to take advantage of the national colors, as has been done once or twice by political parties and by the manufacturers of soap.

Very truly yours,

DAVID S. JORDAN, President.

SAN FRANCISCO, December 10, 1895.

Hon. D. S. Jordan, President Stanford University.

DEAR SIR : Without wishing to become controversial upon the subject which I advanced for the common good of both universities, I desire, nevertheless, to reply to one or two sentiments in your letter of the 4th inst.

In the first place, there should be no hesitancy in correcting a wrong or mistake of this kind. Harvard once made this very same change from cardinal, and if

she could do so with her wealth of tradition and history, reaching back almost to Plymouth rock, certainly that color has not become so "closely associated with the history of Stanford University" as to make a change in her case an impossibility. You say that you do not think the cardinal of Stanford is any more like the crimson of Harvard than the blue and gold of the State University is like the blue of Yale. If this be the state of color-blindness at Stanford, of course it makes little difference whether her colors be those of the Salvation Army or the piratical flag of the "Spanish Main."

In conclusion, I have only to say that there is a federal law against using the national flag for advertising purposes, and the political party that once flaunted it in the face of the bandana, was the party of Logan, of Lincoln, and of Grant—a party that had the same right by tradition and by patriotic achievement to use it that Harvard has to the use of her venerated colors.

Very respectfully,

CHARLES H. JACKSON,

Harvard '81, U. C. '84.

It seems as if, without any ill-feeling, ~~California~~ ^{Stanford} should make a change to a combination of colors so as not to interfere with Harvard. However, imitation is the sincerest flattery.

THE BACHELOR has already commented upon the athletic sports at Vassar, and now has an opportunity of comparing times and records in two sets of games:

GAMES AT VASSAR.

One hundred yards dash. Won by Miss Vassar. Time $15\frac{1}{4}$ seconds.

Running broad jump. Won by Miss E. Lister Baker with a jump of 11 ft. 5 in.

One hundred and twenty yard hurdle race. Won by Miss Ida C. Thallon, Time, 25 seconds.

Running high jump. Won by Miss Laura J. Brownell with a jump of 4 ft. 8 in.

Two hundred and twenty yard run. Won by Miss Haight. Time, $36\frac{1}{4}$ seconds.

GAMES AT MRS. HEAD'S SCHOOL, GERMANTOWN.

One hundred yard dash. Won by Miss Florence Johnson. Time $13\frac{1}{2}$ seconds.

One hundred and twenty yard hurdle. Won by Miss Anna Audinried. Time, 22 seconds.

Running broad jump. Won by Miss May Swartz. Distance, 11 ft. 9 in.

Running high jump. Won by Miss May Swartz. Distance, 4 ft. 2 in.

Putting 16-pound shot. Won by Miss Florence Johnson. Distance, 25 ft. 6 in.

It is said that the weather had much to do with the poorer records made at the Vassar games.

A GOOD STORY comes from *Vanity Fair*, and might be applied to a good many of the athletic drawings we see on this side the water :

Mr. Phil May knows more of drawing than he knows of cricket, as you will perceive by looking carefully at his picture of a cricket match in *Punch's Almanac*. The drawing so preyed upon the nerves of Dr. W. G. Grace that he determined to protest. So, when Phil May arrived at the *Punch* dinner the other evening he found a telegram awaiting him : " Why, oh why, does square leg wear wicket-keeping gloves ?— W. G. GRACE."

At midnight Phil May came out into Fleet Street and thought he would send an answer. So he went into the telegraph office and wrote it. The clerk, seeing the address, remarked that it was some miles from Bristol and a special messenger would be required. " All right," said May, " send it off at once." And at about 2.30 on a bleak December morning the champion was awakened from his first sleep and dug from his bed to read the reply : " To keep his hands warm.— PHIL MAY."

Here is an accident, that had it happened in football instead of hockey, would probably have received a column instead of a paragraph :

Bert O'Leary, an 11-year-old boy, died from lock-jaw yesterday. Monday while playing polo he was struck on the shin with a polo stick. The shin was cut and the wound was not attended to. He caught cold, and lockjaw resulted.

A COMMITTEE, consisting of Oliver E. Cromwell, Frank Bowne Jones and E. Burton Hart, Jr., have been working hard on a set of racing rules that shall, under the Yacht Racing Union, make all the rules uniform for our yacht clubs. The following are the principal features of their proposed alterations :

"All races and all yacht sailing shall be under the direction of the Regatta Committee and of the club under whose auspices the races are being sailed. All matters shall be subject to their approval and control, and all doubts, questions and disputes which arise shall be subject to their decision. Their decision shall be based upon these rules as far as they apply ; but as no rules can be devised capable of meeting every incident and accident of sailing, the Regatta Committee should keep in view the ordinary customs of the sea, and discourage all attempts to win a race by other means than fair sailing and superior skill and speed. The decision of the Regatta Committee shall be final, unless they think fit, on the application of the parties interested or otherwise, to refer the questions at issue for the decision of the Council of the Yacht Racing Union, whose decision shall be final. No member of the Regatta Committee or Council shall take part in the discussion or decision upon any disputed

question in which he is directly interested. This rule, however, applies only to yachts sailing in a race."

Yachts shall be rated for classification and time allowance according to the following system :

"To the load water line length add the square root of the sail area and divide the sum by two. The result is the racing length."

The measurement will be obtained as follows : "The load water line length shall be the distance in a straight line between the points furthest forward and furthest aft where the hull, exclusive of the rudder stock, is intersected by the surface of the water, when the yacht is afloat in racing trim in smooth water, with any person or persons who may be aboard when the measurement is being taken stationed amidships.

"Provided always, that if any part of the stem or stern posts or other part of the yacht below the load water line projects beyond the length taken as mentioned, such projection or projections shall for the purpose of the rule be added to the length taken as stated. And pieces of any form cut out of the fair line of the stem, sternposts, or the ridge of the counter, with the apparent purpose of shortening the load water line shall not be allowed for in measurement of length.

"The measurer, at the time of taking his measurements, shall affix a distinctive mark at each end of the load water line.

"The sail area shall be ascertained by taking a perpendicular along the after side of the main mast from the under side of the sheave of the highest halyard block or sheave of the

topmast, to the upper side of the boom, when resting on the saddle, or on the lowest part of the gooseneck, the distance of which point from the main deck or house deck shall be recorded by the measurer, together with the other points used in measurement.

“The forward point of measurement of the base line shall be midway between the intersection of the bowsprit and jibtopsail stay, and the center of the tack-crinkle of the jib or flying jib when set. The after point of measurement shall be the end of the main boom in schooners, cutters, sloops and cat-boats, and of the mizzen boom in yawls.

“The main top mast shall be measured from the hounds of the lower mast to the lower side of the sheave, and of the highest halyard block or sheave on the top mast, and 80 per cent. of this length shall be taken from the extreme length of the main gaff measured from the inside of the jaws to the after end, the remainder being added to the base line.

“In all cases where the length of the spinnaker boom exceeds the distance from the forward side of the forward mast to the forward point of measurement, such excess shall be added to the base line. The length to be measured for the spinnaker boom shall be the extreme distance, when in use, of its outer end from the center of the foreside of the mast on which it is carried. In pole-masted yachts and those not carrying top masts, the distance between the under side of the sheave in the throat halyard block and the outer side of the sheave in the uppermost halyard block or sheave on mast, shall be used for determining the length of the base line in the

same way as is the length of the topmast, when one is carried. In yachts which do not carry head sail the forward point of measurement for the base line shall be the after side of the mast, or of the foremast, if there is more than one mast.

“ The area from these figures is obtained by multiplying the corrected base by the perpendicular and dividing by two.

“ Where in any case owing to peculiarity of rig, the sail area of the yacht cannot, in the opinion of the measurer, be fairly measured in the customary way, he may, with the sanction of the Regatta Committee, instead of this take such measurements as will enable him to compute the actual sail area carried or that may be carried on the spars used.

“ The prescribed method of measuring shall, however, be adhered to in all cases where practicable, and if the leach of a sail is extended beyond a straight line, or where, as in a lug mainsail, the luff extends forward of the mast, or the head is rounded, the area increased in this way shall be added to that obtained by the customary measurements, and the square root extracted.

If any yacht by alteration of trim or emersion by dead weight shall increase her load water line length, or shall in any way increase her spar or sail measurements as officially taken, she must obtain a remeasurement.

THE Harvard baseball nine of last year held a meeting January 4, for the purpose of electing a captain. There were two candidates. J. Dean brother of “ Dud ” Dean and Scanell the catcher of last year’s nine. The vote stood a

tie between these two men. The graduate advisers, Messrs. Frothingham and Thayer, then threw their influence on the Dean side by advising the nine that they preferred him for a captain and Scannell thereupon withdrew and Dean was elected. One of the papers commented upon this as follows :

“Although the question of the captaincy has been settled, there is sure to be some grumbling and complaint. Scannell, the defeated candidate, has played regularly behind the bat for two years, and was thought by many to have a good claim on the place. But those who have been most familiar with the peculiarities of the men on the field claim that Scannell was unsuited by disposition for the position.”

Another paper states that the society element entered into the matter. However, if Dean is as clever as his older brother he ought to make a good captain.

ANOTHER change in Harvard's policy promises to be the taking up of professionalism in securing a professional coach and playing games with professional nines.

MR. CASPAR W. WHITNEY has published his selection of an all-America football team, which is as follows : Brooke, of University of Pennsylvania, full-back ; Thorne, of Yale, half-back and captain of the team ; C. Brewer, of Harvard, as the other half ; Wyckoff, of Cornell, quarter (Mr. Whitney afterward gives an explanation of this selection) ; Bull, Pennsylvania, center ; Wharton, of Pennsylvania and Riggs, Princeton, guards ; Murphy, o

Yale, and Lea, of Princeton, tackles, and Gilbert, of Pennsylvania, and Cabot, of Harvard, ends.

THE BACHELOR does not know whether any one has attempted to line up any team of the old "has beens" that are still on the field, and who, while coaching, go in and take a turn themselves. From the work of these men during 1895 THE BACHELOR fancies they would get together well. What a match it would be to line up the following against the pick of the college teams this year!

Lewis, center; Heffelfinger and Riggs or Buell, guards; Bert Waters and Newell, tackles; Osgood and Hinkey, ends; King, quarter; Graves or Laurie Bliss and Knipe, halves, and Butterworth, full-back.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

HITHERTO THE University of Pennsylvania has not been represented on our Advisory Board. The proud position Pennsylvania has taken of late years in athletics, her increasing numbers, her growing prosperity, her keen interest in taking higher rank in the intellectual world,—all point to the probability that at no distant day she will, in all things that go to make a university, rank on a par with Harvard and Yale. We are very glad to have the assistance of the following Pennsylvania alumni: Messrs. Severo Mallet-Provost, William M. Moulton, Robert C. Hill, M. Laussat Geyelin, Edgar F. Smith, E. W. Mumford and E. De F. Miel.

We would desire to notify all universities not represented that we should be glad to have them send us a number of names of their alumni. At no distant day it is the expectation of THE BACHELOR to see a representative college literary society or club spring up out of our Advisory Board which will do much toward ameliorating our present semi-savage intercollegiate condition. Why are we so jealous, so hostile one to another, oh, brother alumni? Why do we sit in hostile camps, and employ elaborate athletic committees who waste time and paper over endless diplomacy? It seems to us that THE BACHELOR, an intercollegiate magazine, may be an instrument for good in this regard, and that our advisory committee may tend to make college men and women acquainted—and what is better—good natured.

"THE END of no recent year, in fact, has found me so well pleased with the condition of amateur sport and its immediate prospects."

Mr. Caspar Whitney is easily pleased. 1895 was doubtless a very brilliant year for amateur sport, but the prospects for 1896 do not seem, so far, very bright. If Oxford or Cambridge will row Yale a four-mile eight-oared race in England; if Harvard, Columbia, Pennsylvania, Cornell and Yale will row a three-mile race at Poughkeepsie; if Yale and Harvard will meet in baseball and football—a good many "ifs," then 1896 will do well, otherwise not.

* * *

The London *Truth* (December 19) says :

Another horrible outrage by proctors is reported from Oxford :

An undergraduate, after being threatened with rustication, was yesterday *gated* for the rest of the term for the heinous offence of staying 30 minutes in a shop testing cigarettes and tobaccos. He did not even go behind the counter. The proctor admitted that the shop was watched by a spy because it contained a lady with some pretensions to good looks, though of spotless character.

Truth makes fun of the Oxford authorities for this stretch of discipline. It seems to us that punishments of this sort, and stricter discipline, and closer watch on students will be the result of the growing Harvard and Cornell tendency to imitate the English universities. In our country this would be deplorable. We believe that the true principle should be to treat students as citizens, amenable to ordinary laws, and leave them largely to themselves for conduct. Gentlemen are not made by coercion, or

by precept, but by example, and especially by the silent but stern rule of "good form."

* * *

PROFESSOR LOUNSBURY, in *Harper's* for January says of the U. S. Naval Academy:

"So far as the external condition of the institution is concerned, there has been a depressing uniformity in the reports as to its needs, and an equally depressing uniformity in the neglect on the part of the proper authorities to remedy them."

The external defects which he says ought to be remedied at Annapolis are, then: (1) The buildings are unsuitable; (2) They are inconveniently located; (3) The drainage is defective; (4) In regard to character of the cadets, and securing boys of the best character. The country not only employs the clumsiest method conceivable, but also hedges it about with such restrictions as to make it even worse in practice than it is in theory; (5) The lowness of the standard of admission, the academy only requiring the barest rudiments, grammar, geography, arithmetic, and algebra to quadratics and U. S. history.

But strange as it may seem, Professor Lounsbury asserts that

Failures to pass examinations decrease as the standard is raised and increase as it is lowered, on the theory that if the standard is low the preparation of the applicant will conform; hence, as a matter of self-preservation, the professors at Annapolis are obliged to make the examinations very searching and severe. Forty per cent. are generally rejected.

(6) Too many technical studies, which should be learned before entrance, are crowded into the four years' course.

Professor Lounsbury recommends that the standard of the entrance examinations be raised, and that the Naval Academy abandon the functions of a preparatory school. We believe that another year should be added to the course,

and that the standard of admission be raised somewhat. The question is what are we to do with the "middies" on graduation? We educate too many now at the expense of the tax-ridden citizen. A thoughtful friend suggests that the cadets not receiving active employment after graduation should be sent to the diplomatic corps of the United States at different foreign capitals and trained in diplomacy, and so made of some use. THE BACHELOR would be glad to hear from navy men in regard to this plan. Professor Lounsbury does not make any suggestion as to what shall be done with the "surplus" cadets. Very often a cadet, after gaining a good education at public expense, is obliged to retire into private life for want of work. Surely, then, Congress should in some way limit the number educated according to the demand.

The Naval Academy offers a contrast to other private educational institutions by reason of the fact that it cannot receive moneys from private sources. If the government doesn't keep it up to date no one will. We agree with Professor Lounsbury that the best apparatus, buildings, etc., should be had. We are not certain but that a Northern seaport where vessels of heaviest tonnage can safely ride at anchor is not preferable to the shallow, muddy bays of the Chesapeake for the situation of our naval school. As to the character of the cadets we differ from Professor Lounsbury fundamentally on one point. He seems to think that first class navy officers must necessarily be the result of high standard examinations. We believe that examinations will tend to make the worst officers, but possibly the best scholars.

An officer should be brave, manly, of great executive force, a man of expedients—no amount of examinations will produce these qualities. Among a hundred boys the best scholars might make the most timid, the most unenergetic, and the worst officers. Lord Clive was a poor scholar—he would have been dropped at West Point or Annapolis—but what a general he became! Grant was a bad scholar, but he managed to escape losing a battle in the late war, and they are putting up a rather handsome monument to him on Riverside Drive. The method of getting the best officers except by examination of their knowledge, “their brains” is not definitely understood as yet. Perhaps a few football matches would be the best test for this, not an examination in mathematics.

* * *

YALE'S NEGOTIATIONS with the winner of the Oxford-Cambridge race having fallen through, the blues are left practically without a competitor this year. We advise Yale to send an eight to Poughkeepsie, as the original competing colleges want her as well as Harvard in the race, and then send her crew on to Henley. True, she will have to row here about June 20 or 21 and in England July 10 or 12, but as the Cornell crew's experience showed, an American crew is injured by too long training in England, a week is all that Yale should need on the Thames.

* * *

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND appointed three Yale graduates on the Venezuelan Commission, Messrs. White, '53, Gilman, '52, and Brewer, '56. Mr. Coudert was graduated at Columbia, Mr. Alvey at a public school. The two “college

professors," White and Gilman, were warmly applauded abroad because of their technical knowledge. In America, by some crass, ignorant politicians, who still at this late day, speak of college men and professors with a curious, underbred contempt, the selection of these gentlemen was deprecated. Says *Public Opinion*:

A striking illustration of the different estimation in which the "college professor" is held in this country and in Europe is found in the fact that while there has been some little adverse criticism at home because of the appointment of Messrs. White and Gilman, especially the latter, in European eyes these two men are precisely the ones who are regarded as the strongest members of the Commission and the best fitted for the unique, delicate, exacting and momentous duty of determining the boundary line in dispute.

* * *

ALFRED AUSTIN, appointed Poet Laureate of England, was graduated from the University of London in 1853. In college there is no record of his writing any verse whatever. Since his graduation, as Mr. Stedman puts it, he has put forth one or two volumes of "respectable and labored verse." In ancient days Davenant, Dryden, Shadwell, Rowe, Southey, down to Tennyson, £100, and a tierce of wine constituted the annual fee of the poet laureate. Since 1813 the wine has been commuted for money, which is said to now amount to £700. The latest poem of Austin is the following ode:

O towering daughter, Titan of the West !
 Behind a thousand leagues of foam secure ;
 Thou toward whom our inmost heart is pure
 Of ill intent, although thou threatenest
 With most unfilial hand thy mother's breast :
 Not for one breathing space may earth endure
 The thought of war's intolerable cure
 For such vague pains as vex to-day thy breast.

But if thou hast more strength than thou canst spend
In tasks of peace and find'st her yoke too tame,
Help us to smite the cruel, to befriend
The succorless and put the false to shame.
So shall the ages laud thee, and thy name
Be lovely among nations to the end.



THE EVENING *Sun* prints an extract from a private letter of an American girl from Oxford, giving an account of Christmas Eve performances :

I must attempt an account of the ceremonies at Magdalen. At first there was some doubt about our being able to secure tickets (they are much in demand), but at last they came ; large, heavy affairs, more like parcels than invitations, and bearing the Magdalen crest, the date and hour, with the name of the sender desiring the presence of the invited guest. For just twenty-four hours I was frantic with delight at the prospect of realizing my anticipations. Then came a note saying that the oldest Fellow of the college, Dr. Fisher, who has been ill for a long time, was dying, and that there would be no carols. So I spent the next day in regret that I was to miss the singing. But later word came that Dr. Fisher was better. So the carols came off, and they were delightful. At 9.15 on Christmas Eve, Miss F. and I drove up to the lodge in a pouring rain and the porter took us to the hall. Then we ascended narrow, winding stairs to the ladies' gallery at the end of the hall. I had been led to believe that the "elect"—those so fortunate as to receive invitations to witness the ceremonies—would comprise not more than fifteen women, but there were fully fifty in the gallery when we arrived. All were in evening dress, and the colors were many and various. Oh, these English girls ! Some amiable American ought to start a society teaching them how to dress. Our seats were in the second row, middle, so we had a splendid view of everything. The hall was brilliantly lighted with electricity. The dons' table on the dais was set for the supper, as were the tables down both sides of the room near the walls.

In the middle of the room the tables had been cleared away in order to give place to the very biggest Christmas tree I ever saw. In front of the tree was a grand piano, at which Dr. Roberts soon took his seat, while the choir boys stood around, the little chaps at the round end of the instrument. The first part of the program was devoted to Handel's "Messiah," nearly all of the solos of the oratorio being given. The tiniest boy of all sang the soprano parts, and sang them magnificently — smoothly and even, taking the highest notes without the least difficulty. After the oratorio, supper was served. The men sat at the tables down below, while we in the gallery were served in the following unique manner: A double cord, stretched on a pulley, ran in the grooves of the wheels of an oaken tray, and this tray ran along the top of the gallery front. It is unnecessary to mention that it made many pilgrimages, its burdens consisting of sandwiches, cake, candy, small biscuit, fruit, and hot negus — the latter excellent — quite the best thing in the menu. At the other table, where the Fellows sat, the "loving cup" was passed with all ceremony. After supper the electricity was turned off. The candles on the wall illuminated, and in the half light the boys sang old carols, Latin and early English — until the bells at midnight rang in Christmas Day. Some of the carols were very charming and they were all quaint. The musical phrasing wasn't the least modern: it had that salty character one doesn't find in "up-to-date" strains. To one rollicking tune the choir sang:

Sing high—h—h—
(Sing high—h—h—)
Sing low—w—w—
(Sing low—w—w—)
Sing high, sing low,
Sing to and fro
For Christmas Day.

Mere words can give you no idea of the charm of that refrain. The singing ceased just at midnight, when the Magdalen bells began to peal gayly, and all the other chimes in the place took up the strain. Every one rose to hear them. Then a Latin carol was sung, after which, the

President, holding in his hands a huge silver and gold beaker, wished us all a happy Christmas and drank our health. The other officers of the college took the beaker after him and did the same, and then it was all over and we went home. Oh, I forgot to say that the great tree was hung with presents for the choir boys, and beneath it was a great heap of footballs, tennis racquets and other implements dear to the souls of athletic British youngsters. When we got back to the house everybody was sound asleep. We, of course, tumbled straightway into our beds, but it seemed as though I hadn't had more than thirty-nine winks when we were roused for early church.

* * *

THE ART students at Yale numbering in all about 150 are fortunate in having a benefactress in Mrs. Winchester, a wealthy resident of New Haven. Says the *World*:

Students at Yale Art School are hard at work for the William Wirt Winchester Fellowship prize of \$1,500 offered by Mrs. Jane E. Winchester. It will be awarded June 1, 1897, to the painter of the best picture in oils of a given subject.

Competing students must have been pupils at the Yale School of Fine Arts for at least two years before entering a preliminary concourse, to be held two months before the final competition, the preliminary concourse to consist of making a satisfactory full length drawing of the nude model. This fellowship is intended to enable the successful competitor to pass two years in study abroad. The prize is only \$500 less than the Prix de Rome, the great French prize, the desire of every art student in France.

Besides this prize there are also the Alice Kimball English prize, in which the income for a year of \$1,000 is given to a proficient student, and Ethel Chidel Walker prize, where the income from \$2,000 is awarded in the same manner. These prizes are being worked for with fervor.

* * *

THE AMERICAN AUTHORS' GUILD now publishes a monthly *Bulletin* to its members,

which, as years go on, should become of great value, as it intends to present from time to time, the "poor, unfriended author's" side of the case. The Authors' Guild has the most praiseworthy object "to maintain, define and defend literary property and advance the interests of American authors and literature." The *Bulletin* says among other things :

The Rev. Dr. Samuel Francis Smith, who died suddenly of heart disease in Boston, on Saturday, November 16, 1895, was born in that city on October 21, 1808. He was prepared for college at the Eliot Latin School, and was graduated from Harvard in 1829, being a classmate of James Freeman Clark, Benjamin Curtis and the admirable "Autocrat," whose famous lines concerning him are familiar to all :

"And there's a nice youngster of excellent pith ;
Faith tried to conceal him by calling him Smith !
But he shouted a song for the brave and the free—
Just read on his medal, 'My Country, of Thee.'"

At the age of 24 he was graduated from Andover Theological Seminary, having acquired a knowledge of five languages during the course, in addition to those he had studied at college. Mr. Smith then became pastor of a church in Waterville, Me., and at the same time was professor of modern languages in the college of that town, now known as Colby University. In 1842 he accepted the pastorate of the First Baptist Church of Newton, Mass., which was ever after his home. For two score years Dr. Smith was the editor of Baptist publications, and performed a large amount of literary work, chiefly in the line of hymnology. He edited several collections and was the author of more than six hundred hymns, "America" being the most celebrated.

* * *

MISS SUSAN B. ANTHONY has fallen upon President Eliot in most grievous style. President Eliot wrote to Bishop Doane, of Albany, protesting against statements imputed to him in the call of the woman suffragists for their

Washington meeting. Miss Anthony calls him "an arch traitor," and "not an American of whom a true patriot should be proud," etc. Nothing hurts the cause of women more than these frequent outbursts of rage against people who differ from them as to woman's advancement. President Eliot must often have occasion to smile at the unprovoked and outrageous attacks made upon him by "reformers." The venerable Miss Anthony is certainly old enough to know better.

* * *

YALE'S RECENT "prom." expenses are reported to be higher than last year. The highest premium for boxes was \$110. The germans and dances began Monday with a Junior tea and Sophomore tea. In the evening the Glee Club sang at Hyperion Hall. After this the Junior German was held at Alumni Hall. The Sophs at the same time held their german in Werner Hall. On Tuesday there were a number of teas and germans, and in the evening the great Junior "prom." at 9 P. M. in the Second Regiment Armory. After the "prom." came several "dawn teas," with the idea of keeping things up till chapel-time.

* * *

PROFESSOR RICHARDS delivered an address before the Cincinnati alumni of Yale, and has this to say of Yale athletics and the difference in systems of Harvard and Yale:

The college authorities govern as little as possible, and, I think, wisely. The students are left to manage their own affairs with the least possible interference from the faculty. To young men who are to become citizens of a republic, the best education is that which

teaches them to govern themselves and in this education a certain amount of liberty must be allowed them. Surely they manage their own affairs in athletics at Yale better than the officers of other universities by their committees manage the athletics for their students, whether we judge by results or by the spirit which animates them. But it would be a mistake to suppose that, because we do not govern athletics, therefore, we do not have an oversight to them to keep them in bounds. The schedule of contests is always submitted to the Committee on Discipline before it becomes official, thus enabling us to check any tendency to an excessive number of such contests with the accompanying necessary absences of the contestants. As a result I point to the fact that Yale plays a less number of games with outsiders than does Harvard, who makes more of a practice on the subject. Territorially we play over a smaller ground, so that our teams do not have to make such long journeys.

With reference to the late difficulty, let us give the Harvard committee all due credit of a desire to do right. While differing with them on the matter of a general policy, we can believe that they have a zeal for the right, though not according to knowledge.

In considering the question of athletics, it is hardly fair or hardly wise to attempt to state in a short sentence the distinctive policies of the two colleges. It needs a little more amplification to express exactly the differences of these policies, but, if I were asked to state in a nutshell the difference, I should say that the athletics of Harvard were managed by the faculty with the advice of the students, while at Yale the athletics were managed by the students with the advice of the faculty.

As to results of these two policies, it is not difficult to tell which is the better, but I do not wish to test this policy simply by results. I desire also to consider it on higher grounds. It seems to me that the Harvard policy is not the right policy in the government of young men; that no father, for instance, would wish to continually dictate his son's movements when he came to the age at which most men go to college; that a good college, like a good father, would allow a boy a certain amount of liberty—and there can be no true

development of the manly character without this. Liberty is essential to development. The Harvard policy is like keeping boys in leading strings, while the Yale policy is the best preparation for the duties of citizenship. By taking complete charge of the athletic interests with accompanying responsibilities, they are prepared to take charge of the larger interests of later life. The necessary executive ability to manage affairs they learn from the management of their athletics.

Now, when we come to the differences between Yale and other universities, I have often asked myself what is the distinctive difference, and I find it in the community spirit, that is, the spirit which makes a man sacrifice himself and his individual comfort to the good of the whole community ; that where the two interests clash the community spirit carries the day. This spirit prevades the faculty as well as the students. Since I have been at Yale College I have seen many an officer break down, not simply because he is doing work that he is hired to do, or paid to do, but that he sees other work to be done, and which is quite as important as mere hearing of recitations. Such men have sacrificed their own good, their own health, to what they believe to be the good of the community. And when we come to the student body this spirit is what makes our athletic organizations victorious. It is not only the men who appear on the university teams and whose names are in the papers—and we might say on every tongue—who alone win victory for Yale, but those men, for instance, in football, who go out on the field and permit themselves to be knocked around the ground, in order to give the team the practice which makes it win. It is not the struggle for victory which is the only hard struggle, because victory is a certain reward for the struggle, but it is the struggle ending in failure which is the hard struggle, agonizing for men who risk their own failure that victory may be won for their college. The community spirit does not close with college life. All through the length and breadth of this land there is this same community spirit which is represented here to-night. Every change or every movement in the Yale life is felt in everyone of these communities. The Yale spirit never

dies. I never see these young men with the "Y" on their caps and the "Y" on their breasts without thinking we should all bear with us what they bear in symbols, and that every Yale man should carry in his head the future of Yale and in his heart the honor of Yale.

* * *

WILL YALE row at Poughkeepsie? We take the following announcement from the *Daily Princetonian* in regard to the inter-collegiate boat race:

Dean White, of the Cornell Athletic Council, has given out the following official announcement in regard to the proposed four-sided boat race by Harvard, Columbia, Cornell and the University of Pennsylvania: "Cornell having an agreement to row a race with Columbia and Pennsylvania, and also an agreement to row with Harvard in 1896, proposed that these two races be merged in a single Columbia, Cornell, Harvard, Pennsylvania race.

"It was thereupon agreed by Columbia, Cornell, Harvard, and Pennsylvania to join in a four-sided race in 1896, with the understanding that no other crew shall be admitted against the objection of any one of the four universities, parties to this agreement."

There are two courses in view, the one at Poughkeepsie and the other at Springfield. The former will probably be chosen, as it was so acceptable last year. The same rules and regulations that governed the race at Poughkeepsie last summer have been accepted by the four colleges. George L. Rives, a graduate of Columbia and of Cambridge University, England, has been agreed upon as referee. He refereed the Harvard-Yale races during the past four years.

The feeling at Yale in regard to this race seems to be a desire to enter, but no action up to the present time has been taken. But it is hoped that after consultation with well-known graduates that it will be decided to enter the race if permitted by the other four colleges.

Dean White also has made the important announcement that there is a possibility of having a four-sided

race by the freshman crews of Cornell, Columbia, Harvard and the University of Pennsylvania.

We sincerely trust that Yale will signify a desire to enter this race and that Harvard will not object. It would be highly creditable to the four competing colleges to ask Yale to join them. But it is unlikely that Harvard would join in this request. Yale, therefore, must "signify a desire." Surely it would not lower her dignity to do this?

* * *

DEAN HOLE, of Rochester Cathedral, England, who made a lecture tour last winter, visited a number of colleges, and of these Princeton seemed to him "by far the most picturesque, with its massive buildings, not crowded together, but with ample surroundings, in a fair ground or campus with grass and trees, and a beautiful view of the country beyond, like the university in Tennyson's *Princess*, half garden and half town," says the *Princetonian*. "He observes with regret that Cambridge aroused within him the *odium theologium* (*sic*) which had not been excited at New Haven or Princeton."

This *odium theologium*, or *odium theologicum* to be more correct, we believe, he would find less conspicuous at Harvard than at Yale or Princeton if he lived long at Cambridge.

BOOK NOTICES.

Mr. Edgar Fawcett has long been so closely connected with American literature that what he says concerning it has especial weight. In the *Author's Journal* he preaches some startling doctrines concerning the great illustrated monthlies, and their friendliness to English writers. Mr. Fawcett says :

"Our book trade is always deplorably dull, and our people are tempted by Mr. Gilder, and two or three other editors of magazines, into regarding as their sole literary desideratum, from month to month, the agreeable pictorial volumes which they issue. These gentlemen pet assiduously a few preferred authors, and while claiming to desire fresh and untried ability, constantly carry favoritism to its utmost limits. More than this, they are forever watching the English "market," and often do their best to humor the public in its accredited snobbish demand for English fiction. Such a mass of pompous affectation as Mr. Meredith's *Amazing Marriage* has been chosen as a serial in *Scribner's*, merely because certain London cliques have puffed the alleged "genius" of its author. Lately Mr. Gilder has sanctioned the purchasing for his *Century* of Mrs. Ward's *Sir George Tressady*, and paid, as I hear, an enormous price for this novel. Mrs. Ward is undoubtedly a writer of marked force and charm, but so are many American women whom I could easily name, and whose national claim for notice has thus been almost cruelly overlooked. I say "cruelly," because there is no other country save our own in which the avenues of literary exploit are so strictly, so absurdly guarded by a few popular magazines. Nobody disputes, in this respect, the commercial right of Mr. Gilder and his associates to pursue this course ; but the ethical side, and indeed, the patriotic side of the question are quite another affair. Apparently, no American author presumes to print his disapprobation. The reason of this silence is, I think, obvious. Authors, as a class, are poor men and women, and Mr. Gilder from this pathetic standpoint of personal need, is a power "dangerous to offend." Meanwhile, the fact remains that such publications as the *Century* and *Harper's* are a living curse and bane to American letters. They are, in the first place, commercial mediums of advertisement. They could not live at all without their advertisements, which, nowadays, occupy a larger space, if I mistake not, than their stories, essays and verses. In the second place alone are they literary. In the third place they are made beautifully attractive by their

illustrations, which have no right whatever in their pages, and which also help to "sell them," and to crush thereby the proper and wholesome sale of books. "Standard Oil" and "Sugar" are not greater monopolies in their different ways than these monthly combinations of commerce, literature and art. Of course, there is nothing for the poor author to do but bear and suffer. The public is the one great arbiter, and the public buys magazines and turns up its nose at books. I believe, for my own part, that sooner or later the public will tire of this copious and elaborate system of illustration. It will, I think, see the babyish folly of the whole idea, and relegate the artist to his proper domain, the author to his."

Mr. Fawcett, of course, goes too far in saying that "the *Century* and *Harper's* are a living curse and bane to American letters." But it is, perhaps, true that these periodicals are not as at present conducted, an especial aid to *American* literature. Their editors are, doubtless, actuated by the highest motives. But these are, unfortunately, days when advertising rules supreme, and it is a question whether the best interests of literature are aided by pictures or by "names." We are of the opinion that pictures spoil a story, if, indeed, they help a poem. Properly, we suppose, a magazine should contain no names and no pictures. And if one feels that it would be dull, we reply that never have we more enjoyed a magazine for itself, the last twenty years, than *Littell* or the *Eclectic*, where the pictures were wanting and the names secondary, and the literature selected from the best in the contemporary world.

But Mr. Fawcett goes on to say of the recent *Herald* prize that "the tyranny of two or three "high-priced" magazines in this country has, for several years past, become a source of great injury to native authors. Prize competitions of this sort will enable new talent to find helpful and hopeful stimulus."

The *Herald* is now publishing Mr. Hawthorne's \$10,000 prize novel. Candid criticism compels us to say that so far the story seems rather rank. If the *Century*, *Harper's* or *Scribner's* prefer Meredith, Mrs. Ward or Du Maurier to such "literature" as Miss Mary Wilkins' \$2,000 prize story, *The Long Arm*, or Mr. Hawthorne's \$10,000 novel, *A Fool of Nature*, then the reading public ought to heartily thank them. If prizes of such magnitude as have been lately given in

America bear no better fruit, then we are compelled to believe that Mr. Fawcett is unjust to the magazines, and that they are really doing very well by us. It must be remembered that they are not conducted in order to help poor authors or encourage novices. On the whole, as magazines of matter of contemporary interest, they are superlatively good. No one really objects to their ads.—they are sometimes picturesque and attractive. Besides, they make one feel as if one was getting the worth of his money, and that is what every American likes. The ads. of their own wares should, of course, be appropriately designated as ads. To read some of Mr. Hutton's ingeniously worded critiques in *Harper's* one would suppose that some books are never defective. "This 'ere picter was painted by one o' the best firms in London," says the auctioneer in one of Du Maurier's earlier *Punch* pictures. So now it is said, "This 'ere book is published by one o' the best firms in America." That is enough, no matter who happened to be the author.

Jude, the Obscure, by THOMAS HARDY (Harper & Bros.). This last novel of Hardy's is a pessimistic study of modern marriage. Hardy, the genius, passes to and fro in his mind some of the exigences of mis-mating, and throws out a story full of vileness by way of illustration. There is no element of higher responsibility in the book; there is no character with "the high clear mind." It begins with filthy details and ends so. On every page is the sexual relation turned this way and that, held up to scorn, to ridicule, to pity, to disgust. It is as pessimistic, as hopeless, as unrestful as a keen power of analysis can make it. "If the novelist would only let problems alone!" exclaims an old lady friend, "and merely try to amuse us as Dickens did!" The old-fashioned novels ended with the wedding and left "problems" alone. The modern novels end only with the death. The neurotic, restless Sue, (founded on Marie Bashkirtseff,) is not a pleasant heroine. She is the unnatural, as Arabella is the woman of nature. Jude is the modern man who aspires and fails, who yields easily to temptation (lacking faith in a God), who loves that tantalizing creature the modern neurotic woman, and who is ruined because of her.

As well, their children are killed because of her thoughtlessness. Of what good is the book? It bears signs of degeneracy on every page—no signs of health or hope. Schopenhauer smiled as he read it in Hades the other evening. "A true picture of life," says Professor Herman as *he* reads it. The pessimists all will enjoy it.

For college men there is a quasi interest in the descriptions of Oxford from the standpoint of a workman outsider. Christminster is shadowed with that perfect artist touch of Hardy—a fine background with its massy towers and its castellated walls for the unapproachable citadel of learning Jude longs for. Yet Jude is unlovable. Compare him with Adam Bede?—and Jude weak, vacillating, a drunkard, *groping* his way, never seeing clearly, "infirm of purpose," the foil of Sue, whom he loves—Jude shows his lack of will. Phillotson, a more lamentable case of weakness,—it is strange that you never think him good—is the most unmanly man ever described. "I think, dear, I will run away to my lover Jude" says Mrs. Phillotson,—married for a few months. "Very well, my dear," says Phillotson, calmly. (She runs away, and lives with Jude four or five years, then experiences a change of heart, has faith, and returns.) "I think I've been wrong, and will return to you, dear." "Oh, very good," says Phillotson, calmly, who meanwhile has got himself a divorce, and so they marry again. Phillotson is very complacent. Perhaps Arabella should have married Phillotson—but Arabella is too coarse for words, and the depth of her coarseness as well as the height of Sue's neurotic conscientiousness is unrelieved by wit or humor.

The one fine part of the book is Jude's striving for the unattainable, learning. The workman's wish to know; yet if he had gone through Oxford and come forth a scholar his defect of will would have made him more wretched than he was. Manual labor is the greatest curer of sorrow—and as a stone cutter he had this relief, at least. Poor Jude!

Finally—we cannot recommend the book to colleges, to students, even to "Medics." Can it be that it bears the stamp of Harper Brothers, publishers, Franklin Square? It is not only that its influence

is immoral—but it deals with impurity, and the “things left unsaid,” with a frankness which is worse than immoral. It seems to us that even Mr. Hutton must have had considerable trouble over *Jude, the Obscure*, in his critique last month. He says, “no writer since Charles Reade’s day has invented anything so characteristic of personified femininity as the conduct of Arabella Fawley . . . as after that wonderfully realistic and powerful picture of the pig sticking ‘she walked up and down in front of her cottage door,’ etc. *Jude, the Obscure* is one of the strongest pieces of work which ever came from Mr. Hardy’s pen. And what more can be said?”

This much more can be said, that the book ought to have been carefully burned before publication! As printed in *Harper’s Magazine* it was not quite so bad as in book form. The publishing firm cannot be blamed, perhaps, for it is said they bought “a pig in a poke.” It is probable that they will not care to publish another work of Hardy’s, however well such kind of stuff sells.

History of Oratory, from the Age of Pericles to the Present Time. (Lorenzo Sears, Chicago, S. C. Griggs & Co.) This work is a connected account of the origin and growth of oratory as an art and as a science, extending over a period of 2,400 years. In the revival of college debating, which seems to be growing in all American colleges, this book will be a valuable aid. Oratory is still a great power and force in the world, as it was in the time of Demosthenes. Professor Sears’ book is a timely contribution to the science of oratory.

Galloping Dick, by H. B. MARRIOTT WATSON. (Chicago: Stone and Kimball. 1896.)

Dick Ryder’s affair with the Bishop is a very amusing bit of fiction—remembered by many readers of the dainty little *Chap Book*. Mr. Watson’s stories first appeared in the *New Review* and excited considerable attention, the times calling for stories of bravery and adventure instead of character and development. Mr. Watson puts himself to the task of reproducing the colloquial English of James II’s time and the encounters of a *gentleman of the road*. In them we have bloody scenes, pistols, sword combats—the one in

the dark with Sir Ralph being very well told were it not that we are too certain that Captain Ryder is coming out unscathed from the duel. The highest art of the adventurist school of writers is to keep the reader in suspense. Anthony Hope has this art; Weyman has it; Conan Doyle has it; Mr. Watson has it in a degree—but his method is just a little too finished, too apparent, too artificial; the stories, however, are unusually good, and if you like that sort of thing—"blood and thunder"—why the book is a finished example of what you like.

A Japanese Marriage, by DOUGLAS RODEN. (Macmillan.)

The whole world is now within the story-teller's range of vision. Authors have covered almost every spot on the globe. International novels are common enough. This novel is one directed against the unwritten law of England, that a man may not marry his deceased wife's sister; (the tables of kindred and affinity in the English prayer book merely state that a man may not marry his *wife's sister*). It is interesting in its pictures of Japanese life, and its English and American colony life. In the end the marriage with the deceased wife's sister, though refused by the English clergy, is performed by the United States Minister—the marriage is considered valid, though the English clergy frown at it.

Old World, Japan. Legends of the land of the Gods. (Macmillan & Co. 1896.)

The illustrations by T. H. Robinson in this book of Japanese stories are beautiful. The legends, "retold" by Frank Rinder, are of the purely fanciful Japanese *Kakemono* order. An imaginative child might enjoy the pictures, and make charming little romances out of the stories. The prettiness is the prettiness of the *Kakemono*—irregularly picturesque—bits of color here or there; a sky where the ground ought to be; grotesque dragon heads; a man standing above a tree; a cottage up above the clouds; so are these stories—Japanese and curious. Japanese mythology is very complex, and the gods and evil spirits have very difficult names, and do very curious things, and do

everything in an upside down higgledy piggedly way, that to a child seems natural. Let us take one tale, "The Star Lovers." Shokujo, daughter of the Sun, dwelt with her father on the banks of the Silver river of Heaven (the Milky Way). A melancholy brooded over her. None could tell what was the matter.

She worked for others good at the loom, and was called "the weaving Princess." The Sun thought it would be well for her to marry, and proposed to bestow her hand on Kingen, who tended his cows on the borders of the Milky Way. "Every Star beamed approval" at this proposed marriage, "and there was joy in the heavens." Shokujo loved Kingen, forsook her loom and laughed and danced with love and joy. The Sun King did not like this (though it was he who originally proposed the match), and so he banished Kingen to the other side of the River of Stars. Shokujo and Kingen parted with heavy hearts, to meet only henceforth on the seventh night of the seventh month. Myriads of magpies now flocked together, and, outspreading their wings, formed a bridge on which Kingen crossed over the river—a beautiful picture indeed—the birds dispersing with noisy chatter as Kingen reaches the opposite bank. Shokujo went back to her loom, and every night wafted messages of love to Kingen across the river. On the seventh night of the seventh month the birds assembled again, and "one by one the lamps of heaven were lighted," and Shokujo, quivering with delight, crossed to her lover. Then "joy was as the joy of the parched flower when the raindrop falls on it," but the moment of parting soon came, and Shokujo sorrowfully returned on the twittering bird-bridge. Every year the lovers meet, and hope of a permanent union fills their hearts, and "is to them as a sweet fragrance, and a beautiful vision." Such is the end of the story.

The hopeful hopelessness of love ; the beautiful constancy of love ; the graceful, airy bridge of twittering birds ; two lovers—this is the brief story of the Star Lovers—a Japanese *Kakemono*. The delicacy, the beauty, the fascination lies in the pictures one can see as another reads aloud these stories which are genuine fairy tales of Japan. Seas of silver, mountains of shining amethyst, skies of limpid

blue, lovely maidens (with almond eyes) ; brave (Japanese) gentlemen who defy the anger of the gods. "The Moon Maiden" is exquisite, and her dance, skimming the surface of the noonday sea, and in the air, bird-like, is pure music—a moonlight sonata played in the warm, frank mid-day light—a picture of rare delicacy and beauty. "The Great Fir Tree of Takasago" pictures the great green tree on the sandy coast of the inland sea, a lovely maiden weaving beneath its branches. Teoyo, a traveling gentleman, arrives, falls in love, marries the maiden. They live long beneath the tree, die, and their spirits inhabit it. Here is another picture ; "Princess Firefly" refuses all the suitors, golden beetles, cockchafers, dragon flies—to all she says proudly, "Go bring me fire, and I will be your bride." So one by one each departs to achieve the quest of the Princess. The hawkmoth entered a Buddhist temple and circled round and round the tall wax lights, until, in an ecstasy of love, he flew into the flame, exclaiming, "Now to win the Princess, or meet my death !" His poor singed body fell heavily to the ground. The beetle, too, equally in love, attacks a log fire and is burned to death. The dragonfly also falls a prey to the flames ; other lovers try to steal the heart of fire from the diamond. At last Hi-Maro, a prince of fireflies, woos and weds the princess in her home among the lotus flowers. "Centuries have passed . . . and still the dazzling firefly Princesses send their insect lovers in search of fire"—a very pretty explanation of the fatal attraction of flame for these delicate creatures. One may read here of the danger of loving unwisely, or "above one's station." In Kintaro we see the original of Kipling's jungle boy, Mowgli, who talked the language of the beasts and birds of the forest, which he learned from the long-nosed Tengu. The book is nicely bound and printed. Mr. Robinson's illustrations are only commonplace in the features of women. In all other respects they are uncommonly beautiful.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

His Father's Son, by PROF. MATTHEWS. (Harper's.)

Trick Cycling in Many Lands, by W. S. MALTBY.

Plain and Solid Geometry, by Profs. BEMAN and SMITH of Michigan. (Boston: Ginn & Co.)

Chemical Experiments, by R. P. WILLIAMS. (Boston: Ginn & Co.)

Amos Judd, by J. A. MITCHELL. (Scribner's.)

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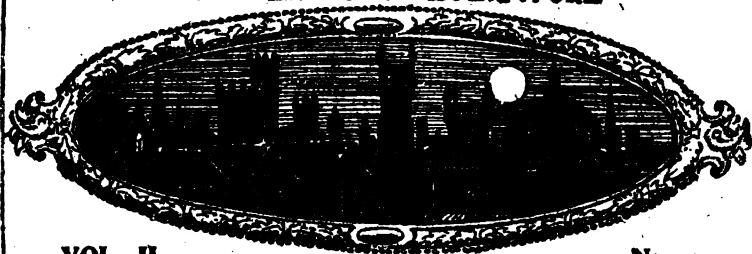
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AND GENERAL LITERATURE



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MARCH, 1896

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THE BACHELOR OF ARTS

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THE MONROE DOCTRINE.

The Monroe Doctrine should not be considered from any purely academic standpoint, but as a broad, general principle of living policy. It is to be justified not by precedent merely, but by the needs of the nation and the true interests of Western civilization. It, of course, adds strength to our position at this moment to show that the action of the national authorities is warranted by the actions of their predecessors on like occasions in time past, and that the line of policy we are now pursuing is that which has been pursued by all our statesmen of note since the republic grew sufficiently powerful to make what it said of weight in foreign affairs. But even if in time past we had been as blind to the national honor and welfare as are the men who at the present day champion the anti-American side of the Venezuela question, it would now be necessary for statesmen who were both far-sighted and patriotic to enunciate the principles for which the Monroe Doctrine stands. In other words, if the Monroe Doctrine did not already exist it would be necessary forthwith to create it.

Let us first of all clear the question at issue by brushing away one or two false objections. Lord Salisbury at first put in emphatic words his refusal in any way to recognize the Monroe Doctrine as part of the law of nations or as

binding upon Great Britain. Most British statesmen and publicists followed his lead; but recently a goodly number have shown an inclination to acquiesce in the views of Lord Salisbury's colleague, Mr. Chamberlain, who announces, with bland indifference to the expressed opinion of his nominal chief, that England does recognize the existence of the Monroe Doctrine and never thought of ignoring it. Lord Salisbury himself has recently shown symptoms of changing ground and taking this position; while Mr. Balfour has gone still farther in the right direction, and the Liberal leaders farther still. It is not very important to us how far Lord Salisbury and Mr. Chamberlain may diverge in their views, although, of course, in the interests of the English-speaking peoples and of peace between England and the United States, we trust that Mr. Chamberlain's position will be sustained by Great Britain. But the attitude of our own people is important, and it would be amusing, were it not unpleasant, to see that many Americans, whose Americanism is of the timid and flabby type, have been inclined eagerly to agree with Lord Salisbury. A very able member of the New York bar remarked the other day that he had not yet met the lawyer who agreed with Secretary Olney as to the legal interpretation of the Monroe Doctrine. This remark was chiefly interesting as showing the lawyer's own limitations. It would not have been made if he had met the Justices of the Supreme Court, for instance; but even on the unfounded supposition that his remark was well grounded, it would have had little more significance than if he had said that he had not yet met a dentist

who agreed with Mr. Olney. The Monroe Doctrine is not a question of law at all. It is a question of policy. It is a question to be considered not only by statesmen, but by all good citizens. Lawyers, as lawyers, have absolutely nothing whatever to say about it. To argue that it cannot be recognized as a principle of international law, is a mere waste of breath. Nobody cares whether it is or is not so recognized, any more than any one cares whether the Declaration of Independence and Washington's farewell address are so recognized.

The Monroe Doctrine may be briefly defined as forbidding European encroachment on American soil. It is not desirable to define it so rigidly as to prevent our taking into account the varying degrees of national interest in varying cases. The United States has not the slightest wish to establish a universal protectorate over other American states, or to become responsible for their misdeeds. If one of them becomes involved in an ordinary quarrel with a European power, such quarrel must be settled between them by any one of the usual methods. But no European state is to be allowed to aggrandize itself on American soil at the expense of any American state. Furthermore, no transfer of an American colony from one European state to another is to be permitted, if, in the judgment of the United States, such transfer would be hostile to its own interests.

John Quincy Adams, who, during the presidency of Monroe, first clearly enunciated the doctrine which bears his chief's name, asserted it as against both Spain and Russia. In the

clearest and most emphatic terms he stated that the United States could not acquiesce in the acquisition of new territory within the limits of any independent American state, whether in the northern or southern hemisphere, by any European power. He took this position against Russia when Russia threatened to take possession of what is now Oregon. He took this position as against Spain when, backed by other powers of Continental Europe, she threatened to reconquer certain of the Spanish-American states.

This is precisely and exactly the position the United States has now taken in reference to England and Venezuela. It is idle to contend that there is any serious difference in the application of the doctrine to the two sets of questions. An American may, of course, announce his opposition to the Monroe Doctrine, although by so doing he forfeits all title to far-seeing and patriotic devotion to the interests of his country. But he cannot argue that the Monroe Doctrine does not apply to the present case, unless he argues that the Monroe Doctrine has no existence whatsoever. In fact, such arguments are, on their face, so absurd that they need no refutation, and can be relegated where they belong—to the realm of the hair-splitting schoolmen. They have no concern either for practical politicians or for historians with true historic insight.

We have asserted the principles which underlie the Monroe Doctrine, not only against Russia and Spain, but also against France, on at least two different occasions. The last and most important was when the French conquered Mexico and made it into an empire. It is not

necessary to recall to any one the action of our government in the matter as soon as the Civil War came to an end. Suffice it to say that under threat of our interposition, the French promptly abandoned Maximilian, and the latter's empire fell. Long before this, however, and a score of years before the Doctrine was christened by the name of Monroe, even the timid statesmen of the Jeffersonian era embodied its principle in their protest against the acquisition of Louisiana, by France, from Spain. Spain at that time held all of what is now the Great West. France wished to acquire it. Our statesmen at once announced that they would regard as hostile to America the transfer of the territory in question from a weak to a strong European power. Under the American pressure the matter was finally settled by the sale of the territory in question to the United States. The principle which our statesmen then announced was in kind precisely the same as that upon which we should now act if Germany sought to acquire Cuba from Spain, or St. Thomas from the Danes. In either of these events it is hardly conceivable that the United States would hesitate to interfere, if necessary by force of arms; and in so doing the national authorities would undoubtedly be supported by the immense majority of the American people, and, indeed, by all save the men of abnormal timidity or abnormal political shortsightedness.

Historically, therefore, the position of our representatives in the Venezuelan question is completely justified. It cannot be attacked on academic grounds. The propriety of their position is even more easily defensible.

Primarily, our action is based on national self-interest. In other words, it is patriotic. A certain limited number of persons are fond of decrying patriotism as a selfish virtue, and strive with all their feeble might to inculcate in its place a kind of milk-and-water cosmopolitanism. These good people are never men of robust character or of imposing personality, and the plea itself is not worth considering. Some reformers may urge that in the ages' distant future patriotism, like the habit of monogamous marriage, will become a needless and obsolete virtue; but just at present the man who loves other countries as much as he does his own is quite as noxious a member of society as the man who loves other women as much as he loves his wife. Love of country is an elemental virtue, like love of home, or like honesty or courage. No country will accomplish very much for the world at large unless it elevates itself. The useful member of a community is the man who first and foremost attends to his own rights and his own duties, and who thereby becomes better fitted to do his share in the common duties of all. The useful member of the brotherhood of nations is that nation which is most thoroughly saturated with the national idea, and which realizes most fully its rights as a nation and its duties to its own citizens. This is in no way incompatible with a scrupulous regard for the rights of other nations, or a desire to remedy the wrongs of suffering peoples.

The United States ought not to permit any great military powers, which have no foothold on this continent, to establish such foothold; nor should they permit any aggrandizement of

those who already have possessions on the continent. We do not wish to bring ourselves to a position where we shall have to emulate the European system of enormous armies. Every true patriot, every man of statesmanlike habit, should look forward to the day when not a single European power will hold a foot of American soil. At present it is not necessary to take the position that no European power shall hold American territory ; but it certainly will become necessary, if the timid and selfish "peace at any price" men have their way, and if the United States fails to check at the outset European aggrandizement on this continent.

Primarily, therefore, it is to the interest of the citizens of the United States to prevent the further colonial growth of European powers in the western hemisphere. But this is also to the interest of all the people of the western hemisphere. At best, the inhabitants of a colony are in a cramped and unnatural state. At the worst, the establishment of a colony prevents any healthy popular growth. Some time in the dim future it may be that all the English speaking peoples will be able to unite in some kind of confederacy. However desirable this would be, it is, under existing conditions, only a dream. At present the only hope for a colony that wishes to attain full moral and mental growth, is to become an independent state, or part of an independent state. No English colony now stands on a footing of genuine equality with the parent state. As long as the Canadian remains a colonist, he remains in a position which is distinctly inferior to that of his cousins, both in England and in the United States. The Englishman at bottom

looks down on the Canadian, as he does on anyone who admits his inferiority; and quite properly, too. The American, on the other hand, with equal propriety, regards the Canadian with the good-natured condescension always felt by the freeman for the man who is not free. A funny instance of the English attitude toward Canada was shown after Lord Dunraven's inglorious fiasco last September, when the Canadian yachtsman, Rose, challenged for the America cup. The English journals repudiated him on the express ground that a Canadian was not an Englishman and not entitled to the privileges of an Englishman. In their comments, many of them showed a dislike for Americans which almost rose to hatred. The feeling they displayed for the Canadians was not one of dislike. It was one of contempt.

Under the best of circumstances, therefore, a colony is in a false position. But if the colony is in a region where the colonizing race has to do its work by means of other inferior races the condition is much worse. From the standpoint of the race little or nothing has been gained by the English conquest and colonization of Jamaica. Jamaica has merely been turned into a negro island, with a future, seemingly, much like that of San Domingo. British Guiana, however well administered, is nothing but a colony where a few hundred or few thousand white men hold the superior positions, while the bulk of the population is composed of Indians, Negroes, and Asiatics. Looked at through the vista of the centuries, such a colony contains less promise of true growth than does a State like Venezuela or Ecuador. The history of most of the South

American republics has been both mean and bloody; but there is at least a chance that they may develop, after infinite tribulations and suffering, into a civilization quite as high and stable as that of such a European power as Portugal. But there is no such chance for any tropical American colony owned by a Northern European race. It is distinctly in the interest of civilization that the present States in the two Americas should develop along their own lines, and however desirable it is that many of them should receive European immigration, it is highly undesirable that any of them should be under European control.

So much for the general principles, and the justification, historically and morally, of the Monroe Doctrine. Now take the specific case at issue. Great Britain has a boundary dispute with Venezuela. She claims as her own a territory which Venezuela asserts to be hers; a territory which in point of size very nearly equals the kingdom of Italy. Our government, of course, cannot, if it wishes to remain true to the traditions of the Monroe Doctrine submit to the acquisition by England of such an enormous tract of territory, and it must therefore find out whether the English claims are or are not well founded. It would, of course, be preposterous to lay down the rule that no European power should seize American territory which was not its own, and yet to permit the power itself to decide the question of the ownership of such territory. Great Britain refused to settle the question either by amicable agreement with Venezuela or by arbitration. All that remained for the United States, was to do what it actually did; that is,

to try to find out the facts for itself, by its own commission. If the facts show England to be in the right, well and good. If they show England to be in the wrong, we most certainly ought not to permit her to profit at Venezuela's expense, by her own wrongdoing.

We are doing exactly what England would very properly do in a like case. Recently, when the German Emperor started to interfere in the Transvaal, England promptly declared her own "Monroe Doctrine" for South Africa. We do not propose to see English filibusters try at the expense of Venezuela the same policy which recently came to such an ignominious end in the Transvaal, in a piece of weak, would-be buccaneering, which, it is perhaps not unfair to say was fittingly commemorated in the verse of the new poet-laureate.

It would be difficult to overestimate the good done in this country by the vigorous course already taken by the national executive and legislature in this matter. The lesson taught Lord Salisbury is one which will not soon be forgotten by English statesmen. His position is false, and is recognized as false by the best English statesmen and publicists. If he does not consent to arrange the matter with Venezuela, it will have to be arranged in some way by arbitration. In either case, the United States gains its point. The only possible danger of war comes from the action of the selfish and timid men on this side of the water, who clamorously strive to misrepresent American, and to mislead English, public opinion. If they succeed in persuading Lord Salisbury that the American people will back down if he presses them, they will do the greatest damage possible

to both countries, for they will render war, at some time in the future, almost inevitable.

Such a war we would deplore; but it must be distinctly understood that we would deplore it very much more for England's sake than for our own; for whatever might be the initial fortunes of the struggle, or the temporary damage and loss to the United States, the mere fact that Canada would inevitably be rent from England in the end would make the outcome an English disaster.

We do not in any way seek to become the sponsor of the South American States. England has the same right to protect her own subjects, or even in exceptional cases to interfere to stop outrages in South America, that we have to interfere in Armenia—and it is to be regretted that our representatives do not see their way clear to interfere for Armenia. But England should not acquire territory at the expense of Venezuela any more than we should acquire it at the expense of Turkey.

The mention of Armenia brings up a peculiarly hypocritical plea which has been advanced against us in this controversy. It has been solemnly alleged that our action in Venezuela has hampered England in the East and has prevented her interfering on behalf of Armenia. We do not wish to indulge in recriminations, but when such a plea is advanced, the truth, however unpleasant, must be told. The great crime of this century against civilization has been the upholding of the Turk by certain Christian powers. To England's attitude in the Crimean War, and after the Russo-Turkish War of 1877, the present Armenian horror is

primarily due. Moreover, for six months before the Venezuelan question arose England had looked on motionless while the Turks perpetrated on their wretched subjects wrongs that would blast the memory of Attila.

We do not wish to be misunderstood. We have no feeling against England. On the contrary, we regard her as being well in advance of the great powers of Continental Europe, and we have more sympathy with her. In general, her success tells for the success of civilization, and we wish her well. But where her interests enlist her against the progress of civilization and in favor of the oppression of other nationalities who are struggling upward, our sympathies are immediately forfeited.

I am glad to say what I have to say in this matter in *THE BACHELOR OF ARTS*, because it is a matter of serious concern to every college man, and, indeed, to every man who believes in the good effects of a liberal education, to see the false views which seem to obtain among so many of the leaders of educated thought, not only upon the Monroe Doctrine, but upon every question which involves the existence of a feeling of robust Americanism. Every educated man who puts himself out of touch with the current of American thought, and who on conspicuous occasions assumes an attitude hostile to the interest of America, is doing what he can to weaken the influence of educated men in American life. The crude, ill-conditioned jealousy of education, which is so often and so lamentably shown by large bodies of our people, is immensely stimulated by the action of those prominent educated men in whom education seems to have destroyed the strong, virile vir-

tues, and especially the spirit of Americanism.

No nation can achieve real greatness if its people are not both essentially moral and essentially manly; both sets of qualities are necessary. It is an admirable thing to possess refinement and cultivation, but the price is too dear if they must be paid for at the cost of the rugged fighting qualities which make a man able to do a man's work in the world, and which make his heart beat with that kind of love of country which is shown not only in readiness to try to make her civic life better, but also to stand up manfully for her when her honor and influence are at stake in a dispute with a foreign power. A heavy responsibility rests on the educated man. It is a double discredit to him to go wrong, whether his shortcomings take the form of shirking his every-day civic duties, or of abandonment of the nation's rights in a foreign quarrel. He must no more be misled by the sneers of those who always write "patriotism" between inverted commas than by the coarser, but equally dangerous ridicule of the politicians who jeer at "reform." It is as unmanly to be taunted by one set of critics into cowardice as it is to be taunted by the other set into dishonesty.

There are many upright and honorable men who take the wrong side, that is, the anti-American side, of the Monroe Doctrine because they are too short-sighted or too unimaginative to realize the hurt to the nation that would be caused by the adoption of their views. There are other men who take the wrong view simply because they have not thought much of the matter, or are in unfortunate surroundings, by which they have been influenced to their own

moral hurt. There are yet other men in whom the mainspring of the opposition to that branch of American policy known as the Monroe Doctrine is sheer timidity. This is sometimes the ordinary timidity of wealth. Sometimes, however, it is peculiarly developed among educated men whose education has tended to make them over-cultivated and over-sensitive to foreign opinion. They are generally men who undervalue the great fighting qualities, without which no nation can ever rise to the first rank.

The timidity of wealth is proverbial, and it was well illustrated by the attitude taken by too many people of means at the time of the Venezuela trouble. Many of them, including bankers, merchants, and railway magnates, criticised the action of the President and the Senate, on the ground that it had caused business disturbance. Such a position is essentially ignoble. When a question of national honor or of national right or wrong is at stake, no question of financial interest should be considered for a moment. Those wealthy men who wish the abandonment of the Monroe Doctrine because its assertion may damage their business, bring discredit to themselves, and, so far as they are able, discredit to the nation of which they are a part.

THE BACHELOR OF ARTS is the right medium through which to reach the men of education who forget that education should intensify patriotism, and that patriotism must not only be shown by striving to do good to the country from within, but by readiness to uphold its interests and honor, at any cost, when menaced from without. Educated men owe to the community the serious performance of this duty. We need not concern ourselves with the *émigré*

educated man, the American who deliberately takes up his permanent abode abroad, whether in London or Paris; he is usually a man of weak character, unfitted to do good work either abroad or at home, who does what he can for his country by relieving it of his presence. But the case is otherwise with the American who stays at home, and tries to teach the youth of his country to disbelieve in the country's rights, as against other countries, and to regard it as the sign of an enlightened spirit to decry the assertion of those rights by force of arms. This man may be inefficient for good; but he is capable at times of doing harm, because he tends to make other people inefficient likewise. In our municipal politics there has long been evident a tendency to gather in one group the people who have no scruples, but who are very efficient, and in another group the amiable people who are not efficient at all. This is but one manifestation of the general and very unwholesome tendency among certain educated people to lose the power of doing efficient work as they acquire refinement. Of course in the long run a really good education will give not only refinement, but also an increase of power, and of capacity for efficient work. But the man who forgets that a real education must include the cultivation of the fighting virtues is sure to manifest this tendency to inefficiency. It is exhibited on a national scale by the educated men who take the anti-American side of international questions. There are exceptions to the rule, but as a rule the healthy man, resolute to do the rough work of the world, and capable of feeling his veins tingle with pride over the

great deeds of the men of his own nation, will naturally take the American side of such a question as the Monroe Doctrine. Similarly, the anæmic man of refinement and cultivation, whose intellect has been educated at the expense of his character, and who shrinks from all these struggles through which alone the world moves on to greatness, is inclined to consider any expression of the Monroe Doctrine as truculent and ill advised.

Of course, many strong men who are good citizens on ordinary occasions take the latter view simply because they have been misled. The colonial habit of thought dies hard. It is to be wished that those who are cursed with it would, in endeavoring to emulate the ways of the old world, endeavor to emulate one characteristic which has been shared by every old-world nation, and which is possessed to a marked degree by England. Every decent Englishman is devoted to his country, first, last, and all the time. An Englishman may or may not dislike America, but he is invariably for England and against America when any question arises between them; and I heartily respect him for so being. Let our own people of the partially colonial type copy this peculiarity and it will be much to their credit.

The finest speech that for many years has been delivered by a college man to other college men was that made last spring by Judge Holmes, himself a gallant soldier of the Civil War, in that hall which Harvard has erected to commemorate those of her sons who perished when the North strove with the South. It should be graven on the heart of every college man, for it has in it that lift of the soul toward things

heroic that makes the eyes burn and the veins thrill. It must be read in its entirety, for no quotation could do justice to its fine scorn of the mere money-maker, its lofty fealty to a noble ideal, and, above all, its splendid love of country and splendid praise of the valor of those who strive on stricken fields that the honor of their nation may be upheld.

It is strange, indeed, that in a country where words like those of Judge Holmes' can be spoken, there should exist men who actually oppose the building of a navy by the United States, nay, even more, actually oppose so much as the strengthening of the coast defences, on the ground that they prefer to have this country too feeble to resent any insult, in order that it may owe its safety to the contemptuous forbearance which it is hoped this feebleness will inspire in foreign powers. No Tammany alderman, no venal legislator, no demagogue or corrupt politician, ever strove more effectively than these men are striving to degrade the nation and to make one ashamed of the name of America. When we remember that among them there are college graduates, it is a relief to remember that the leaders on the side of manliness and of love of country are also college graduates. Every believer in scholarship and in a liberal education, every believer in the robust qualities of heart, mind and body, without which cultivation and refinement are of no avail, must rejoice to think that, in the present crisis, college men have been prominent among the leaders whose far-sighted statesmanship and resolute love of country have made those of us who are really Americans proud of the nation. Secretary Olney is a graduate of Brown; Sen-

ator Lodge, who took the lead in the Senate on this matter, is a graduate of Harvard; and no less than three members of the Boundary Commission are graduates of Yale.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

SOME LETTERS ON THE QUESTION.

NEW YORK, December 31, 1895.

MY DEAR SIR : By last week's mail I wrote to Sir H. Seymour King. In my eager desire to contribute something, however slight it may be, to what I conceive to be a right understanding of the questions at issue between us, I write now also to you, practically what I have written to him, partly in the same words.

In the first place, let me assure you that I feel I am approaching the subject in the right frame of mind when I tell you that ever since the settlement of the questions between us after our late Civil War, I have had, now have, and expect to retain the greatest admiration and respect for the English nation and character, and in view of all we owe to our ancestry, I think I may add the word affection, particularly in view of the events of the past few days. To my mind, every foot of land you have appropriated for the last hundred years has been so much taken from barbarism or semi-civilization and added to civilization, and that of all peoples you are most adapted, both by your character and form of government, to colonize the practically unappropriated portions of the world. And were it not for certain reasons, which seem to me good and sufficient, I would to-day be glad to see you not only increase your boundary lines in Venezuela, but extend your influence, and ultimately your dominion, throughout South America. Anyone who has traveled knows that wherever he sees the English flag floating as a symbol of sovereignty, there order and a decent administration of justice prevail. From what I have heard and read, and to a certain extent from what I have seen of Spanish American government, I do not believe that either of these essential conditions exist in Venezuela, without stopping to inquire in regard to any of the other South American republics; and were it not

that in my judgment greater questions are involved, I would indorse what really seems to be Lord Salisbury's position, that no British subject, having once enjoyed British liberty in what he had reason to suppose would ultimately be declared British Guiana (on heretofore generally recognized British methods in dealing with States like Venezuela), should be turned over to the tender mercies of a so-called Republic, which I apprehend is nothing more than a corrupt and unstable despotism under republican forms. I would therefore take issue with Mr. Olney when he states or implies that a South American Republic is a better form of government as an instrument of human progress than a British monarchy.

Now, with these admissions cheerfully made, I will tell you why I think you are making a mistake in seeking to extend your dominion in Venezuela, and I think, if you will study the question historically, you will find that that is only a fair way of stating the unsuccessful attempt on your part to come to an agreement with Venezuela as to the boundary line. In pushing your lines further and further to the westward ever since this boundary question actively began some fifty years ago, I not only do not blame you, if you had only the semi-civilized South American Republics to deal with, but think you only followed the natural law which is the basis of your imperial position by seeking to reclaim for trade and consequent civilization what was practically turned over to barbarism, and you would no doubt have been successful, and Venezuela would have yielded, had not both you and she known that ultimately the United States would have to be reckoned with. Gladstone saw the point when he agreed to get this troublesome question out of the way in 1886 by submitting all questions between you and Venezuela to arbitration ; but just before the signing of the treaty his administration was overthrown, and the successor administration, with Lord Salisbury at the head, repudiated the Gladstone agreement, an unusual thing, I believe, with you, where foreign policies so generally require continuity of action.

Now we come back to the point as to why the United States has to be reckoned with, and that involves an inquiry into the so-called Monroe Doctrine.

As you know, that Doctrine was enunciated in 1823, and though the political conditions that gave rise to it have disappeared, it has always been maintained by us as necessary in our opinion to the peace and welfare of the American people; and provided we are willing and able to maintain it, it seems to me an unnecessary refinement to go into the question as to whether it is to be called international law or not. I think that for our purposes it might be called North and South American International Law, just as the doctrine that Russia should not occupy Constantinople, and other phases of the balance of power doctrine, are practically European International Law. If Europe considers the Monroe Doctrine as subversive of her interests, she, of course, always has the right to compel us to abandon it, if she can. I do not think, however, that any European country has really enough interest in the question to incur the expense or take the risk of going to war about it. France, Spain, and Holland have some small interests, but not of any great moment, I apprehend, in their estimation, except Spain's dependency of Cuba. But as we have not interfered with Cuba I do not think Spain is in a position to pick a quarrel at present on the basis of what might happen in the future.

In regard to the Monroe Doctrine, I think it is founded on sound philosophical reasons, and that it is to the interest of England and civilization generally that it should be maintained. In the first place, have you not your hands full in protecting and fostering your vast interests in Asia and Africa as against the powerful and jealous rivals who are watching every opportunity to cripple you? Will you not recognize that we too are an imperial race, with a full recognition of our own destiny as the arbiters of the Western Hemisphere, and that if over seventy years ago, with a population I believe of about eleven millions, we were able to proclaim, with the universal consent of our people, and subsequently, as in the case of Mexico, maintain the Monroe Doctrine, we would certainly be unworthy of our distinguished ancestry were we not now, with a population of seventy millions, united as never before, to resent any suggestion from any source that that Doctrine through time or changed conditions had lost any of its force, and had not rather gained in authority,

so that we would be prepared to give to the following words of Monroe a broader, rather than a narrower construction:

“With the existing colonies or dependencies of any European power we have not interfered and shall not interfere, but with the governments who have declared their independence and maintained it, and whose independence we have on great consideration and on just principles acknowledged, we could not view any interposition for the purpose of oppressing them or controlling in any other manner their destiny by any European power in any other light than as the manifestation of an unfriendly disposition toward the United States.”

The above diplomatic wording, of course, is only another form of stating what our President has lately stated in his message.

I find it difficult to understand how a responsible and acute and practical statesman like Lord Salisbury should have so misapprehended the situation as to think that he could, in the face of the above facts, write a dispatch that would tend to discredit a doctrine so manifestly in touch with the inevitable march of events, and not meet with an instant check. Perhaps I am judging too much by the event in criticising Lord Salisbury, but certainly what has taken place in our country in the last few days can leave no doubt in the minds of the world, both civilized and uncivilized, as to what the Monroe Doctrine is and in what spirit it would be maintained. Your dependencies are watching you closely, and I suppose it was not twenty-four hours after the message had been read to Congress, before it had been translated into Turkish, Arabic, Chinese, and a dozen other languages of the East. When the two branches of our National Legislature, one of them fresh from the people and composed of some three or four hundred representatives, usually torn with political dissensions, and the other representing the separate States, rise as one man, without a dissenting voice, an impressive spectacle is presented, and all idea that any question of domestic politics was involved, disappears. Of course in the future there will be a great deal of domestic politics grow up around this question, but I think it in the interest of all of us to remember that

whatever differences of opinion may arise in our own country in regard to this, that and the other minor point, there would practically be no difference of opinion when it came to the supreme moment where some definite course of action would have to be taken. I urge you, therefore, not to be misled by opinions emanating from some of the New York newspapers like the *Evening Post*, nor too much by the opinions of the conservative classes in the eastern money centers.

Now, in regard to all this talk about war,—it is cruel and terrible, and cannot be. England and America are partners in the great business of civilization, and their material interests are so bound up with one another that it required only about three days to settle in the thinking minds of both countries that war between us was a practical impossibility, and if the diplomacy of Salisbury and Cleveland has accomplished nothing else, they are to be congratulated upon having, unwittingly perhaps, settled this most important point in about forty-eight hours—assuming that ordinary common sense will prevail as a basis of final settlement. Here in New York, and also in the other seaport cities, where a very healthy respect for your powerful navy is entertained, our President is being undoubtedly condemned by the conservative element for the implied threat at the end of his message, and I at first was inclined to think that he might have accomplished the result obtained by confining himself to the phraseology in common use when questions of diplomacy are involved. The criticism throughout all the clubs and in business circles is that this threat was an unwarranted breach of good manners, to say the least, and that it has created a vast amount of unnecessary injury to both countries, and that the condition of our navy and coast defenses did not warrant such an aggressive tone. In thinking the matter over, however, since I wrote Sir Seymour King, it has occurred to me that the bold message of President Cleveland, coming as it did like a clap of thunder from a clear sky, may have been the best thing after all. Had his message been of a kind to permit discussion and argument, might it not readily have happened that such discussion in both countries would have made it more difficult to have come to an amicable settlement? If, as the result of such a dis-

cussion, only a half-hearted support had been given to our President, and if, taking advantage of what might have seemed hesitation on our part, Lord Salisbury had been induced to believe that he could occupy by force Venezuelan territory, and under such circumstances one shot had been fired, a crisis might have been precipitated which no amount of diplomacy might have been able to retrieve ; for in view of what has happened, I cannot but believe that the vast mass of the American people would have rallied at once to the support of the Monroe Doctrine (whatever opinion a portion of them might have expressed in argument) the moment it became necessary to repel force. And do you not think it true that Englishmen cannot but admire the pluck (inherited, I admit, from you) we have shown in being ready to stand up to a fight which must, in its earlier stages, have gone so completely against us, and have created such widespread havoc here in the East, for I apprehend that it is pretty well recognized that our coast is practically defenceless. In other words, that Carlyle's remark that he did not see how the world was benefitted by having America populated by forty millions of dollar-hunters, instead of twenty millions, will from now on lose some of its force, if it ever had any. My own opinion is that this message, backed up as it has been by practically the whole American people, will ultimately tend to bring England and America in closer sympathy than ever before. The result will be, I think, that public sentiment will authorize and demand the thorough fortification of our coast, and the enlargement of our navy. England will recognize that with the South American continent politically at our feet we cannot afford to throw away the practical commercial advantages and prestige arising from such a situation any more than she would do under similar conditions. When this situation is once recognized in good faith by England, I take it that the moral influence of the United States will be at once thrown in favor of England in advancing the cause of civilization in other parts of the world, and with a big navy to back us up, I assume, as a fact, that this moral influence will be a powerful factor in maintaining the principles of freedom represented by the English-speaking race, as against the idea of autocratic government represented by Rus-

sia in the expansion of her domain in the East. England cannot stand idly by until this terrible Turkish and Armenian business is in some way at least substantially improved ; and would she not take hold of the whole Eastern question with a lighter heart and a steadier hand if she knew she had the moral support and cordial sympathy of the United States ?

One of the things from which I recoiled most in the developments of the past few days was a suggestion made here that there was a secret Treaty of Alliance between Russia and our own country. Such an alliance as against you would be a set-back to civilization for centuries to come, and I do not believe the world is going backward. But this talk of sympathy between Russia and America will never cease until there are no questions left between you and ourselves for settlement. Now I trust that the future has in store for humanity a federated British Empire, in friendly alliance with the United States for the peaceful spread of Anglo-American Christian civilization, Protestant and Catholic side by side throughout the world, for it seems to me that war in the future can be best averted by concentrating the force of the world in the hands of the two communities to whom peace will mean so much that war will become an impossibility. Until the Monroe Doctrine, however, is accepted by you, war is not an impossibility. When all questions are settled between us, our commerce and fleets will continue still more to overshadow the world, and there will be none strong enough to think of attacking us. Russia may go her way, but it will be in much more restricted lines than if she managed to set us all by the ears. I believe that when all these things are thought out and reasoned and finally acted upon, as I hope and believe they will be ultimately, Mr. Cleveland's message will be recognized as an important factor in the interest of civilization, as having crystalized American thought, and thus brought our position sharply to your attention.

In conclusion, let me add that the calm and dignified conduct of England during the past ten days has created in this country a profound and favorable impression, and the messages sent us by your great men have, I think, opened the eyes of many here, who

have always felt that the English people were secretly hostile to us.

Yours very truly,

(Sd.) S. L. PARRISH.

The following letter is from Sir Henry Seymour King, M.P., now serving his fourth term in Parliament as Conservative Member for Hull. The above letter of December 31, 1895, written to another Englishman, contains a fuller statement of what the writer conceived to be the basis of the American position in regard to the Monroe Doctrine, than his letter of December 22, 1895, to Sir Seymour King, though both letters are substantially on the same lines.

65 CORNHILL, LONDON, E. C., }
15th January, 1896.

S. L. PARRISH, Esq., New York.

MY DEAR PARRISH: I was away in the south of France when your letter of the 24th ulto. arrived, which will account for my delay in replying to it. I thoroughly appreciate its friendly tone, and I can assure you that the spirit in which it is written is one heartily reciprocated on this side. You will doubtless have noticed throughout this unfortunate dispute that there has not been the slightest feeling manifested on this side such as burst into active flame as soon as a Foreign Power ventured to interfere with us; the reason being that practically we looked on any dispute with the United States as a family matter; whereas if Germany or France attempts to dictate to us we resent it at once. Now in regard to the subject of your letter I think I can sum up in a very few words my view of the matter, or rather the point where I think you are in error. You suggest on page 2 that this country is making a mistake in "seeking to extend our dominions in Venezuela"; now that is exactly what we are not desirous of doing or seeking to do; and so far as I am aware there has been no question of "pushing our lines further and further to the westward ever since this boundary question actively

began some fifty years ago." On the contrary we have repeatedly expressed our willingness to recede a considerable distance from what we believed to be the true frontier to which we are entitled, in order to settle all disputes. So far as I personally am concerned I should cheerfully submit the whole question to arbitration, as I agree with you in thinking that the mere idea of a war between the United States and this country is too dreadful for contemplation with the consequent setback it would be to all civilization ; but I think that you must allow if you consider the matter that the diplomatic methods of the President allow something to be desired. In regard to the Monroe Doctrine you may be sure that we have no desire to question it in any way, the more so as you will remember that it owes its birth to the suggestion of one of the greatest foreign ministers of this country, viz., Canning. But when we are told that the Monroe Doctrine would cover such a statement as Mr. Olney's that it is against the course of nature that Canada and this country should be permanently bound together, you must admit that friction is likely to arise ; and we can hardly be expected to take the same view of such an explanation of the Monroe Doctrine as appears popular on your side.

You may be perfectly certain of one thing that this country does not intend, and will not desire, to acquire an acre of additional land on your side beyond what it is entitled to at the present time ; even in regard to the Venezuela question, as I said above, we are quite willing to accept far less than we believe we are entitled to under our conquest from the Dutch, at the end of the last century.

We shall at all times I think be willing to support the United States in preventing any European Power from acquiring additional territory in your hemisphere ; but so far as our own colonies are concerned we claim the right to preserve our connection with them for all time, or at any rate so long as the colonies desire to remain under our protection.

I shall certainly do all I can to promote a friendly settlement; and have no doubt myself that a way out will be found from a very difficult and dangerous situation.

Yours very truly,

(Signed) H. S. KING.

NEW YORK, February 13, 1896.

MY DEAR MR. PARRISH :

Many thanks for your note. I have read your letters with the greatest care and I am very much obliged to you for sending them to me. I think, with you, that the true feeling of representative Americans should be, as far as possible, made known abroad, and when they are the views of men, who, like yourself, are well inclined in every way toward England, they gain additional weight.

You can imagine that with my ties—personal, social, and business—with this country, the recent friction caused me extreme alarm and regret, and I should hail with the greatest satisfaction any arrangement which would tend to a prevention of a similar incident, and, still better, such a one as would lead to joint action of the two countries in the many matters in which their views and ideals are identical.

I feel, however, that there are difficulties in the way, and that the most we can hope for is an improvement in the feeling between the two countries and possibly some rudimentary form of arbitration ; but I must first say a few words in criticism of the claims now made under the shadow of the Monroe Doctrine.

Great Britain has been accused of having a rolling boundary in Venezuela, perhaps with some justice. In the same way I think your country can be accused of a rolling Monroe doctrine. The object of President Monroe was to secure the independence of the South American states, with a view to the safety and welfare of the United States. This, now, is changed into a desire to secure the dependence of the South American states on the United States, with a view to the commercial profit of the United States. On this point I would quote your phrase : " England will recognize that with the South American continent politically at our feet, we cannot afford to throw away the practical commercial advantages and prestige arising from such a situation, any more than she would do under similar conditions."

Now, I think I am not wrong in saying that the investments of English capital in South America are very much larger than American investments, and that her trade with South America is larger than the United

States trade. The South American states are at present independent. What reason is there why England should deliberately surrender her present standing which she has acquired in consequence of the independence of those states? If the doctrine were to receive still further enlargement, it might even be that England would become the champion of their independence against the United States. I do not believe that England has the slightest desire to enlarge her territory in South America beyond what her present rights entitle her to; and, with all boundary-lines fixed, all she would desire would be equal rights with the United States to compete for the trade and commerce of the country.

Beyond this question of Venezuela, which I regard as in process of amicable settlement, I am constantly afraid of the question of the Nicaragua Canal coming up. The relations of the two countries to that enterprise are, I believe, laid down in the Clayton-Bulwer treaty. The rights of England, under that treaty, are perhaps more than she would now secure if the question came up fresh, and I believe that suggestions have been made in Congress that the treaty should be denounced. I should greatly regret any friction arising from this cause.

The questions which may arise between States cannot be foretold, as some nations advance in power and others decay. Questions which at one time may be fair subjects for arbitration, at other times would hardly be so. To submit questions to arbitration, when the arbitrators have necessarily no fixed principles to act on, would frequently be to put the decaying nation at an advantage as against the advancing one. Now, between the United States and Great Britain this does not apply, both nations being at the present time on the increase in power and civilization. It is difficult to me to imagine any case of dispute between our two countries where a minor object gained by war would not be a dead loss to the winning party. As between our countries, the worst peace is better than the best war.

What you offer in the new form of the Monroe Doctrine is virtually a transaction in which England would barter her influence and trade in South America for the moral influence of this country in favor of England in the rest of the world. Viewed as a transaction, I do

not think this a fair bargain, as moral influence is just what the United States would choose at any time to make it, and we ought to have that influence now in cases where our views for the improvement of the world are identical.

Instead of any attempt to define the Monroe Doctrine and to secure the adhesion of England to it as amended, which would, I believe, be difficult if not impossible, I should like to see established, not a board of arbitration but one of conciliation. It should provide that, in case of a failure to reach an agreement on any question by ordinary diplomatic methods, each country should name three commissioners to sit as a joint board with a view of making a joint recommendation for settlement, or, if that were not practicable, to arrange a basis and scheme for arbitration to be recommended to their respective governments. This would only be an agreement to do what has been already done with entire success in recent disputes. If the American commissioners were such men as have recently brought in the reports of the Dunraven Committee and written the first documents in the Venezuelan matter, the chances of the success of such a commission would be excellent.

Such an agreement would have this great advantage—that it would be impossible for such an explosion of bitter feeling to take place as we have recently seen. If the situation became entangled, it would be automatically consigned to such a board, which would act as a stay of proceedings as regards warlike menaces. Such a scheme is evidently in the mind of Mr. Balfour as well as of the Liberal party, and I should indeed rejoice to see it carried out.

Again thanking you for your note and awaiting your permission to send your correspondence to my friend,
I remain,

Yours very truly,

THOS. E. JEVONS.

JENNY.

Jenny drives the cows home nights
 Wen the swamp-frog's trummin'.
 Jenny's laugh an' tinklin' bells,
 Ringin' 'cross the medder, tells
 Me she's a-comin'.
 Restin' here, I stan' an' wait,
 Leanin' 'gin the creakin' gate,
 On the rail a-drummin'.
 An' while a-waitin', all along,
 Jenny's laugh, jes' like a song,
 In my heart's a-hummin'.

Jenny's ollers laughin'
 An' pokin' fun at me ;
 Callin' me a "silly feller,"
 Wen I sez, "Your hair's ez yellor,
 Ez the cowslips in the medder ;
 An' your lips, I swan, air redder
 'N the leetle wild strawberry
 In the fiel's." "Go long !" sez she,
 "You !" But her eyes
 (Bluer'n buzzin' bottle-flies)
 Turns away. Then I git bold ;
 Roun' her waist I ketch a hold ;
 Snetch a kiss, then off I run.
 Jenny on'y laughs, and sez,
 As she shuts the kitchen door,
 "You're easy scairt—might hed more
 Ef you'd on'y wait !"

So I hang upon ther gate.

'N' then I hear her wheel a-whirrin';
 Wile I stan' outside a-waitin'
 Wishin' thet I hed hed more.
 An' at last I ope the door.

.
 "Jenny," I sez, hesitatin',
 Arter lookin' quite a spell,
 "Would you be willin' to—wal—
Spin my yarn fer me ?
 Jenny makes the wheel hum louder
 Than a bumbly-bee ;
 An' her cheeks, they gits ez red
 Ez pinyes in the flower-bed.
 "Wunt you ?" sez I, closer comin',
 "Spin my yarn alway fer me ?"
 An' though the wooden pesky
 Wheel is makin' sech a hummin',
 I think I hear her say "*Mebbe !*"

DAVID MUNROE CORY.

UNIVERSITIES OF FRANCE AND SPAIN.

However much other influences, secular and religious, may have contributed more or less directly to the general revival of learning in the middle ages, the first positive and enduring impulse of the educational or university movement that was such a remarkable feature of the Renaissance emanated from the schools of Paris and Bologna. Those two universities were practically coëval, and for a long time—the first by its theological discussions and the other by its expositions of the principles of civil and canon law—they divided honors and influence, attracted the attention of the learned world, and won the allegiance of students and teachers by the thousands.

Long before the eleventh century the study of logic commanded the attention of churchmen in cathedrals and convents everywhere. The controversies between Lanfranc and Beranger and Anselm and Roscellin concerning the relations of reason to revelation stimulated new interest in methods of thinking and argument. Dialectics became of supreme importance in the estimation of scholars as an essential element of intellectual power, and it was regarded as “the science of sciences.” In this scholastic activity French clerics took prominent part, and their convent schools were famous everywhere. After a time most of these teachers made their way to Paris, taking their schools and pupils with them, and these schools becoming gradually associated by the force of circumstances, practically made the foundation

upon which Paris University was built. Many generations passed, however, before the university could be said to have any corporate existence. The teachers and scholars who together, under the successive grants of privileges from Philip Augustus and other French monarchs after him and from Pope Innocent III in 1180 and his successors, constituted the ancient university were to be found mostly about Mount St. Genevieve and with their accommodations for instruction and residence they gradually occupied an entire suburb which was first inclosed within the city walls by Philip Augustus. In the year 1200 a large district was added, comprising extensive fields and vineyards, with churches, houses, and farms, and about the same time the corporate existence of the university was acknowledged by the diploma of Philip Augustus, respecting the immunity of students from secular authority. Philip practically gave life to the university which he encouraged by grants of money and land and by attracting thither learned men from Italy and England.

The real influence of the Paris schools, however, dates from the time of William of Champeaux, the most famous dialectician of his age. William had studied under Anselm, the realist, and Roscellin, the rationalist, but followed so closely the teachings of the former that he came to be regarded as the foremost representative of realism. He is worthy of remembrance as the author of the cheerful theory of infant damnation, being the first to enunciate the proposition that children who should die unbaptized would be forever damned, because their souls had become defiled by their earthly bodies.

When William came to Notre Dame as archdeacon early in the twelfth century he established his courses of lectures on dialectics in the cloisters of the cathedral. His instruction in logic and metaphysics was far in advance of anything that had yet been attempted and his school met with marked success both as regards the pupils that it attracted and the influence that went out from it.

But a greater than William was preparing to make himself heard, Peter Abelard, whose fame has outspread that of any other medieval leader of thought save, perhaps, Thomas Aquinas. Abelard having studied under Roscellin, Canon of Compiègne, the champion of extreme nominalism, with whom he mastered dialectics which was then chiefly the study of Aristotelian logic, and having wandered from one monastic school to another throughout France, finally arrived at Paris in 1099, when 20 years of age and began attendance upon the cathedral lectures. Well-equipped in learning, original and daring in speculative thought, and impetuous, with the ardor and conceit of youth, he lost no time in crossing swords with his new teachers. William proved no match for his pupil, but was overcome again and again in debate and finally in chagrin gave up his lectures at Notre Dame and retired to the Abbey of St. Victor with the few scholars who still adhered to him. Abelard also left Paris and set up schools at Melun and Corbeil, but returned to the capital in 1108, when he again engaged in wordy warfare with William and again triumphed. Now he set up a school of his own on the heights of St. Genevieve, overlooking Notre Dame, and in

1115 stepped into the lecturer's chair at the cathedral as canon.

The next few years constituted the most brilliant epoch in the history of Paris University and the most notable period in the life of Abelard. He was 36 years of age, elegant in manners, acute in thought, a dashing man of the world despite his theological training, and loved and admired by thousands of followers. His novel philosophical teachings, which frequently drew upon his head the charge of heresy, attracted students from all parts of Europe. They came in troops of hundreds and even of thousands. When he was at the acme of his popularity 30,000, young and old, fought with each other for the privilege of listening to his lectures. The fees and gifts from these students made him a very rich man, and the universal admiration that was accorded him inflamed him with such an overweening sense of his own importance that he gradually came to consider himself the only real philosopher in the world. From that height he fell quicker than he had risen. The *affaire du cœur* with Heloise sent him—maimed and broken in health, cast down and mortified, his life completely wrecked and with scarcely a prospect for the future—to bury himself as a monk in the Abbey St. Denis. He never recovered his power and influence. In 1120 he had a school at the priory of Maisoncelle, where crowds of students attended, but he was attacked by his enemies on the charge of teaching the heresy of Sabellianism and was shut up in a convent. Later on he retired to a desert place near Nogent-sur-Seine, where, in a rude mud cabin, he lived the life of a hermit. But his fame fol-

lowed him there, and as he began to preach and lecture, students found him out and flocked to him from Paris. They put up tents and huts to live in that they might be always near him, and the desert grew into a community as rapidly as some of our mushroom western towns have grown up. Abelard himself wrote of this episode of his life;

“When the scholars knew it, they began to crowd thither from all parts, and leaving cities and strongholds, they were content to dwell in the wilderness. For spacious houses, they framed for themselves small tabernacles, and for delicate food they put up with wild herbs. Secretly did they whisper among themselves, ‘Behold, the whole world has gone out after him.’ When, however, my oratory could not hold even a moderate portion of them, then they were forced to enlarge it and to build it up with wood and stones.”

Renewed charges of heretical teachings drove him from this refuge to a wretched ten years at the head of the Abbey of St. Gildas-de-Rhuys, in Brittany, and finally to his death, after a short and uneventful term of lecturing on Mount St. Genevieve.

In any consideration of the medieval university movement, the life and labors of Abelard must occupy a considerable place. It is not easy to disassociate him from the sentimentalism that attaches to the story of his relations with Heloise, but it is necessary to put that thought far in the background in a serious contemplation of his work and the influence that it exerted. No other scholar of that age gave such an original and forcible impulse to philosophic disputation. His teachings stimu-

lated the general student movement beyond any influence that had preceded him ; indeed, it is scarcely too much to say that the real life of paris as an educational center dates from him.

It was not long before scholarship was regarded as one of the highest honors that could attach to a man. To be a professor was almost a patent of nobility, and new Masters of Arts had lighted torches carried before them in the streets at night, like citizens of the highest rank. By the thirteenth century Paris had attained to such eminence that no one, whatever might be his country, could pretend to any consideration as a man of learning who had not studied there in his youth. No greater compliment could be paid to any man than to say of him : " One would think that he had passed his whole life in Paris." William of Brittany, chaplain of Philip Augustus, in his poem, " Philipide," written in honor of his king, thus chanted the praises of the city :

" Whatever a nation has that is most precious ; whatever a people has most famous ; all the treasure of science and the riches of the earth ; lessons of wisdom, the glory of letters, nobility of thought, refinement of manners, all this is to be found in Paris."

Others referred to Paris as " the very fountain-head of wisdom, the tree of life in the midst of the terrestrial paradise, the torch of the house of the Lord." Even the Popes regarded the university with consideration, and the civil authorities became its veriest servants.

No complete code was ever given for its administration, but special statutes were promulgated from time to time as occasion

demanding, and in all these the deference paid to it by church dignitaries and rulers of state was conspicuously evident. The university was called "The Daughter of the King," and right royally did she carry herself in advancing the cause of learning and of the church and in asserting her personal prerogatives against all extraneous authority.

As compared with its notable rival at Bologna, Paris University presented many points of difference that were fundamental. At Bologna authority proceeded from the students; at Paris it was concentrated in the hands of the professors. Bologna University was a loose aggregation of scholars who in part at least supported their lecturers; Paris University was primarily a community of teachers licensed by the Chancellor of Notre Dame Cathedral; it was a theological school, and that of itself naturally fixed the rule of the subordination of both teachers and scholars to superior authority. The official designation of the two universities emphasizes this distinction; Paris was the "*Universitas Magistrorum*," and Bologna the "*Universitas Scholarum*." Paris became the model for the universities of England, Germany, and Northern France, while those of Italy and Southern France were patterned more after Bologna.

The university was divided into four nations: France, which included students from the middle and south of France, Spain, Italy, and Greece; England, which included Germany, England, and Scandinavia; Picardy, which included Picardy, Flanders, and Brabant, and lastly Normandy. Not only did the authorities stipulate that all students should associate them-

selves with the several nations to which naturally they belonged, but the community of language and customs and the sentiment of patriotism inspired to the same end. Each nation was organized separately with a separate corps of teachers, halls, churches, etc. At the head of each nation was a proctor chosen by the professors, and a rector was superior over all. In the course of time no less than 18 large and 80 small colleges, of which the most famous was, and is, the Sorbonne, comprised the university, and there were 50,000, 70,000, and even 100,000 students frequently in attendance.

In the awakening from universal intellectual stupor Spain seemed to be favored above other parts of Europe. The Romans impressed themselves more upon the people of Iberia than upon any others with whom they came in contact. From the time when the Scipios overran the Iberian peninsular and drove out the Carthaginians two centuries before Christ, down to the complete subjugation of the territory by Augustus in the year 19, southern Spain at least had become thoroughly Romanized. The natives intermarried with the Romans, adopted Roman architecture and Roman coinage, and even accepted Latin manners and the Latin language. The country became celebrated for its schools and scholars, and so completely was it transmuted that it was more soundly Roman than any other Latin province beyond the borders of Italy. For the next 400 years it was almost as completely Roman as Rome itself, its national existence fully merged in that of its conqueror. To all practical intents and purposes the Spaniards were now Romans, and native-born Spaniards

could even aspire to imperial dignities. The great Emperor Trajan was Spanish born, and his successor, Hadrian, was of the same blood, although born in Rome. Strabo declared that in schooling no appreciable difference could be discovered between a Roman and an Iberian youth. As a side proof of this the names of Quintillian, Martial, Lucan, the two Senecas, Columella, Silius, Italicus and Florus, brilliant in Latin literature, were Spanish born and bred. By the fifth century the cities of Spain were among the finest and richest in the Roman world.

Monastic institutions were introduced into Spain from Africa as early as the year 381, but when Rome went down before the invading hosts of Northern barbarians, learning was extinguished, for the Vandals and Suevi had little use for schools and books. For a long time the cruel exigencies of the times made the people almost forget their literary tastes and it was only in the church that the fire of learning was kept flickering. Slowly it began to rekindle under the wholesome rule of the Gothic kings. The monk, Leander, bishop of Seville, founded the first Christian school for the study of all arts and sciences about 579, after the Romans had been driven from the country by the invading barbarians. The school rapidly attained to great repute, and from that time on monastic establishments multiplied rapidly. Education was the ruling passion of the hour, and members of the royal family were eager to become founders and patrons of new schools. Leander and his family were at the head of the new movement. To them more than to all others combined Spain owed its revival of

learning. Leander started many schools, and his brothers and sisters aided in the work. His brother, Isadore, extended the educational facilities to all cathedral churches of Spain, prescribing to the clergy the study of Greek and Hebrew, heretofore neglected branches of learning. Isadore was a man of great erudition and the reputed author of an encyclopædic treatise on "The Origin of All Things," in which is presented a summary of the best knowledge of the time in medicine, law, natural history, geography, and mathematics. These monastic, convent, and cathedral schools perpetuated Christian teachings even until after the possession of the country by the Moors.

The advancement of learning seemed to be blocked again by the coming of the Moors in 711, but that which promised to be another misfortune proved in the end a blessing to the country in promoting the cause of art and letters. The Moors brought with them the culture of the East, the scientific and philosophic learning of the Arabs. Instruction was definitely organized and encouraged by them, numerous schools were established many of them for girls, and scholarships were provided for poor students. Cordova was made one of the most noted and most brilliant centers of learning in the world; medicine, mathematics, natural sciences, astronomy, grammar, law, and even Hebrew, were taught there. Learning was so widely diffused that in the reigns of Abd-âl-Rahman and his successor, Al Hakim, in the tenth century, every person in Andalusia could read and write, so it is said.

But again during the last centuries of the long and wearisome struggle between the

Christians and the Moors, education fell into dark ways. The people had little time or inclination for mild literary pursuits and few learned men existed outside the cloisters. With the final overthrow of the infidels the dormant love of letters revived, new schools began to spring up and the long-neglected centers of intellectual life began to take on fresh spirit. While the disturbed condition of the Iberian Peninsula continued Spanish students had frequented the Italian and French universities where many of them took distinguished rank as scholars and professors. In 1260 a Spaniard was the rector of Padua and at Bologna a college for Spanish students was established by Cardinal Carillo de Albornoz, Archbishop of Toledo. The influence of the Paris University was much felt, for many young men had gone to the French capital, and imbibed of the intellectual spirit that animated that place. The discussions between the Nominalists and the Realists and the foundation of the Dominican order also contributed to the intellectual activity of this corner of Europe.

The first Spanish university was established at Palencia by Alphonso VIII of Castile in 1209 and not to be outdone Alphonso IX of Leon established Salamanca thirty years later. Soon after Castile and Leon were united in 1230 under Ferdinand III the university at Palencia was removed to Salamanca, as Maturus in his account of the Spanish universities says: "On account of the fertility of the neighborhood and the mildness of the climate." Salamanca was a large city and military station under the Romans and in the Christian era it early became the seat of a bishopric and a

cathedral. It steadily grew in importance after it was a university town. New statutes and privileges were given to the university by Popes and Kings in the last half of the century, but particularly to Alphonso X of Castile and Leon, surnamed El Sabio (The Wise), Salamanca owed much of its preëminence.

Alphonso was a liberal and enlightened monarch, one of the most learned men of his age, and a deep student and patron of literature and science, especially astronomy. He elevated the Castillian language and encouraged the study of all sciences, inviting to his court distinguished scholars both Christian and Moslem. His own literary work included "*Los Siete Partidas*" a code of laws for the government of his people that has been described as "one of the greatest legislative monuments of an age which produced the establishments of St. Louis, and the great statutes of Edward I"; he also prepared the valuable scientific compilations entitled "*Libros de Astronomia*" and the "*Lapidario*." He was the founder of Spanish historiography in the vernacular and a general history of Spain were the direct outcome of his plans. The great law code was seven years in evolving—1256-'63—and one of its chapters laid down elaborate rules for the government of colleges and universities. But principally on account of the vigorous opposition of the nobles and the clergy, whose privileges were curtailed by its provisions, it was not until 1348, 60 years after the death of Alphonso, that the code became fully established, in all the territory of Castile and Leon. Alphonso also founded

Arabic and Latin schools as preparatory to the university.

Salamanca University was governed by a rector and an academical council of eight originally appointed by the students. A great deal of rivalry existed between the different faculties, and the professors were distinguished from each other by the colors of the tassels to their hoods, which were white for the divinity, green for the canon law, blue for arts and philosophy, and yellow for medicine. Six years of study were requisite for the degree of Bachelor of Arts and five more for a Licentiate. The colleges of the university were classed as Mayores and Menores, the former for the study of theology, law, medicine, and the classics, and the latter devoted to grammar and rhetoric; in the Mayores were schools of theology, canon law, medicine, mathematics, natural philosophy, and languages, and in the Menores, schools of grammar, music, reading, and writing. The Mayores were open only to sons of great families, and graduation from them was a title to immediate promotion into high and profitable place in church or state. This exclusiveness and favoritism continued until 1770, when they were abolished by a Minister, who thus secured revenge for having been excluded from one of them when he was a boy because he was the son of humble parents.

In the fifteenth century Salamanca University, with more than a score of colleges, attained the acme of its fame and success, and its reputation stimulated learning throughout all Spain. Queen Isabella invited German printers and Italian professors to her kingdom, among them Antonio de Lebrija whom Hallam

called the restorer of classical literature in Spain. Many of the royal children were educated in Italy, but a school like the celebrated Palatine school of Charlemagne was established at the court and presided over by Peter Martyr, who was summoned there in 1488 to lecture on Juvenal, and who, describing the enthusiasm with which he was welcomed by his noble pupils, said that those who came to hear him so blocked the entrance to the hall that he had to be carried to his place over the heads of the students like a victor in the Olympian games. In the rage for learning the proudest grandees of Spain occupied professors' chairs, and even noble ladies lectured in the halls of the universities. And yet, when Columbus appeared before the learned men of Salamanca in the collegiate convent of St. Stephen his geographical theories were assailed with citations from the Bible and the writings of the holy fathers of the church, St. Augustine, St. Jerome, St. Ambrose, and Lactantius as conclusive arguments against irresponsible scientific speculations.

At one time the university at Alcala de Henares, established by Cardinal Ximenes in 1500, was a powerful rival of Salamanca, and had an even more brilliant career. Prescott, the Spanish historian, says that Ximenes chose Alcala as the site of the university because "the salubrity of the air and the sober, tranquil complexion of the scenery on the beautiful borders of the Henares seemed well suited to academical study and meditation." The first college of the university was St. Ildefonsus, with 33 professors corresponding with the years that Christ lived, and 12 chaplains, as there were 12

apostles. The professors were all theologians and wore long red robes trailing over the left shoulder to the ground. In eight years the university had 42 professors, nine colleges and libraries, refectories, chapels, and other buildings. The course of instruction and the graduating system were copied from Paris. All instruction was in Latin and not in the vernacular, as in the other colleges of Spain, and that fact alone gave Alcala a superior scholarly prestige. In 1523, 10,000 students were enrolled, so it is said, and among them were scions of all the great families of Spain. When Francis I, prisoner of Spain, visited there he was welcomed by 11,000 students. The university was called the eighth wonder of the world. As recent as the early part of the present century Alcala was still frequented by rich students from Madrid, although it was in a decayed condition and many of the professorships were extinct. In 1837 the university was joined to that of Madrid and removed to the capital. Alcala is now an obscure town of 10,000 population, with one of its chief attractions the ruins of the old university building, a fine specimen of the Spanish Renaissance architecture, with handsome Moorish decorations in the chapel of sixteenth century style.

Now Spain has ten universities, with six faculties, all under State supervision. They are at Madrid, Barcelona, Granada, Oviedo, Salamanca, Seville, Santiago, Saragossa, Valencia, and Valladolid, and the total attendance upon them is less than 10,000 students and 250 professors. Salamanca long ago lost its ancient prestige, and its undergraduates number less than 400 annually. Madrid has the central

University of Spain, with schools of philosophy, jurisprudence, mathematics, natural science, medicine, pharmacy, architecture, engineering, veterinary surgery, and diplomacy. Both Madrid and Barcelona are regarded as hot-beds of revolution and student uprisings against the government are features of university life there quite as much as instruction in Latin and Greek.

LYMAN HORACE WEEKS.

AN INVOCATION.

There is a song that sings itself to me—

A song that never seeks the aid of word;

It breathes from every note of tuneful bird,

And mingles with each woodland melody.

It floats upon the breezes from the sea,

And murmurs in the treetops, gently stirred

By night winds, whose own notes, almost unheard,

Yet seem instinct with mystic harmony.

O music, sweeter far than poet's lay,

And deeper than all harmonies of men,

Fill me with thine own spirit, and again

Breathe thy strong rapture on me, that I may

Sing one clear note that men may hear, and know

The secret voice of nature's joy and woe.

KENT KNOWLTON.

COLLEGE LIFE AT DUBLIN UNIVERSITY.

PART II.

At Dublin, instead of holding recitations, the professors give lectures, and each in his individual way studies with the student. Examination will tell how well the student has maintained his part. Strange to say, however, classics are popular. Mathematics and classics are required throughout the arts course, but besides this, and even in substitution for it to some extent, the student is at liberty to follow his own inclination, and those ambitious for honors of any sort usually work with a direct view to the honor examinations, taking up science in its various branches, literature, history, and so forth. The student who wishes to study has every advantage; the student who does not care to study has the privilege merely of getting plucked at his examinations.

There are a few rules, however, that must be kept. Students "must not shoot snipe in the college park without the permission of the provost" (president), (formulated some hundred years back when the college park was a bog, but still retained in the code of rules); and also "scholars must not play marbles on the steps of the Examination Hall" (a rule which, it is needless to say, the scholars or honor students of this enlightened age have no temptation to break). There is a rule, however, that works hardship in many an unlucky Irishman's case. The college gates are closed at nine o'clock, and all students (except on one

day in the week) must then be within the quadrangle, though what they do there during the night is not inquired into. To avoid leaving their names at the gate, as they must do if they come in after nine, the plucky Irishman will try to climb the twenty-foot walls, or iron picket fences, and in fining students for that indecorum the Junior Dean finds his chief occupation.

The principal punishments are fines from sixpence to a pound, which the Junior Dean inflicts as he sees fit. For offenses which require a fine above a pound the student is brought before the Board of Senior Fellows, and, thus tried, the boys who not long ago burnt up some workmen's outfits (which they found on the college square and wanted for fuel on a particularly jovial celebration) had to pay ten pounds between them. Fines are imposed for non-attendance on lectures, cutting chapel altogether, and the like. Now and then a man gets suspended, though not often.

But the one ceremony which crowns the college day we have not yet described. It is dinner in the college dining hall. The hall is a great, bare room, with high roof and stained-glass windows. Down its center run long tables, with hard, backless wooden benches on either side. At the end, at right angles with the long tables, is a cross table where the fellows and professors are served, and they alone have the privilege of bringing guests. Dinner is served at six o'clock, and caps and gowns are required (as they are at all lectures). When students and professors are seated, one of the students (there are several, each of whom is paid four pounds a year for his services) will

mount the goblet-shaped pulpit that stands in one corner, and say a Latin grace. As one might imagine, it is not a very solemn procedure. Again when the meal is finished the student mounts the pulpit and repeats a longer Latin grace, in which praises are given for all the old rascals (kings and queens, from Queen Elizabeth to King George III) who aided in establishing the college.

As for the dinner itself, it is a most excellent one, cost thirty-five cents, more or less, according to the price of meat—soup, fish, roast, and vegetables well cooked, dessert, and crackers and cheese (your good Briton always tops off with crackers and cheese), and celery, perhaps, and we must not forget the stout or ale, as one chooses, which comes quite as a matter of course. Then when the meal is finished and the grace said, the Senior Dean, and fellows, and professors file out between the ranks of waiting students, who follow close behind and scatter to their rooms to chat and smoke, or stroll out into the town, or go to the society reading rooms.

The fellows and professors have in the building of the dining hall excellently furnished club rooms (the "combination" room they call it) back of which is a smoking room. Here, after dinner, those who choose may go for a smoke and a cup of tea before the great open fires. The "combination" room is furnished with the current periodicals, and that and the smoking-room have most comfortable chairs, carpets, and rugs, and the walls are adorned with pictures of curious interest or real ancient value. It is the cosiest place in the college.

Sports have a fair place at Trinity, too. At

the right of the quadrangle is a large, smooth, green lawn of four or five acres, called the College Park, which is really a field for sports. Around it runs a fine running track 340 yards (I believe it is) in length, while in the middle are the paraphernalia for football and cricket and a fine opportunity for tennis. On the east is a neat little granite structure called the Pavilion, where the athletes may wash and dress. The ground is kept like a garden, and even in winter looks a most tempting resort. Here, perhaps, the Newnham girls will send a great, strapping team to play hockey, and here are played the Cambridge and Oxford football and cricket matches. Here, too, once a year the whole college turns out for a day of field sports. There was a time when two days were given, but the students got so drunk by the second night that the authorities decided to restrict the convivialities to one day and one night. On that night "sprees" are given in the students' rooms, and there is a general jollification from one end of the college to the other, as enthusiastic and as long continued as in any good American college.

Between the College Park and the front street, separated from the park by a substantial stone wall, is the provost's garden and house. The house is a great, magnificent, rambling, roomy structure, which stands abreast of the entrance gate of the college, and the garden is a beautiful, finely-kept lawn, filled with trees and shrubbery, a most tempting retreat. But it is locked from the students, and only professors have keys.

As one rambles about the quaint, ancient, well-kept grounds, shut in by great walls from

all the bustle and roar of the outside city, he cannot help remembering that here Goldsmith (poor Goldy, who could write such beautiful verses, but floundered so frightfully in mathematics and most else, and never succeeded at all in mastering the mathematics of life) wandered in and out in his dreamy, good humored, devil-may-care way; and here came Swift, severe and energetic; and Lever, and Tom Moore. Here, too, came Congreve and Bishop Berkeley, of philosophic fame. In the long library hall are fine portrait busts of all these done in marble like the life. And there is a letter of Tom Moore's containing an autograph copy of "The Burial of Sir John Moore." Some laugh to-day at the pretensions of Tom Moore. But the Irishmen do not forget to love him.

And in the rooms over the gate are the archives of the Historical Society, which Burke founded, and where he cultivated his polished eloquence. Burke was very active, the records say, in those early meetings of the society, and some of the minutes are in his handwriting. In the Historical Society, too, Grattan and Curran and Plunkit discovered their powers of oratory, and many a lesser Irish orator, who here prepared himself for the broader field of Parliament.

There are at Trinity two important debating societies, which meet once a week. The older and more dignified is the Historical Society, founded, as we have said, by Burke. The younger is the Philosophical Society, which taboos all political discussions. The opening day of each of these societies yearly is an event. The Historical Society has some dis-

tinguished persons and addresses, and an audience of culture and importance. The Philosophical Society follows more charily in its elder sister's footsteps, and a few years ago its jovial members amused themselves by letting loose on the audience (largely ladies) a collection of rats, mice, pigeons, and other undomesticated animals, for which pleasantry the society was deprived of its opening festivities until the present year.

There are the Boat Club and the Rowing Club, which meet in aquatic rivalry on the Liffey River in a grand match once a year. But beside these there are no societies or clubs which might correspond to our Greek Letter Fraternities, organizations scarcely heard of in Great Britain.

So much for the student life. The life of the faculty is not less free and pleasant in its narrower way. As examinations rule everything, so examinations determine the faculty. Honor students are called scholars while in the regular courses, and are quite swells, having their rooms free and free dining at the college commons. After taking their degree they aspire to be fellows, and if they pass the examinations are enrolled as Junior Fellows, with a salary of \$200 a year. If they want to earn more money they must teach, and their income depends on the number of pupils they can get. They are the tutors, who give all the elementary instruction, and half the £16 (\$80) paid in by each student for his tuition fees goes to the tutor who has charge of him. As one man cannot cover all branches, of course, the junior fellows make a pool and divide their pupils up according to subjects, and the fees are divided proportionately.

After long, long waiting, and more examinations, the junior fellows are promoted to be senior fellows, and form a board for the government of the college, both financially and for discipline. From their number is selected by the University Senate (the functional board of the University as distinguished from the College) the provost or principal. There are also professors who are not fellows, and they, with the senior fellows form the College Council, which has the highest authority in regulating the curriculum and examinations. The professors who are not fellows are on foundations with salaries varying from \$1,500 to \$5,000 a year. The chancellor and vice-chancellor of the university are ornamental figure heads, who seldom come near the college.

The work of each professor varies, but is never very heavy—three or four hours a week, perhaps, in some subjects, more. And he is quite free to occupy the remainder of his time as he chooses, in writing or pleasure. Several of the professors at Dublin are widely known, as Prof. Tyrrell, who has edited various Latin classics, and Prof. Edward Dowden, whose studies in English literature are famous the world over. One smiles to find on the solid old doors to the recitation rooms of these famous men brass plates with the simple inscription, "Mr. Dowden," "Mr. Barlow."

We may well close this sketchy account of Trinity College, founded by Queen Elizabeth one year before America was discovered (such is history!), by a little picture of Dr. Shaw, the present dean. The oldest fellow but one on the college board, he has never lost his light-hearted youth, his springing step, his bubbling,

Irish wit. Years have not thrown over him any veneer of dignity, which he never could assume, and with his twinkling eye and kindly manner he is the veriest youthful student of them all. A journalist, too, he writes in his fine ironical vein a leader or two every day for one of the Dublin papers. Unmarried, he has still his large, commodious bachelor rooms near the college gate, and with his comrade fellows he wanders in and out, veritably one of the students to the end of his days.

SHERWIN CODY.

IF.

If all the follies of young lips
Were wise and true,
I'd kiss those dainty finger-tips,
And love but you.

If all the fancies of young hearts
Were sober sense,
You'd drop your sweet, coquettish arts
In self-defense.

TALCOTT MINER BANKS.

THE COLLEGIAN IN LITERATURE.

No knowledge is useless knowledge. It is undoubtedly true that this dictum applies especially to him who chooses literature as his calling. When one begins to distill all that is best and highest of his intellect, to pour out his soul's garnered hoard, he, for the first time, realizes the utility of every scrap of half-forgotten learning, of every experience through which he has passed and his life, however rich and varied, seems to him all too barren. He would fain have at his disposal a vast storehouse of learning, an inexhaustible fund of the choicest treasures of great minds, made his by assimilation. And yet, the art which he has chosen is the only art which, to the uninitiated, does not seem to demand long years of preparatory study, a toilsome apprenticeship, a dreary period of obscurity. The tyro dreams of a niche ready and waiting for him in the Temple of Fame. He sees visions of himself crowned with laurels by an astonished and admiring world. It appears so easy at first, and when the scales at last fall from his eyes, it is so hard. This first stage—that of over-confidence—is not dangerous—it is so soon cured. The second period—that of discouragement—is more acute. The would-be litterateur realizes then his fatuity, and, in the reaction of self-depreciation, he asks himself how it was possible that he, a very pigmy, could have dreamed of competing in a field already full of giants.

Then perhaps, a dangerous cynicism begins to invade his spirit. He has been told, has indeed, always firmly believed, that there is no

royal road to fame or learning, but he has heard of a short cut to Parnassus—a convenient trail much traveled of late, and he begins to scorn the ancient highway. Young Mr. Croesus was invited to explore this alluring path in a special vehicle. His arrival at the summit was heralded in advance. Glowing columns in the daily papers depicted the beauties of the great work to which this youth had devoted his time in preference to the feasting, coaching, and dancing to which his birthright entitled him. A disinterested publisher, inspired by a noble desire to stimulate among the *jeunesse dorée* this zeal for intellectual effort, has heard that Croesus's light burns late in his tower window; a whisper has reached his ear that it is literature which claims the young man's leisure hours. He therefore, hat in hand, approaches this new aspirant for literary distinction and sues for the honor of producing the maiden effort of the millionaire's pen. The humble traveler on his way to Parnassus, trudging painfully along the barren and stony road, is choked by the dust from Croesus's wheels as that fortunate youth drives past. In vain he attempts to follow the gilded chariot as it turns off on the short cut. The path is sternly guarded, and only they who have invented dances, inherited great wealth, jumped from high bridges, or otherwise made themselves famous or notorious, can hope to ascend by that road. So, with bitterness in his heart and downcast brow, he toils slowly on the old, old way, marked with so many footprints, lined with the graves of so many who have fallen by the wayside; and, O wonder! he has made no great progress when that golden chariot

again passes him, going downward this time. In it sits young Croesus, quite chapfallen. The Parnassians would none of him, and so he returns to earth to tread, if he has the strength and the patience, that weary path, to meet rebuffs and discouragements, to live his life, to stumble, to struggle, to rise again, and at last, wearied but triumphant, to reach the longed-for goal by the same way that lies open to the poorest and the lowliest.

All real and abiding success must, in this age, be slow in attainment. The writer who by his first effort leaps at once into a place beside those who have toiled and waited is as much a creature of the past, a fable of bygone days, as Minerva springing full panoplied from the brain of Jupiter. Had Fanny Burney been born a century later, she would doubtless have carried the manuscript of "*Evelina*" from publisher to publisher, to have it rejected in turn by all. With a few pardonable tears she would at last have put away the unlucky manuscript in which so much time and so many fond hopes were invested and tried again, perhaps with equal lack of success. To us to-day the story of her secret employment of her leisure hours, the publication of the novel which was the result and her immediate attainment of fame and popularity reads like a fairy tale. Not that we do not occasionally see a *début* which seems to promise an equally phenomenal success. But the iridescent bubble of cotemporary fame soon bursts and what is left of it but a drop of water evaporating rapidly into the air? Where are the prophets of last year and the year before last—the Beatrice Harradens and the Sarah Grands? To-day we

wonderingly recall our ecstatic hailing of these new planets and we realize that they were not stars at all, only meteors, very dazzling but soon burned out and forgotten. This result is no doubt in some measure due to the fickleness and volatile character of the popular fancy, but it is also owing to the lack of preparation and finish of such writers. They are hurried into prominence before they are ready for such an ordeal. This rapid success may be and doubtless is, very gratifying from a pecuniary standpoint, but it is a misfortune from an artistic point of view. One misses in the work of these writers the poise, the dignity, the consistency, the coherence and the finish of George Eliot, or to give a more recent example, of Mrs. Humphry Ward.

Genius will eventually attain its rightful place, but the struggle is longer than it was fifty years ago. The reading public has grown more *blasé*, more fastidious, less ready to be charmed by simple pleasures. The aspirant for its favor must possess culture, learning, ease, and experience, as well as native gifts. If he is fortunate enough to have had the mental training and the broadening influences of a university life, he will encounter comparatively few technical difficulties. He will have well in hand the tools best adapted for his work. If a writer lacks this early training and shaping of the mind, he will experience checks and drawbacks which ought not to exist. He will find himself sitting dumb and helpless, unable to formulate and express the ideas with which his brain seems bursting. He will be like the peasant boy trying to paint with home-made brushes and pigments which he himself has

ground. The young genius will paint pictures—in time—but how much better, how much sooner, he might successfully have accomplished his task with materials suited exactly to his purpose.

But natural mental gifts, college training, and wide reading do not alone make the author whose work is destined to live. To rely too much on the purely intellectual quality—on the so-called objective mind—has been ever the mistake of academicians. There is something higher than knowledge, broader than learning, deeper than mere intellectuality. It is the comprehension of life itself in its fullest meaning—this human life of ours—floated over on its glassiest surface by some souls, explored to its darkest depths by others. The fuller, the richer our experience, the more of joy and sorrow we have known, of faults conquered and weaknesses overcome, the greater the wealth we have to draw upon, the more surely we strike the chords that move our hearers.

This human sympathy then, this “touch of nature,” which “makes the whole world kin,” is to be gained only by ripe experience and by a cultivation rather than a repression of the emotional side of our nature. The highest art is passionate. It is not Dr. Faustus, the wise and virtuous, the dry-as-dust scholar who appeals to us; it is Faust the man, who has lived, sinned, sorrowed, and repented, who holds us spellbound.

*“Doch werdet ihr nie Herz zu Herzen schaffen,
Wenn es euch nicht von Herzen geht.”*

Could George Eliot have so truly depicted the heart drama of Maggie Tulliver had she not lived a deeper tragedy herself? Was not

Byron's richest melody evoked from a soul tortured and wrung?

And so it is from experience itself that we must all draw our inspiration—the greatest of us all as well as the smallest. The great soul will give it to the world after the fashion of his greatness and a Goethe will weave his own soul struggles into an immortal Faust. Then we need not fear to depict what we have seen and known, trite and commonplace as it may seem to us. We may be certain that, if we tell our story with force and sincerity, it will not be lacking in interest. The same scene has for every eye a different aspect, and it matters little if the only landscape we know well has been limned by countless workers before us. Our picture will be different from any other. We shall take another point of view, or, at any rate, we shall see differently. Optical experiments show that no two pairs of eyes see exactly alike. One person is near, another far-sighted, a third is afflicted with strabismus, a fourth is color-blind, but let each paint as he sees, not as he thinks he ought to see. This is all that is really his to give and the only work of value that he can give. In Turner's earlier style we see the effect of the conventional and the stereotyped in art. It is only when he breaks away from tradition and paints his own world, lurid and phantasmagoric though it is, that he becomes truly great. Imitation is always dangerous. Probably the painter Monet, saw all objects with a dark line drawn about them. It is doubtful, however, if any or at least, if all of his imitators so beheld them. It is this pit-fall which the young author must learn to avoid. It is so natural to say, "Thackeray

treats such a subject thus, and therefore that must be the proper manner in which to treat it." Let us study Thackeray, then, or any other literary artist, but let us never fall into the error of trying to put on Thackeray's spectacles, for they will not fit our eyes and we shall see everything falsely. Let us depict objects as we really see them and so preserve our intellectual honesty—a quality as valuable in the artistic, as truth in the moral world.

In their search for truth, however, a common error of conscientious artists is that in reading or studying up a subject they forget that the capacity for good work must be of slow growth, incorporated into one's very being before it can be successfully utilized. The mind not thus prepared may be superficially accurate, but it is an anatomical mannikin as compared with the whole congeries of the intellectual powers of a living man. This exhaustive dissection and study of subjects makes the novels of Zola cold and lifeless. He says to the expectant public "Now I will write a story about the markets of Paris." He spends a year, perhaps two, in haunting the markets, in taking notes, in seizing upon a thousand small details to complete the accuracy of his picture. It is accurate, certainly, but lifeless. We have counted each bristle on the backs of Desirée's pigs, we know every stitch in Angèle's embroidery, we are as well acquainted with the pathological studies of the Rougon-Macquart family as Dr. Pascal himself, we have taken note of every button on the uniforms of Napoleon Third's army, but we are fatigued and bewildered rather than impressed. It is the accuracy of the photographer and one feels no vitality

in it all. A woman, ignorant of the details of business, might take a fancy to write a novel intended to give a faithful picture of stock speculating and Wall street. She might make the most careful study of her subject and succeed in producing a book in which there was no technical blunder but it would surely lack "atmosphere."

On the other hand, most writers find it impossible to make judicious use of their life studies until time has mellowed their colors and softened their outlines, and distance has given them their proper perspective. It is not while passing through the storm and stress of some soul revolution that one is calm enough to make use of his sensations and experiences for the benefit of others.

In most instances therefore it is unreasonable to expect that a writer's best work should be done early in life when there has not yet been time for experiences to crystallize, for judgment to ripen or for thought to mature.

The collegian fresh from university triumphs is apt to think the world an easy conquest. Perhaps he has been class poet or class historian and a frequent contributor to a college magazine. His friends have assured him that he is destined to make his mark in literature. Unless specially favored of fortune, however, he will find that his best work is "unavailable" or, worst of all, that it is politely returned unread on account of "the accumulation of work already accepted" or because such articles are "outside of our scope." Perhaps it is a long time before he can even obtain a hearing, but he must not lose courage. That first manuscript, rejected by some, unread

by others, begins to seem to its young author no such great work after all. He could almost find it in his heart to be grateful that it has never emerged from the limbo to which he consigns the fast increasing rolls of rejected manuscripts. In the mean time, his style is maturing, experience is enriching his mental gifts, he is approaching the point where his efforts begin to be crowned with success. If, when this happens, the reward for his toil seems to him very inadequate and the honor of being counted as one among the four thousand authors of America quite insufficient to slake his thirst for fame, let him remember his political economy and call to mind that an occupation is profitable in proportion to its risk, its respectability and the capital invested. The only risks attending authorship are perhaps those of keeping late hours or of working too hard, but they are not confined to the profession of letters. No one, I fancy, in this present age, would attempt to question the respectability of a calling which was in Goldsmith's time almost as low in the social scale as was that of a strolling player in Shakespeare's. The capital invested is so small—only one's highest aspirations and one's nobler self; but these have no market value, so let them pass as worthless. Unless they can be made to serve the world for instruction or pastime, they are but so much useless lumber, and our author a dreamer, a cumberer of the earth, a spoiler of good ink and paper. Let us, however, assume that he is to attain at least a modicum of success; if, in addition to this, he does not feel that his art is, like virtue, its own reward, and that he is not happier to make as a writer a

thousand dollars a year than he would be in gaining two thousand by any other work, he would far better turn his abilities in another direction and develop along the line of the least resistance. Not for his brow is the ivy—*"praemia frontium docturum."* We rail sometimes at Fate, we say that there is no lot so thankless as that of the author, but, in our heart of hearts, we say, like Horace,

*"Quod si me inseris lyricis vatibus
Sublimi feriam sidera vertice."*

WINIFRED JOHNES.

DISCOURAGEMENT.

A blossom on the hill-top blooming fair,
Whose gentle perfume soothes the heated air;
But eager fingers break the tender stem—
The charm is lost—the fragrance spilled, and then
By discontented hand 'tis cast aside,
And sadly comes the cry,—“My hopes have lied.”

S. MCCHESENEY POPE.

A BERKSHIRE TYPE.

The environment of one's college has much to do with the feeling with which the memories of college days are cherished. There is a certain kind of romance surrounding the recollections of the four happy years spent in a New England country college that is denied to the graduate of urban academic institutions. All loyal alumni have in common a love for Alma Mater, and preserve as the dearest of life the ingenuous friendships formed during that period of glorious youth—the college days. The place and the region, however, have much to do with the frequency of the pilgrimages that are made to the particular garden where grew the tree of knowledge that we were accustomed to shake with more or less gentleness.

The poets with rural college associations, who have sung of their college days, are wont to emphasize the impressions made by picturesque surroundings. Arnold, in those beautiful lines written on revisiting Oxford, speaks of her as

“ . . . girded by thy silver streams.”

The influence of mountains, streams, and forest upon undergraduate life is well known to Dartmouth, Williams, and Amherst men, and in after life they yearn to return to *those beautiful regions*, as well as to the college that first made them acquainted with the surpassing loveliness of the vicinage. We, of old Williams, love to go back to Alma Mater *and the Berkshire Hills*.

What sense of strength unlimited we felt as we strode over hill and dale to make the first

ascent of Greylock, and finally gazed down on the world beneath us that seemed only waiting for us to conquer! What simple joys, but oh so sweet, were those we found as we stealthily walked along the banks of many a Berkshire brook and with feathered deception lured the speckled trout from "pools, both clear and cool," whilst from the copses near by

"melodious birds sang madrigals"

or with the changing season, the rich green of summer having given way to those gorgeous colorings of autumn, nowhere else quite so brilliant, with dog and gun we strolled over the uplands, returning with—if nothing more—an appetite, that was the despair of the landlady who always hoped for the epidemic of dyspepsia that never came.

What interesting and quaint people we were wont to see around in those hillside farms up in Berkshire—types that are fast disappearing, as city folks crowd nearer and remain longer every year.

I saw one last summer who deserves to be hung on the line in the gallery of portraits of New England characters.

It was early in July, and my family and I were established for the summer on the farm my ancestors were tilling when the battle of Bennington interrupted farming operations for a few days. I am tilling that same farm now by the aid of typewritten instructions sent bi-weekly from my office in Wall street. From some of my fields I can see the College buildings. There is a mountain in my back yard that is 2,500 feet high, and over on the south side of that mountain is a hillside farm, through which glides a sylvan stream that every Will-

iams man knows as the Hopper Brook. It is very picturesque, and is a natural trout brook. The farm referred to bears evidence of thrift and intelligent husbandry in every direction. On that certain July day last summer I got out my rod and creel, selected a few flies that are never known to miss connections, and, taking along a generous lunch against the gnawings of the noontide hour, I started for the Hopper Brook.

It was one of those ideal midsummer days that furnish so much happiness in the contemplation of the mere fact of one's existence. The fish did not bite very well—it was too bright—but I did not care for that; the wild-flowers, the birds, and the sweet solitude of the forest made me almost forget my quest. I finally left the woods and followed the stream into the open, here and there taking a speckled trout, so beautiful that it seemed almost wicked to kill him.

The meadows hereabouts were closely cropped, the pastures were free from invading weeds, and the buildings, as I approached, betokened watchful and continuous care. The barns were on the bank of the brook, and across a grass-grown road was the modest abode of Caleb Whitbeck. Mr. Whitbeck took great pride in a neat little flower garden, in which the beds of mignonette, petunias, and bachelor's buttons were laid out in the shape of hearts and stars. There was one hole just behind the barn that I used to fish when I was a boy, and generally to some purpose. I sneaked up to this pool so carefully that I did not see Mr. Whitbeck and his fourteen-year-old boy Tibby approach until after I had made three or four

casts, but this time without a strike. Cale Whitbeck, as his neighbors call him, is a tall, spare man, with a bushy head of hair, snappy blue eyes, and a very shrill voice. His attire was unconventional and might have done duty for several seasons. This impression was confirmed later by his telling me that this was the sixth summer on the old straw hat, and that another year he should probably give it to Tibby—"leastwise, if he tuk hole real sharp next winter."

Anything but prosperity was impossible on this farm: it stuck out everywhere; economy and thrift were indeed intrenched here.

As they approached me, I heard the senior Whitbeck say,

"Tibby, who is't?"

"Why, pa, that's Chairley Hubbard," the dutiful son replied.

"Tain't neither, I guess I know them Hubbard boys."

Tibby and my identity having been thus disposed of, Mr. Whitbeck continued to approach me, and finally said: "Well, neighbor, what luck er yer havin' fishin'?" and then, without waiting for me to reply, continued, "I don't suppose you've got nothin', and most of the well nigh onto three hundred fishermen as hez gone up this creek to-day hain't got much more'n you hev." He came closer to me as he thus delivered himself, eyed me closely, and, turning to his son, who was close behind, said, *sotto voce*, "Tibby, it is Chairley—sure 'nuff."

I then ventured to compliment him on the appearance of his farm and the stalwartness of Tibby—when he delivered himself of the following:

"Looks neat? Of course it does. Look at them farm implements; they're under kiver, ain't they? Look at them tools in the corner of the shed; they're kivered, too, ain't they? Mr. Hubbard, there's only one way to get along a-farmin' of it, and that is to be a little more carefuller'n yer neighbors be. You say you would not wonder if I had a dollar or two put away for a rainy day. Say, Mr. Hubbard, who told ye? Well," looking around in all directions to make sure that he was not overheard, he continued, "Why, say, I hev got a stockin' my mother knit out of the wool of a black sheep my father owned the year Mr. Hopkins was made president of the college. Say, it's nearly full of silver now, and when it gits full I'll take her over to the Savin's Bank and sock her away; they talk about a silver basis, it don't scare me a bit—why, I've bin on a silver basis for 25 years, and I'm on it now."

"Say, Mr. Hubbard, you think Tibby's a likely boy; you ought ter see him Sundays when his ma dresses him up slick as a goose and sends him off to Sunday-school to South Williamstown—three miles'n more, and every Sunday he takes a cent for the missionary box to the heathen, and that leads me to say thet I ain't so poor but what I kin give to them's as poorer'n I be. Is that 'ere colt gentle? Gentle's a clock; I driv him all the way to Pittsfield 'n back last week, and never sucked teeth to him once—but as I was sayin', I can ginerally give suthin to them's as poorer'n I be. Why, last fall I was a-goin' over my butter rute—I've got a rute to North Adams—when I see a little gal a-walkin' along with her feet pretty well half out of her shoes, and I

says to her, says I, 'Sis, is them the best shoes you've got to hum?' Says she, 'They be.' Says I, 'You git right up here onto the seat along with me,' 'n she got there. I driv right along till we kim to Ranse Maynard's store, 'n I got out, 'n she got out, I a helpin' of the poor little thing.' I says to her, 'You kim right in here with me,' 'n she kim. Ranse runs a cobbler's seat in the back of the store and's got a likely cobbler there, too. I says to him, says I, 'Ranse, what'll cost to mend them shoes onto that little gal?' 'Well,' says he, 'there'll be more mend than shoe to it—forty cents—I guess.' 'Mend um,' says I, 'n I paid him the forty cents, 'n I paid him *in money*. Thinks I to myself, 'She'll need rubbers of a slushy day,' and so I says, 'Ranse,' says I, 'what be them rubbers worth on that shelf?' 'Forty cents,' says he, 'n I paid him the forty cents, and I paid him *in money*. Then, thinks I, 'Cale, them hands of hern's a-going to be cold bime by,' so says I to Ranse, 'Ranse,' says I, 'what's them red mits worth up on that next shelf?' 'Fifteen cents,' says he. 'Give 'm to her,' says I, and I paid him the fifteen cents, and I paid him *in money*—and there was forty cents for mendin' of the shoes, 'n forty cents for the rubbers, and fifteen cents for the red mits, 'n forty 'n forty's eighty, 'n fifteen's ninety-five—'n, say, when I paid Ranse them ninety-five cents I knew I was a-lendin' to the Lord, b' gol—wa'n't I, Mr. Hubbard?" I assured him that I considered that he made a good time loan, and I then made a cast near where I had seen a swirl in the pool, just as Cale and Tibby walked back to the house.

CHARLES BULKLEY HUBBELL.

HEIDELBERG STUDENT LIFE.

If you look in the apartments of a Heidelberg student in the forenoon, at an hour when American collegians would be heading for the languishment of lecture rooms, ten to one you will find him in his dressing-gown, enjoying his morning coffee, his placid air little suggestive of scholastic appointments, as one views him in the gorgeousness of his domiciliary vestments. A bursche's *deshabille* is truly striking; from top to toe he is quite as gaudy as a Turk. His morning robe is the gayest of plaids; no less showy are the slippers that encase his feet, and on his head, pushed jauntily to one side, one sees a small velvet affair, lavishly embroidered with the insignia of university brothership, which, though it strikingly resemble a smoking cap, it is glaring ignorance to speak of as anything but a beer cap, or "*cerevis*." These caps may be assumed on the occasion of the morning smoke, but their proper use is at the *kneipe*, or drinking bout, when they blossom down the echoing board like so many tulips.

If you wish to enter into proper relations with a German student in the midst of his household gods, you must assuredly smoke, otherwise there will be no familiar parlance on things dear to the Teutonic heart. He will treat you with extreme courtesy—a bursche is always the true exemplar of politeness—but, at the same time, from behind his cloud of the stimulating weed, he will be regarding you as one born under an irrational star, a monstrosity among your fellow men. Not smoke! *Mein Gott!* A German student gazes out upon the

world at large like Æneas upon the building of Carthage, through a volume of mist, and not to go and do likewise, by enveloping yourself in a state of fumigation, transcends his solid understanding. The pipe is invariably the agent of this divine exhilaration, and among an infinite variety of these the student loves best to fondle the cane-like stem of his student pipe with its corps colors, the gift of a brother in a corps, or fraternity. With this in his mouth he becomes the most amiable and talkative of beings.

The quarters of a Heidelberger would not compare with the chambers of an Oxonian, or those of a Harvard student, but they are supremely comfortable, although restricted in some respects, as, for instance, the aggressive fervor of the winter stove, to a German's comprehension of the term. Two rooms are all he requires to make himself thoroughly at home—a sleeping room which, for all he cares, may be two feet wide, and a sitting-room, commodious, if possible, for the necessities which student life demands for plenty of room, when a round number of good-fellows-well-met happen to gather. But what disorder greets the eye in this latter spot, such as would strike consternation to the breast of a New England housewife. Books, pipes, rapiers, clothes, and writing apparatus are strewed around in picturesque litter, a confusion which, were we not speaking after the manner of a bursche, would scarcely represent comfort to the average mind; but he thrives on it, smoking complacently in the midst of chaos. For the multitudinous pipes before mentioned one whole wall is no more than sufficient. Everything from a common

clay pipe to a refined meerschaum is represented, and it would require half a day to chronicle all their owner would have to say of them, were he pressed to relate their various histories. Upon another wall one finds a series of portraits in gilt frames. A colored band, festooned above, winds around these as though to include them lovingly in one great relationship. These are the likenesses of the members of his corps and of other students who have come into especial friendship with the occupant of the rooms during the various semesters at the university, and the band is their corps' colors. It is customary for the members of a corps to honor each other with these pictures, and they are as dear to the owner as the words of the *Verbindung*, or bond of friendship which ties them together. Another wall is devoted to the faces of the professors. Around the mirrors are fastened faded garlands taken from the bier of a departed friend, and most affectionately preserved; there, too, hang ribbons bearing inscriptions and dates commemorative of the foundation day of a *Verbindung* with the owner. On the remaining wall depend all the implements connected with the peace and hostility of student life, viz., a guitar, and corps cap, a *schlager*, with the omnipresent corps colors at its hilt, and defensives of various kinds for the duel, of which the Heidelberg is so fond. This combat is much less severe nowadays than the average person fancies. Blood-letting is still in vogue, but it is drawn in limited supplies, sufficient only to preserve a dash of the former romance in the affair. With the dozen and one guards employed on the body, and the stringent regulations of the

encounter there is little possibility of mortal hurt. The weapons that the duelist uses, however, are not in his room, but in the fencing hall, of which every corps is possessed.

German students, like most castes or corporations, have their own lingo. The functionaries who perform menial offices about their rooms are variously dubbed. The needy devils who polish their boots to the requisite luster are called "boot foxes." These subsist on a mere pittance from their patrons, and are content. The wife of a boot fox, when he has one, is generally laundress to the same master. The chambermaid is alluded to as the "house broom," or the "she slave." Another female is the "house Philistine," who provides the domestic necessities, such as wood, light, etc., bringing in the accounts monthly, though not often so promptly paid.

Outside, the students apply the term Philistine to those who are not students, more restrictedly to the citizens of the university town. The city clerks, who show themselves Sundays and holidays in their spruce raiment, with an idea, no doubt, of rivaling the burschen, have the curious appellation of "shop pendulums." The student has a fine disdain of extra adornment on such occasions. On the street he is invariably to be seen in his high boots, his round colored cap, and his short coat.

The beer sellers and eating-house keepers live in servile apprehension of displeasing their high-minded customers, and should the one class adulterate beverages or the other strive to stint the *menu* they are quickly placed under ban, and severe indeed is the penance before they are again received into favor.

Every bursche has his canine companion, which is eternally at his heels. The latter is taught to perform many useful services, such as fetching pipes and slippers. At night he follows his master, and should he come home with senses somewhat bewildered by heavy potations, the worthy animal is on the alert to guide his master or to pick up anything he may unconsciously drop en route. The dog indeed is an important factor in university life. He accompanies his master to the dinner table, the public walks, the fencing room and the *kneipe*. When his master eats, his dog must also be victualed.

Combats between rival dogs are as common and much more sanguinary than those of their owners, time and place being appointed with equal ceremony. These canines seldom leave the University; they are generally left as a legacy to a companion, and sometimes they have no master but the whole corps and no home save the *kneipe*.

It is related that at one time the students were in the habit of teaching their dogs to respond to the most common Christian names of the young women of Heidelberg and these names they were forever bawling out at their four-footed followers in public places, with such effect that the fair ones so christened would hastily quit the scene in abashed consternation, to the wicked enjoyment of those ungallant disciples of learning.

EDWARD A. UFFINGTON VALENTINE.

COMMENTS ON UNIVERSITY NEWS.**CONDUCTED BY EDWARD S. MARTIN.**

WHEN GOVERNOR MORTON was 18 years old he had already shown aptitude enough for business to be put in charge of a store in Hanover, New Hampshire. Naturally he got to know Hanover, and necessarily Dartmouth College, and he never forgot either. Not long ago he bought some property just north of the college grounds, which came into the market, and gave it to the college. It has been determined to build on the site so acquired an Alumni Memorial Hall. Several distinguished alumni made a pilgrimage from New York to Albany the other day to show the plans of the new hall to the donor of the site.

PLANS AND specifications for a new building for Barnard College on the site at the Boulevard and 119th street have been accepted, and work will begin as soon as the weather is ready. Its ground dimensions will be 200 x 160 ft., and its cost about \$500,000. Barnard has 72 undergraduates now. She lately made a dicker with Columbia by the terms of which she is to pay the salaries of three new professors in the Columbia faculty on condition that every hour they spend in instructing Columbia students shall be offset by an hour given by some other professor to Barnard.

WELLESLEY HAS outgrown her chapel. It became a question whether her students should come to morning prayers in relays, or should

have two places of worship. The latter expedient was adopted, and now prayers are held in Seton Hall for the 110 girls who live there, and the chapel holds the 700 who are left.

THERE ARE so many colleges in Ohio that it is proposed to compel every intending founder of a new one to take out a license before he founds. A bill has been introduced in the State Legislature by Senator Garfield to create a State college and university council which shall have power to pass upon the merits of all proposals to found institutions of learning, and to refuse to unfit ones the authority to confer degrees. The council would also be expected to visit and examine annually all existing institutions, and revoke the charters of such as did not keep up their standard.

IT WAS reported in the newspapers under date of February 4 that all but four of the 100 students at George R. Smith's college at Sedalia, Mo., had professed religion, that the shouting and singing of students had temporarily suspended class work, and that all day praise meetings were being held in the college chapel. It does not appear in any handbook which the BACHELOR possesses whether George R. Smith's college is colored or white.

TOO MUCH zeal in abating the inexperience of freshmen has brought about the permanent separation of twelve young gentlemen from the University of North Carolina.

LARGE AND enthusiastic meetings of prominent citizens have lately been held in Albany to

advance the fulfillment of the proposition to move Union College from Schenectady to the capital of the State. It is reported that President Raymond and the trustees of the college are in favor of moving. What the sentiments of the people of Schenectady are in the matter it is, of course, unnecessary to state. The roots of Union are pretty deep down in the soil of Schenectady and will not easily come loose. It seems doubtful whether there are levers long enough, or men solid enough in Albany to fetch them out.

THE COURSE of coeducation does not always run smooth. The newspapers reported, under date of January 30, that 21 male sophomores had been expelled from Ottawa (Kansas) University for giving a supper to their girl classmates against the orders of the faculty. The supper was given at a restaurant at half-past ten at night. It was the hour and the place that the faculty took exception to, rather than the supper itself. The girls, on being arraigned for settlement before the faculty, repented and were pardoned. The boys, except two, refused to express regret, and were dismissed. Perhaps the faculty think that the two boys who begged off were the best worth keeping, but that seems doubtful.

KENYON COLLEGE (Gambier, Ohio,) wants to find a new president in Prof. Flavel S. Luther, of Trinity. Professor Luther graduated from Trinity in 1870, and was a member of the faculty of Kenyon between 1880 and 1883. He has not, at this writing, accepted the call of Kenyon, but his friends think that he will.

ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY resident members of the University of Oxford, England, have signed a petition for the opening of degrees to women, and important steps have been taken to the same end at the University of Cambridge. All the British universities except Oxford, Cambridge, and Dublin now admit women to degrees.

THE GREATEST compliment ever paid to Yale athletes has been paid by Brown. In the Brown gymnasium at Providence, a bronze tablet two feet long by one foot wide, has been placed bearing this inscription: "Football: Brown 6, Yale 6. November 9, 1895."

The Brown seniors are strongly opposed to the practice of writing orations to be delivered at commencement, but the faculty does not yet see its way to abolishing this painful requirement. Of course, not all the orations written are delivered, but it is obligatory to produce them. There are better ways of teaching men to write English than by requiring them to compose commencement orations.

A DIFFERENCE is reported from Northwestern University between the young men and the young women as to whether the latter shall have exclusive use of the gymnasium between five and six in the afternoon. A rule of the faculty grants it to them, but the boys say that the girls don't avail themselves of their privilege, and that their hour is the most convenient one for the representative athletes of the university to take their exercise. The young women deny everything, and have organized for battle. Of course there can be no

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doubt as to the issue of the dispute. There's more than one way to induce young women at college to take regular gymnasium exercise.

THE CHARGE that President Charles Kendall Adams fostered aristocratic tendencies in the University of Wisconsin has been investigated by a special committee of the Board of Visitors to the university and has been pronounced baseless. The committee found that if aristocracy meant the elevation of moral and intellectual ideas, Dr. Adams has fostered it; but if it meant the supremacy of wealth and social position, he hadn't. Thus vindicated from an odious aspersion, Dr. Adams may now wash his hands whenever he sees fit, and with any kind of soap, and may keep a door-mat for the use of his family without incurring risk of censure.

SENATOR HAWLEY—Jo Hawley, of Connecticut—went to the dinner of the Hamilton Alumni on February 5, in New York, and made a speech on the necessity of keeping an eye on England. He said the Church of Rome and the Government of Great Britain were two forces that never slept, and that the English people were very good people, but that they were not the British Government. The British Government, he said, had always been our enemy when a chance offered. Britannia wanted as much of the available earth as was worth taking, and it was the business of the Hamilton Alumni to protest when she threatened an American republic, and to jump hard up and down on her if necessary. These are not all Senator Hawley's precise words, but they give

his sentiments faithfully. He also advocated that enterprise of rather doubtful expediency, a national university, which should receive men after they had had a college training, and make specialists of them on the basis of a broad culture.

AT THE annual dinner of the Boston Alumni Association, of Amherst, one of the speakers called for the erection at Amherst of a Julius Seelye Hall, to be the center of all the social activities of the college.

THE VILLAGE fathers of Williamstown, contrary to precedent and propriety, have levied taxes on certain professors' houses belonging to Williams College and compelled the college to pay them. The college has paid under protest, and is going to law for the return of its money by the greedy villagers and for exemption from such annoyances in future.

The honor system in examinations is likely to be adopted during the present term at Williams. The students favor it, and the faculty is understood to be agreeable. The system proposed provides for the exclusion of proctors from examinations. Each student, to make his examination valid, shall sign a paper saying that he has neither given nor received help. A committee of students will be formed to investigate cases of fraud, if any should be reported; stated punishments to be dealt out by the faculty according to the committee's findings.

The new Williams infirmary, which cost \$10,000 last year, has done very well so far. Twenty-eight students took refuge in it during

the first term of the present college year, and all made prompt and rapid recoveries.

AT THE dinner of the Princeton alumni, in New York, Dr. Wilton M. Smith made the most amusing speech and Mr. James C. Carter, of Harvard, the soberest. Mr. Carter talked of the Venezuela tangle, and said it was the mission of universities to educate the minds of men to realize the horrors and injustice of war. President Patton said at the same dinner that Princeton now needed two millions of dollars, one for her graduate department and the other for the college proper. He thought that at the coming 150th anniversary, next October, the trustees of the college ought to change its name to Princeton University, as probably they will.

President Cleveland has accepted an invitation to Princeton's 150th, and will make a speech.

COLUMBIA has already made the change of name that Princeton contemplates, and is Columbia University now. It is the third title that Columbia has borne. The trustees took action on February 3 by passing this resolution :

Resolved, That in all official publications hereafter issued by or under authority of the trustees, all the departments of instruction and research maintained and managed by this corporation may, for convenience, be designated collectively as "Columbia University in the City of New York," or "The University;" and the School of Arts, as the same is now known and described, may hereafter be designated as "Columbia College," or "The College."

Columbia's new grounds, which it seems have not been formally dedicated yet, will

undergo that ceremony on the 4th of May. Mr. Abram S. Hewitt will be the orator of the occasion, and Lafayette Post of the G. A. R. will present the university with a stand of colors. No announcement is made of the provision of a poet for this scholastic festivity. One might suppose that poets were scarce about Columbia, if Frank Dempster Sherman and John K. Bangs were not always ready to offer convincing proofs to the contrary.

EDWIN GOULD, '88, has promised Columbia a new boathouse, to be built, in the spring, on the Hudson River, at the foot of 115th street. The old boathouse on the Harlem was sold last spring. The new one is to cost about \$15,000, and is to be built on a dock belonging to the university, which was finished last fall.

Three new buildings are likely to be under way this spring on Columbia's new site.

It is right that the colleges which grow into universities should assume the title which fits their condition, but somehow THE BACHELOR is inclined to sigh at the change. A college is such a pleasant, definite thing, so concrete and comprehensible, and a real university is so scattering and comprehensive, and hard to grasp all at once. "College" is the better name as long as it fits. Of course, when the larger title is assumed the lesser one still remains; there is still a Harvard College within Harvard University, and there will still be a Columbia College; but very largely the lesser title merges into the greater. The wonder is that the colleges which are still colleges and have never been anything else and have no

prospect of ever being anything else don't cling to their privilege of calling themselves by their right name. They seem not to value it. Where one American college expands into a university, at least twenty assume the title of university at the start, and have nothing but a college, and sometimes hardly more than a high school, to show for it.

THE CORNELL Founder's Day addresses are at least as interesting, and promise to become as important, as the Phi Beta Kappa orations at Harvard. President Schurman has planned a series of them on the various professions and callings to which students may eventually devote themselves. A year or two ago Mr. C. A. Dana told the Cornell young men about the making of newspapers. This year the speaker was Mr. Andrew Carnegie, and his discourse was about business. He made a very interesting address, but that is no more than was to be looked for, for he is a very interesting man, who knows much, and has a decided faculty for communicating it, and when he talks of business he speaks whereof his knowledge has been conspicuously demonstrated.

President Schurman is an orator of note himself. He also spoke on Founder's Day and pointed out wherein Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Olney might have managed the Venezuela matter more for the advantage of all parties concerned.

Rabbi Hirsch, of Chicago, was one of the University preachers at Cornell for the term now closing. The invitation to him was expected to excite criticism, but was based in President Schurman's conviction that in a non-

denominational University "no great typical attitude of the human mind towards matters of religion should be excluded from representation."

Cornell sent delegates to the educational conference held at Columbia College in February, the object of which was to secure uniform entrance requirements and to influence the preparatory schools to meet them. Six universities, Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Pennsylvania, Cornell and Columbia, took part in this conference, their delegates meeting representative schoolmasters chosen by the New York Schoolmasters' Association.

THE CORNELL library keeps picking up rare and interesting books. One of its recent acquisitions is the original torture-chamber minutes of one of the most famous of the inquisition trials at Trêves. The book is supposed to have been part of the loot which Napoleon carried off from Trêves to Paris, and is believed to have been spilt out of a wagon on the way. It was bought for the library from a bookseller in Cologne.

A NOTABLE increase of interest in oratory and debate is reported from Yale. A New Haven correspondent of the New York *Evening Post*, who dwells at length on it, even goes so far as to say that it is accompanied by a perceptible decline of interest in athletics. This correspondent avers that Yale men are really taking debate seriously this year, and that the possession of views on large subjects and the ability and willingness to express themselves in public in a lucid

manner have ceased to be detrimental to a Yale's man social reputation. To this department of *THE BACHELOR* this is welcome news. Yale is too great and too important an institution to concentrate so much of her outside reputation on athletics. Besides, she has got all the glory out of success in athletics that that interest can be made to yield. If only the rise of an interest in debate among the strong colleges can help to fit competent men for public life, it is a thing to encourage everywhere.

THE YALE News has figured out the sectional representation by States at Harvard, Yale, and Princeton. It finds that

Harvard draws more than 56 per cent. of her students from Massachusetts, Yale 52 per cent. from Connecticut and New York, Princeton 66 per cent. from Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and New York. From the north-eastern section, comprising New England and three Middle States, Yale has 1,646 students, Harvard 2,857, and Princeton 735. From five large central Western States Yale has 311 students, Harvard 301, Princeton 109. From thirteen Southern States Yale has 103 students, Harvard 119, Princeton 124. From twelve Western and Pacific States Yale has 181 students, Harvard 250, and Princeton 84. From foreign countries Yale has 43 students, Harvard 64, Princeton, 29.

JUDGE FRANCIS M. FINCH, Yale '49, and late of the New York Court of Appeals, attained to so much distinction as a judge that his literary reputation has had less attention than it deserved. Since his recent retirement from the bench this omission has begun to be rectified. A dinner was given to him in New York by the Psi Upsilon Fraternity, at which his abilities and achievements as a poet were especially dwelt upon, and evidence of their

quality was distributed in pamphlet form. "The Blue and the Gray" is the best known of Judge Finch's lyrics. Most people—that is, most grown people—have read that, but not many of them are aware that its author is held to have been the most successful writer of college songs that this country has produced. Yale's poets' bench is not unduly crowded. Undoubtedly Mr. Stedman will be only too happy to move up a little and make room for Judge Finch.

HARVARD MEN are constantly on the lookout for signs of a social disintegration at Yale such as has rent the old bands of Harvard. As Yale continues to grow bigger and as the elective system grows in her class, sentiment is expected to die out at New Haven as it has at Cambridge, and with it much that is valuable to disappear. This has not come about yet, but judging from the lamentations of a recent writer in the Yale "*Lit*," Yale has sorrows enough as matters stand. This writer, one of the editors of the "*Lit*" and apparently a successful competitor for college honors, discourses about "Shams in Yale Life," and says :

Under the outward appearances, below all the so-called joys of these few years, lurks a poisonous undercurrent, that spreads itself into all the roots and fibers of our college life. . . . There is no man, whether he be high or low, whether he be strong or weakly in the current, who does not feel it. He may be only a simple scholar, unknown to many of his class, but his life at Yale has been embittered, his struggles for victory over himself and his work have been left without recognition, because of this blight on our fair fame. He may come here neither to become a great scholar

nor to win the honors attendant on success in literature, his only aim may be to broaden himself into a Man,—but if he lacks the ambition to attain position by questionable means, . . . his life here is dwarfed, narrowed, browbeaten into a sullen silence, and he leaves at the end with tears in his eyes, perhaps, for the tender associations of the few friends as noble and as independent as himself, and with inward cries of rage at the system of things that has brought it thus.

This is a pretty earnest arraignment of the Yale society system, so very useful in some particulars and to some persons, and doubtless so very exasperating, if not harmful, to some others. Harvard's club system is believed by many critics to be about as bad as it can be, but there is this fact to ameliorate it, that a Harvard undergraduate can live and move and work and grow and enjoy a fairly remunerative and satisfactory state of being entirely outside of it. The state of being he enjoys isn't the best conceivable state, but it will do, and if the man is enough of a man it does very well.

Professor Sumner's letter to the *Yale News*, on Yale life has been widely read and quoted.

ALL THE universities and colleges which have good physical laboratories seem to have been experimenting with the Roentgen process for photographing through solids. The tests of the discovery at Yale, Harvard and Columbia have all been successful and were reported in the newspapers.

THE NEW Harvard catalogue credits the University with 3,600 students, of whom 1,771 are in the college. Every department of the University has grown in the past year except the Divinity and Veterinary schools. The total increase in all departments has been 310.

Her annual increase in numbers is gratifying to Harvard but it is embarrassing also. It strains all her capacities and apparatuses. Every new man who comes to her shares in what she has, and it drives her to her wit's ends to make her equipment go round among so many. It must be remembered that so far as the University is concerned no student pays his way. His term-bills defray part of the cost of his instruction and the endowment of the University makes up the rest. Consequently the more students Harvard has the more endowment funds she needs. She is in no danger of being driven into bankruptcy by an invasion of students, but she does have hard work to provide for them all. What she seems to need most just now is more dining halls. President Eliot in his report says that about \$70,000 for a big new building for the Foxcroft (eating) club would afford some temporary relief in that direction.

The idea of splitting Harvard up into small colleges and running it on the Oxford and Cambridge plan, is a good deal discussed. It is well enough to discuss it, for just now Harvard, socially, is a good deal too much of an orphan asylum, and not nearly enough of a family, and some means of dividing it up into families of manageable size seem very reasonably in request. Out of discussion of the English plan some good ideas may come, but the entire English plan will never be introduced there. The obstacles are far too great, and the advantages too doubtful. Harvard problems will work themselves out presently, but the solution of them will be developed. It won't be borrowed, partly because Harvard is not an

imitative concern, and partly because no borrowed solution would fit her case.

THE NEW plan for a University Club in Cambridge seems to make due progress. A committee of ten appointed to further it includes Henry L. Higginson, '55; Charles Francis Adams, '56; George G. Crocker, '64; James B. Ames, '68; W. R. Thayer, '81; A. P. Warner, '82; Thomas Thatcher, '82; William Endicott, 3d, '87; C. Nelson Perkins, '91; J. P. Greene, '96. Of these gentlemen Mr. Ames is dean of the Law School, Mr. Thayer is editor of the *Harvard Graduates' Magazine*, Mr. Perkins, who is now getting on in years, was captain of the last Harvard crew which beat Yale, and Mr. Greene is president of the *Crimson*. At last accounts 1,200 men had registered their names as being anxious to join the new club and pay a moderate initiation fee and annual dues.

DR. WILLIAM H. FURNESS, the well-known Unitarian clergyman of Philadelphia, who died in Philadelphia, January 30, had for several years past been Harvard's oldest living graduate. He was an ideal bearer of that distinction, being very old, very much alive to the very last, and greatly honored and beloved wherever he was known. He was born in 1802, and graduated in the Harvard class of 1820. He settled in Philadelphia in 1825 as pastor of a Unitarian church, which he continued to serve for 50 consecutive years. His successor as oldest graduate is, possibly, Samuel Ward Chandler, of the class of 1822, whose name appears unstarred in last year's quinquennial catalogue.

ATHLETIC DEPARTMENT.

CONDUCTED BY WALTER CAMP.

THE Western colleges have adopted some new and necessary rules in regard to athletics, which we take from the *Daily Cardinal* (Madison, Wis.):

Conway MacMillan, of Minnesota, was elected chairman of the meeting, and C. R. Barnes, of Wisconsin, secretary. The other delegates were: Dr. Charles B. Nancrede, University of Michigan; J. Scott Clark, Northwestern University; H. H. Everett, University of Illinois; W. E. Stone, Purdue University, and A. A. Stagg, University of Chicago. Final action on some of the rules was taken by only six of the delegates, as W. E. Stone had to leave in order to catch a train for Lafayette.

The rules adopted by the college presidents were taken as a basis, and were then amended and added to. The old rules, as amended, are as follows:

1. No one shall participate in any intercollegiate game or athletic sport unless he be a bona fide student doing full work in a regular or special course as defined in the curriculum of his college; and no person who has participated in any match game as a member of any college team shall be permitted to participate in any game as a member of another college team until he has been a matriculant in such a college, under the above conditions, for a period of six months. This restriction in regard to time, however, shall also apply to students who, having graduated at one college, shall enter another for professional or graduate study.

2. No person shall be admitted to any intercollegiate contest who receives any gift, remuneration, or pay for his services on the college team.

3. Any student of any institution who shall be pursuing a regularly prescribed, resident graduate course within such institution, whether for an advanced degree or in any one of its professional schools, may be permitted to play for a minimum number of scholastic

years required before securing the graduate or professional degree for which he is a candidate.

4. No person who has been employed in training a college team for intercollegiate contests shall be allowed to participate in any intercollegiate contest as a member of any team which he has trained, and no professional athlete and no person who has ever been a member of a professional team shall play in any intercollegiate contest.

5. No student shall play in any game under an assumed name.

6. No student shall be permitted to participate in any intercollegiate contest who is found by the faculty to be delinquent in his studies.

7. All intercollegiate games shall be played on grounds either owned or under immediate control of one or both of the colleges participating in the contest, and all games shall be played under student management and not under the control of any corporation or association, or private individual.

8. The election of managers and captains of the teams in each college shall be subject to the approval of its committee on athletics.

9. College football teams shall not engage in games with professional teams, nor with those representing so-called athletic clubs.

10. Before every intercollegiate contest a list of the men proposing to play shall be presented by each team or teams to the other or others, certifying that all members are entitled to play under the conditions of the rules adopted, such certificate to be signed by the officer or officers designated by boards of control. It shall be the duty of the captain to enforce this rule.

These were the rules and regulations that were added by the conference :

No student shall be eligible for any contest who has ever used or is using his athletic skill for gain. This shall not apply to any student now in college, Feb. 8, 1896, for what he has done in the past. The rule above shall be operative on and after Oct. 1, 1896. (Adopted by five votes, two not voting.)

No person who has received any compensation from the university for services rendered by way of regular instructor shall be allowed to play upon any team. This

rule to take effect Dec. 1, 1896. (Passed unanimously.)

It shall be competent for the chairman of any athletic committee, if he believes any university is violating the letter or spirit of the rule of agreement, to communicate with the chairman of the athletic committee of the university under suspicion and make specific charges against said university. If this is done it shall be the duty of the athletic committee of the institution under suspicion to investigate at once the charges and report through its chairman as to their truth or falsity, and the report shall be accepted in good faith by the committee which had brought the charges. If charges are found to be true, it shall be the duty of the athletic committee of the institution concerned to suspend from further connection with athletics the persons found guilty of irregular conduct.

It shall be competent for the chairman of any athletic committee to lay before its own committee any charges of irregularity against the athletic committee of another college, and a full investigation, in which both sides are represented, must be made, and the results shall then be laid before the faculty of each institution concerned.

No student shall participate in any intercollegiate contest after any year, who shall not have been in residence at least six months of the preceding year of his scholastic work.

Each candidate for a team is to subscribe to a statement that he is eligible under the letter and spirit of the rules adopted.

It is agreed that all athletic associations' accounts shall be audited by a committee, upon which there shall be a faculty of the athletic committee.

It is agreed that the following shall be the expenses tolerated as legitimate expenses for an athletic association to bear :

The difference between ordinary board and training table board ; traveling expenses ; expenses of uniforms and other articles of clothing ; medical expenses connected with training and for disabilities incurred in practice or contests ; expenses incurred in providing player with inexpensive souvenirs, such as watch charms, sweaters, photographs, etc., provided there shall be no element of compensation for service rendered, in giving such souvenirs.

It is further agreed that the athletic committees of the institutions here represented will do all in their power, both officially and personally, to keep intercollegiate athletic contests within their proper bounds, making them the incidental and not the principal feature of university and intercollegiate life. All that is dishonorable, unsportsmanlike, ungentlemanly, or unnecessarily rough in any branch of athletics is particularly and expressly condemned.

Caspar W. Whitney was in the city and had expressed his willingness to attend the meeting, but the delegates declined to call on him for any statement.

We think this was unwise on the part of the delegates, as Mr. Whitney's advice would have been extremely useful. He has the best interests of Western universities at heart, as we all have, and he is making every effort to clean out impurities which hurt our college athletic life.

THE NEW shell that is to be built for the Harvard management is to be of Spanish cedar and will weigh inside of 200 lbs., with a carrying capacity of 1,350 lbs. She is to be rounder and fuller than the present popular shell-model, carrying her lines to the extreme length of stem and stern. She is to be 63 feet long with a 22-inch beam and an extreme depth of $13\frac{1}{4}$ inches. Her braces will be of cold-drawn steel tubing.

THE TENNIS ranking committee reported the following players as the first ten in the country on last season's play: Hovey, Larned, Chace, Howland, Wrenn, Neel, Hobart, Stevens and Foote.

COLUMBIA HAS once more been fortunate in

her friends. Mr. Edwin Gould has subscribed \$18,000 for the erection of a new boat-house. The following letters speak for themselves :

Hon. Nicholas Fish, Chairman on Subscriptions to New Boat House, 120 Broadway, City.

DEAR SIR : In answer to the request of your committee for a subscription toward building a boat house for the use of the Columbia College crews and students, I would state that my interest in the matter is such that I will give the necessary amount to cover the construction, including an iron bridge over the railroad tracks, on the plans and estimate, not to exceed \$18,000, as presented, provided assurances are received from the Columbia College Board of Trustees that the building will be received and maintained by the college.

Very truly yours,

EDWIN GOULD.

New York, Jan. 30th, 1896.

Edwin Gould, Esq., 26 Cortlandt Street, City.

DEAR SIR : On behalf of the Committee on Subscriptions to the new boat house of Columbia College, I beg to acknowledge receipt of your favor of the 30th instant, announcing your very generous intention of defraying the cost of building a boat house for the use of the crews of Columbia College.

We have laid the matter before the trustees of the college, and they will give you the assurances you desire at their next meeting, to be held on Monday, February 3.

The committee desire me to express to you their thanks for your very liberal gift, which will be a permanent and valuable assistance in developing athletics in the college. The spirit which has prompted your action, as well as the action itself, will be always highly appreciated by Columbia men. Pray accept the hearty thanks of this committee, and allow me to add my personal recognition of your valuable contribution to our alma mater. Very truly yours,

NICHOLAS FISH.

New York, January 31, 1896.

If "Tom" Ferry, of the Yale Navy in Bob Cook's time, sees this he will probably recall

with a groan the contrast between the simplicity of this collection and his gallant struggles which were finally crowned with success in raising \$17,500 for the Yale boat house.

HARVARD'S PROSPECTS for a strong track team are exceptionally good. Many of the old winners are on hand, and there is a wealth of new material. Over 200 men are in training, 37 of whom were on the team last year and took part in the principal contests. Brewer, Hollister, Vincent, Paine, Stickney, and Hoyt are among those who are at work, and there is likely to be a strong fight to recover Harvard's prestige in this branch.

THERE IS talk of the formation of a National Interscholastic Association.

Apropos of this, Dr. John S. White, of the Berkeley School, takes up a stand in which he makes many strong points against the over-development of the competitive struggle between school boys. His summary, regarding the difference between the ordinary competitor and the boy on the committee, will well bear the consideration of the collegian.

I have not touched in what I have said upon those objections which exist against an increase in the number of intercollegiate, as well as of school competitions, namely, the notoriety given by the public press to the individual winners, which is demoralizing to a very great degree, and to the evils of the politics involved in the management of such associations, with the consequent bickerings and criticisms which necessarily arise. I find that the intellectual work of a boy who is a successful athlete is aided and improved as often as it is interfered with by his participation in athletics; but the boy who is a member of a committee, and who is, therefore, interested in the politics or management

of the affair, almost invariably has what I may call his "edge" or "attack" upon his school work dulled, if not destroyed.

My own corps of teachers coincide heartily with me in the expression of these opinions.

JOHN S. WHITE.

THE HENLEY regatta was instituted over fifty years ago by a contribution of the citizens of Henley of 100 guineas for a grand challenge cup, to be for eight-oared crews. The regatta has increased since then by the addition of several other trophies for fours and singles. But the principal feature of interest for American college men is the grand challenge cup. Any amateur eight in the country, properly entered, has the right to try for this cup, and the race is rowed in heats. The course is one mile, 550 yards, beginning at Regatta Island, and finishing just above the town of Henley.

The American crews which have entered English regattas in the past have been: Harvard, which in 1869 was beaten by Oxford on the Putney course. The Columbia four-oared crew in 1878 won the visitors' challenge cup. This is the only American crew to win victories on English waters. In 1881 Cornell sent over a crew, but they were unsuccessful, and last July Cornell was again beaten at Henley.

The Yale crew, as rowed the 1st of February, was as follows: Stroke, Langford; No. 7, Patterson; No. 6, Longacre; No. 5, Bailey; No. 4, Rodgers; No. 3, Marsh; No. 2, Brown; bow, Whitney.

THE POLICY of this column was outlined in the initial number as one that should insure

absolute freedom from petty quarrels, small insinuations, and general bickerings. It was stated that athletics would be handled in this department in such a way that no man having a grain of sportsmanship in his make-up could feel offended, no matter from what college or university he might hail. In a word, it was guaranteed that there should be no hard language or hard feeling provoked by these paragraphs any more than feelings of a similar nature would be stirred up by an after-dinner conversation among a number of men from different colleges. There is no dirtier element in athletics than the pretended amateur. There is no better object than the stamping out of that element in amateur sports, and that object is already championed by one of our ablest writers in that field. But the best universities are past the point where that needs discussion, and *THE BACHELOR* does not, therefore, afflict his friends with reiteration of this, or other acknowledged facts. *THE BACHELOR* is not a missionary, in fact he is not a "man with a mission," and like the rest of his friends and readers, he does not feel obliged, in order to insure his proper interpretation, to curse professionalism, quarrelling, and over-training.

At a recent Glee Club concert at one of the largest universities a song was given whose refrain suggests the present state of college feeling better than any amount of general comment can do. "The fellow with the hair-trigger chin." That is expressive enough, and there is to-day in the universities no more dreaded bore than this "fellow with the hair-trigger chin." Whether for better or worse, the atmosphere of the campus has been growing

more impenetrable in the last twenty years, and especially in the last few years. There is apparently much less interest manifested in general affairs. But the interest is there just the same, only it is no longer good form to exhibit it. This is especially true, perhaps, in regard to athletic policies. Men like to look over their team, nine, or crew, take an interest in their progress, and on the eve of a great match are thoroughly in earnest, but as to the match making, as to the newspaper-made excitement regarding leagues, quarrels, charges, and countercharges, one finds but little sign of it and no exhibition of it on the campus, or among the undergraduates. And as a rule it is well-nigh impossible to so drive the collegian of the present day into a corner that he shall speak disparagingly of some rival university's course. It is only to his own personal friends that he expresses anything like an earnest opinion of such a matter, and with the increase of numbers in the university he treats the rest of the college as outsiders, so far as any exhibition of opinion goes. There is, it is true, however, the fellow with the hair-trigger chin who has got to go off occasionally. It is he who tells the reporter dark tales of imaginative schemes between colleges, of secret conclaves of the managers, of wicked wire pulling within the walls, of what we shall see soon. The connection between his over-wrought brain and that delicate hair-trigger is too close, and he is soon recognized and shunned. College boys are not vindictive; they do not plan awful punishments for this bore; they do not run about telling what a bore he is. They drop him—that's all. But anyone outside and

unfamiliar with college life little realizes the brutality of that drop. There is no mercy in a boy of nineteen or so to those who bore him. So it is that our friend with the hair-trigger chin has soon a real grievance, and the rattle of his fire rises to a high-pitched key, and even his own friends cannot put up with it, in spite of their kindness. He turns upon them, too, and is given over at last to his destiny—that of representing to the outside public the truth about real college life, as seen and lived by a conscientious student.

And the graduate is not far from feeling the same desire for peace, quiet, and the serenity of things to which the fashion among collegians tends. He does not like things sprung on him. He does not want to hear tirades about everything that is before the college public. The fellow with the hair-trigger chin is no more popular here than in the undergraduate body. But he is ubiquitous, and he goes “chipping in” to everything with an everlasting freshness that seems unwithering.

There is no community that dislikes a public quarrel as much as a college community. Yet who would imagine this from reading the daily press? Moreover, there is no body of men who, if left to themselves, so speedily recover a normal good nature, and whose quarrels disappear so certainly without trace behind as the undergraduate body. This comes from the fact that the management and men change annually. Every man who was in college to-day is gone in four years, and as freshmen take but little part in affairs the real body has changed in three years. Changing dynasties are far from evils in college athletic affairs,

and it is a hard-hearted advisor who can sit up and shake together the bones of an old quarrel before the eyes of the wondering boyish new captains and new managers. They will believe him and loyally stick to the old grudge, but it is a bad business to be in. Not alone in the Yale-Harvard matter is this true, but in other relations as well. Harvard and Princeton have demonstrated it only last fall by meeting once more in football.

So it is not at all one of the impossibilities of the future that the undergraduate of Yale will become convinced that there are eligibility rules at the University of Pennsylvania that will surely eliminate the bad element, and if the dry bones of old quarrels are not industriously rattled there will be some interesting matches between the two once more. And the men who meet will be fresh men—not those who carried away bitter feelings—and there will be another era of harmony and good feeling.

And that reminds one that the only objection of weight that advances itself against the Yale trip to Henley lies in the suspicion it may give rise to that Yale is dissatisfied with home contests, and longs for fresh fields of conquest. Yale has for ten years longed to try a four-mile race with Oxford or Cambridge—just to see how things stand. That has been before every Yale captain and Yale manager annually. But for a steady thing, Yale has always held to the Harvard-Yale race as her one boating event of the year. In fact, it has often been said by those who should know, that in the event of an English race, Yale would row her Harvard race too. With no Harvard race, and no

assurance or invitation to enter the other college race here, Yale turns, most naturally, to Henley.

The matter will be put before a university meeting as soon as all the facts regarding expenses and entries are in hand, and there is little doubt that the preference of the management will be sustained and a Yale crew seen on English waters.

AT PRINCETON the year promises to be a great one in athletics. The victory in football over Harvard has made up for much of the unpleasant feeling of the years of separation between the two Universities. The present arrangement of five base ball games each with Yale and Harvard is most satisfactory.

Already Captain Bradley has put his men at work, and is endeavoring to fill up the gaps made by the loss of Paine, Otto, Ward, Brooks, and Trenchard. There are several good freshmen, notably Uhl and Butler of Blair Academy, and Guerin of Lawrenceville has always done some good work in the box.

Of the old material for this position, Altman, Wilson and Easton are available, while to hold them, Altman, Titus and Smith may be used, as also another candidate in Stevenson. Earle the catcher of the Brooklyn's will do the coaching, and there will be gymnasium work until the ground is sufficiently settled for field playing. In track athletics Princeton has her game with Columbia to look forward to first, and there is a strong effort being made among the Alumni to bring up this branch of the sport so that Princeton can make a better showing in the annual intercollegiates.

GEO. W. WOODRUFF, coach of the University of Pennsylvania in football and rowing, has, as was noted some time ago in *THE BACHELOR* resigned his position as coach of the crew.

He thus expresses some of his feelings on this matter :

I have not been approached on the subject of coaching the crew since last fall. George Q. Hodwitz at that time came to me and tried to persuade me to reconsider my determination to give up my position. I told him then that I would gladly help them out if they needed me, but under no condition would accept the place as the crew's coach again. My position now is unchanged.

I cannot accept the place, because I am practicing law. The work of coaching is entirely too great and too engaging to enable me to do both. I consequently must give up coaching. It is not my profession, and eventually I shall give it up altogether.

At the close of the football season last year I did not know whether or not I should coach the team again. I may say now that I will take it in hand, but football and rowing are greatly different.

The football season is but two months in length, and requires not more than two hours' work a day. The rowing season is six months in length, and requires each entire afternoon and frequent mornings. In fact, it requires nearly triple the work of the other. I could not practice law under these conditions.

I shall be glad, should Captain Ball request it, to spend all my spare time with the crew, directing and criticising the men's work. I do this, however, as a Pennsylvania graduate entirely. I am interested in their success, and willing to work for it. Further than this I cannot go.

I think Pennsylvania should endeavor, if possible, to secure a man in the Yale school of rowing who is capable of teaching the Cook stroke. There are many that I might name. I believe the Yale stroke is a winning one, and should be chosen. Pennsylvania has been taught it, and her crew believe in it. All the old

men are back, and, under such conditions, the chances of success are great. If possible they should secure Bob Cook himself.

Whether he would take it or not is a question. Of that I cannot say. Josh. Hartwell would be another good man for the place. I think he could be secured. If no Yale man can be gotten, I would suggest a man in Pennsylvania's own school, which is in reality an outgrowth and offspring of the Yale.

This is interesting reading, particularly for Yale men, and there is no doubt of the genuineness of the admiration that the general college public has for the Yale stroke and Bob Cook's coaching.

From some interviews with Pennsylvania's athletics, it appeared that there was a strong move to secure Hartwell as a coach. Developments in the line of a Yale crew appearing at Henley, of course, took Mr. Cook out of the question, and it is likely that the final choice will be Ellis Ward, as noted in *THE BACHELOR'S* columns last fall.

IT SEEMS to be becoming more and more difficult for college presidents to pilot between the Scylla of extreme conservatism regarding college athletics and the Charybdis of too great laxity. Here is one, who, according to a statement of the papers, has been led to resign owing to this difficult sailing:

The Rev. H. W. McKnight, president of Gettysburg, Pa., College, has tendered his resignation, to take effect in June. The resignation is due to a contest in the Board of Trustees over college athletics, a minority of the board criticising the president for permitting the students to play football.

SKATING ENTHUSIASTS will be interested in the following conditions which govern the figure

skating contests of the National Skating Association in London in March:

The competition shall be skated for annually by teams of four, representing branches and affiliated clubs.

Each team shall take two sets of calls, A and B, which shall be skated separately. Set A, together with a list of calls from which set B shall be selected, shall be drawn by the Figure Department Committee and issued to every branch and affiliated club, together with (as far as possible) the times and places of the competition, on or before October 1 of each year. Set B shall consist of not more than 12 calls, which shall be drawn up by the judges and issued to the caller of each team not more than half an hour before the competition.

There shall be six judges and a referee, who shall be members of and appointed by the F. D. C. Two judges shall attend exclusively to the skating of the team as a whole, and shall each allot marks up to a maximum of 25 for each of the two sets, A and B. The remaining four judges shall each watch one member only of the team, and shall each allot marks up to a maximum of 10 for individual merit in each of the two sets, A and B.

The marks of the team shall be the aggregate of the marks allotted by all the judges; the marks given by the several judges shall not be disclosed, but the aggregate of marks allotted each team in respect of individual merit on the one hand, and of the team as a whole on the other, shall be published.

In an event of an equality of marks being obtained by two or more teams, the judges will call upon such teams to skate a further set of calls taken from the list from which B was taken.

“MIKE” DAVIS always knew a thing or two about rowing, and his devices are on most of the rowing shells to-day. His monumental success with outriggers, slides, etc., is sometimes eclipsed in the mind of the good-old-time graduate because of the failure of his fast stroke, and rigging in pairs, at one time experimented

upon by a Yale crew. But Davis has a good head for all that, and his new oar may be worth looking into.

The latest Davis idea requires a steel shank inboard for a sweep, and can only be used in crew rowing. By its use the oarsmen will be enabled to secure nine inches more stroke on the full reach, or eighteen inches on the complete stroke when rowing at forty to the minute. In a slower stroke the gain in inches is increased, as Mr. Davis has figured that twenty-eight more inches of water is disturbed by the oar when the cadence is twenty-eight or thirty to the minute. Some of the old-timers in town were amazed at his statement, but he demonstrated its practicability according to his figures.

Mr. Davis believes that forty per cent. more power can be put into a stroke by his invention, all of which is due to the lengthening of the stroke—which he claims to be able to do. Besides this, the invention does away with the twisting around of the body, caused by the short and long arm grip on the ordinary oar. This old-fashioned, sidewise motion, he claims, is detrimental to speed. With the new appliance the man in the boat will be able to swing on an even seat. Another point in favor of the Davis oar is that it gives the blade a quicker and more solid anchorage. It is sure to catch every time, the fetching of crabs is minimized, and the rowlock is so arranged that the blade enters the water on the same level at each stroke.

In explaining his mechanism to a layman, Mr. Davis says that it must be remembered that the oar is in two sections. From the row-

lock out to the pit of the blade it is of wood, like any other oar, but from the rowlock inboard it is not. Ordinary oars have a length of forty-two inches from the rowlocks to the end of the handles. Technically this is leverage. The new Davis oar has a shank ten inches shorter, and from the rowlock inboard it is of steel tubing, with a reverse or compound curve, ending where the handles in ordinary oars are in a shank about four inches long, which shapes at right angles with the main part of the sweep. To this is attached by a horizontal and vertical swivel joint the handle-bar for the oarsman's grip. This is in two parts, covered with rubber for the firmer adhesion of the hands. Its length is about ten inches. Mr. Davis says this handle will permit the oarsman to drop his hands down as low as the bottom of the boat in rough weather without interfering with his legs.

One great drawback in crew boat rowing, says Mr. Davis, has been the binding of seats. This he thinks due to the slight screwing of the body necessitated on the full reach by an uneven hold on the oars. He has a remedy in the way of seats of a new pattern to go with his invention. It is rigged on a set of incline and decline runs, the object being to give an advantage of about eighteen inches decline at the beginning of the stroke which tends to quicken the catch, and once the power is applied, the slight incline serves to steady the application of the power. The new oars will be 10 feet 6 inches long, as compared with the old-fashioned 12 foot sweeps, and they will weigh about three-quarters of a pound less.

But does not all this detract from the skill by too much mechanical device?

NOT A man who has graduated from the Academic Department of Yale but remembers with pleasure the clear, clean-cut precision of statement always to be counted upon from Prof. Wm. G. Sumner. No man's opinions were ever more strongly respected and no man's ability of expression more greatly admired than his. For this reason it is particularly interesting to read from his recent letter to the *Yale News* what it says regarding college sports:

The university exists in order to offer to the young men who come here discipline and training for the work of life, and a positive outfit of knowledge which will be useful to them.

Although I thus insist upon the value of what the university authorities impose, I am under a profound and growing conviction of the importance to the students of the education (taking the word in the highest and best sense) which they exert on each other. This education comes from the life of the university world. It is one of the advantages of a great university, especially if it is not lost in a big city, that it has a domain and an atmosphere of its own. The student feels it around him all the time. It touches him at all points. The subordinate institutions are so numerous, various, and well developed that there is something to satisfy every taste and call out every capacity. The extent to which this is done depends to a great degree on the intensity of the common spirit which animates the body and draws the men together in an honorable and enjoyable community of sentiment. I know of no large university in the world in which this community is as strong as it is here at Yale. In this connection I look upon college athletics as of high educational value. They produce discipline, and discipline is one of the greatest needs of American youth. We have plenty of liberty, we need more of its corrective. Athletics properly belong to the student life, to the cöoperative

action of the undergraduates, to the sphere of their own initiative, and to the domain of their own control. The history of athletics for ten years past has seemed to me (a distant observer and incompetent judge) to prove that the more others than undergraduates have meddled with that matter, the more it has been muddled and spoiled.

THE DEATH of Chas. B. Elliott recalls the day when he used to have the building of the shells for almost all the college rowing associations. In 1869 he went with the Harvard crew to England, and, it is said, coached it for its contest with Oxford. His boats were used by professionals as well as amateurs, and his reputation as a builder was without a flaw.

At one time Elliot was said to be worth at least \$150,000, but horses did not turn out as well with him as boats, and it is supposed that this amount dwindled considerably since he has been following the interests of his son, who is a trainer at the Brooklyn Jockey Club's track at Gravesend.

THERE NEVER were more interesting suggestions than appear in the following six smoke talks to be given at the Colonial Club at Cambridge.

"Lessons shown by the Development of the Yale Team of 1895." Joseph H. Sears.

"The Physical side of Football." William Blakie, James G. Lathrop.

"Development of a Team from the First Day of Fall Practice to the Close of the Season." Marshall Newell.

"Team Play." B. G. Waters.

"Kicking." B. W. Trafford.

"The Strategy of the Game." W. Cameron Forbes.

"Playing for Harvard." W. H. Lewis, George C. Adams and prominent graduates.

The only one of these talks thus far given was that by Mr. Sears, and it was exceedingly complimentary to the Yale team of last year. He called it the best team on record, and followed their play through the Princeton game, pointing out the superiority of the skilled handling and thorough knowledge of the game. He spoke but little about the individual work of the team, but praised Captain Thorne as the greatest player the game has produced. He said the *superior knowledge* of the Yale player was the important factor in Yale's victories, and considered the Harvard *spirit* was just as loyal and praiseworthy as that of Yale.

Mr. Deland, the head coach for next season, and Mr. Lathrop the trainer, as well as Marshall Newell, Lewis, Upton and other old players were present.

Captain Wrightington introduced Mr. Sears. His whole talk showed a thorough understanding of the game, and brought back the memory of the days when in '86, '87, and '88 he played a magnificent game himself for the Harvard team. He was one of the most dashing clever players that ever wore a canvas jacket.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

"THE THEATERS and the novels are going the same road of sensation and lubricity," says a clergyman lately. In order to investigate this charge as to theaters we attended several plays the last two weeks. Sarah Bernhardt at Abbey's seemed to us more obscure than at her last visit. It is fair to say that the bobbing plumes of a large, black velvet hat prevented our seeing the stage. The feathers were very light and graceful—but opaque. The little blonde head that they covered nodded and dodged about while trying to avoid the more funereal and hearse-like plumes of a lady just ahead. At the Empire theater the plumes of the middle-aged matron in front held very quiet and steady until it was evident that a handkerchief was required. We satisfied ourselves by gazing upon a large and handsome pearl brooch which somehow got misplaced on the back of this bonnet. Whether to call the owner's attention to this article of jewelry occupied our mind during the first act. It seemed reasonable to us that the lady could know little of the whereabouts of this expensive ornament, and that she would thank us upon our calling her attention to it. Possibly, we thought, it is the playful trick of some ingenious small boy. Our companion shook his head, and we were informed that the brooch was thus placed purposely in order to draw attention to the size and magnificence of the feathered hat.

At Daly's, desiring to see Miss Rehan in a new play, we avoided orchestra chairs, and

went up one flight into the balcony hoping here to gain some view of the stage. All went well until two tall ladies entered. . . . After that we studied the artful millinery, which, beginning with a comparatively small foundation of black velvet, produced, by means of ribbons and feathers only, hats of the size of a bushel basket. The purple glint of black feathers is exceedingly beautiful, in the subdued light. We now had opportunities of examining what is known as "jet trimming with braid fastenings." This is a bead-like, glassy ornamentation of a bizarre and wonderful armorlike nature. In addition to her hat one lady wore a large Elizabethan ruff in velvet and fur. This ruff very neatly covered up a narrow crevice through which a glimpse of the stage might have been obtained. We observed no jewel ornaments on the hats with the exception of long pins, on the heads of which were grinning golden monkeys.

* * *

INASMUCH as these ladies must suffer with all the rest of man and womankind, the inquiry arises, What leads them to wear these enormous headgears? Mr. Howells hints that their *têtes de linnette*, their shallow brains need large covering, and that they like to draw attention to themselves in this way. This latter can hardly be the case, as, if they wish to be conspicuous, it would only be necessary for them to bare their little heads. Besides, large hats do not always cover little brains. A Vassar friend pointed out, the other night, a distinguished lady, a professor of one of our women's colleges, whose name is almost as famous as any of those "celebrities" described in *College*

Girls, whose hat outhatted anything in the theater. No definite rule can be laid down concerning the question.

* * *

A LADY whose opinion was invited on this painful subject says that ladies dislike to remove their hats for three general reasons. (1) They are apt to injure the large ostrich feathers by holding them in their laps, (2) Their hair is never fit to be seen unless especially dressed for the occasion, (3) They go to the theatre to be seen as well as to see.

In regard to the first objection it seems to us that managers should establish suitable checking arrangements for hats and give to each hat its appropriate band-box. In regard to the second objection, the hair could receive perhaps more attention at home. We would go so far as to quote Scripture to the effect that the glory of a woman is in her hair, and that she might be permitted to make it more glorious by wearing the usual hat ornaments, such as pins, brooches, jewels, etc., in her hair, instead of her hat. In regard to the third objection, we maintain that the theatre is not the place to display personal charms, or gorgeous head-gear. To be sure it is a common meeting ground, but its real object must be conceded to be to see and hear the actors on the stage.

Another lady said to us, very seriously, that she was always careful to wear a bonnet at the theater, in order not to give offense. As it happened, a night or two later we sat a few seats behind her at the opera, and had an opportunity to hear and see Mme. Calvé and the De Reszkes through the delicately-bobbing plumes of what is known as an *aigrette* or perpen-

dicular bunch of feathers, looking not unlike a miniature New England elm, which stood on the top of her bonnet, and without absolutely obscuring the stage, created confusion and made the eyes ache with the effort to distinguish the singers through its delicate, fern-like meshes. The aigrette has, it seems to us, really no reason for being. The bonnet, or toque, a small affair, sits like a cap upon the head, but the aigrette stands sometimes a foot above the bonnet, and in many ways is more saucily provoking than the huge-feathered-hat.

If the ladies will not give up their hats and aigrettes—and ten years or so has effected apparently no reform in this regard—then why not elevate the stage to a height where the audience can obtain an unobstructed view of it? Careful observations have shown that the view of the stage begins behind an average hat, three-quarters of the way up the curtain. Let the stage be raised to this point, for the benefit of suffering humanity—or better, let the Hebrew managers bravely put up a little sign :

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|--|
| LADIES WILL BE REQUIRED TO RE- MOVE THEIR HATS AND BONNETS. |
|--|

And men will then willingly submit to another little notice :

| |
|---|
| GENTLEMEN WILL NOT LEAVE THEIR SEATS BETWEEN THE ACTS TO SEE A MAN. |
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CONSIDERABLE ATTENTION has been drawn to the Naval Academy of late owing to Professor Lounsbury's article in *Harper's*, which we criticised in the February BACHELOR. We then expressed the opinion that a northern seaport, where ships of the heaviest tonnage could anchor, would be a more desirable place for a Naval School than the muddy creeks and bays of the Chesapeake. If the buildings are now out of repair, and changes are to be made in the way of improvements, why not move the entire institution to Newport? Representative Barrett, of Mass., has recently proposed in the House to do this. We quote from the *Sun* :

Congressman Barrett's proposition to remove the Naval Academy from Annapolis is likely to stir that old Maryland city to its depths and to arouse envious hopes in other seaports. It is now almost forgotten that New York once seemed to stand as good a chance as any other city of having the Naval Academy. Secretary of the Navy Southard suggested in 1825 that such an Academy be established on Governor's Island, but the House defeated the whole scheme for creating the Academy, as did one House or another for the next twenty years. There was once a naval school here not directly authorized by law, but established by the Navy Department. This school is mentioned as early as 1827, and it continued up to the time of the establishment of the present Academy at Annapolis.

Early naval instruction in this country was of a slipshod sort. From about 1798 a few midshipmen, appointed by the President, were assigned to each ship, and it was expected that their seniors would instruct them in gunnery and navigation, but, as a matter of fact, the youngsters had to pick up what they could by keeping their eyes open and asking questions. Then the chaplains were asked to teach reading, writing, and navigation, although how they had learned anything of navigation it is hard to guess. Finally, schoolmasters were appointed by captains at \$25 per month—too small pay to make sure of efficient instructors. The

schoolmasters were assigned only to the line-of-battle ships, so that the youngsters aboard other vessels were worse off than ever. Every Secretary of the Navy from about the year 1800 urged upon Congress the creation of a Naval Academy, and the thing was almost accomplished in 1826. Then the Secretaries did what they could with small schools at the navy yards.

These schools were established at New York, Boston, and Norfolk. There was often only one teacher, and there were seldom more than two. The professors, as they came to be called, slept aboard the receiving-ships with their few pupils, until authorized by law in 1842 to mess with lieutenants aboard seagoing or receiving-ships. Attendance at these shore schools was not compulsory, and discipline was lax. The school at New York had in 1833 one teacher of mathematics at about \$1,000 a year, and one of languages at a little more than \$650 per year, with free quarters for each. There were fifteen pupils. At Boston there were six pupils and one teacher. At Norfolk there were thirty-one pupils and one teacher. According to a report made to Congress, there was a prospect that the number of pupils attending these schools would be doubled soon. In 1835 the pay of professors was raised to \$1,200 a year. The number of professors was not fixed by law.

Meanwhile, a fourth school had been established by the Navy Department at Philadelphia, and here William Chauvenet, appointed about 1841, proved so able an instructor that in 1844 two others, one a lieutenant in the navy, were assigned to that school, and the plan was adopted of gradually discontinuing the other schools. Midshipmen coming up for examination were sent to the Philadelphia school. Attendance was voluntary, however, and discipline was lax. Things were in this condition when George Bancroft, in 1845, became Secretary of the Navy, and without the special coöperation of Congress, transferred the Philadelphia school to Annapolis, enlarged its scope, and suppressed the other shore schools. The Academy at Annapolis was opened in October, 1845.

A good many New Yorkers must recall the brief stay of the Military academy in this city when en route for Newport in 1861. The Academy at Annapolis had become so crowded in 1859 that some of the pupils

were transferred to a training ship moored in the Severn just off the Academy grounds. This ship, in the spring of 1861, was the old *Constitution*. Early in April there were rumors that she would be attacked by Confederate sympathizers, and finally the Commandant of the Academy suggested to the Secretary of the Navy that the school be removed to Fort Adams, Newport. Orders for the removal were given on April 27. The *Constitution*, with the cadets, reached here a few days later, and the transport, *Baltic*, bearing the professors and their families, and valuable books, records, and instruments, reached Newport on May 9. The *Constitution*, which had lain here with her cadets, reached Newport two hours ahead of the *Baltic*. Fort Adams could offer nothing better than damp casemates as lodgings for the transferred pupils and teachers, but in four days the Academy was again in good running order. Most of the cadets meanwhile were assigned to active duty, and in the summer of 1861 some 200 new appointees entered the Academy. When the new Academic year opened in October the whole school was housed in the Atlantic Hotel, Newport, a big house hired for the purpose by the Government.

The Academy rested in peace for four and a half years at Newport, and Annapolis began to fear that she never again would be the seat of the institution. But late in 1864, when there was no longer anything to fear from the Confederates in the upper waters of the Chesapeake, the transfer of the Academy back to Annapolis was decided on. The intention was carried out in the following summer, and the school reopened in October, 1865, on its old site.

Marylanders have come to have a warm regard for the Academy, and the loyal portion of the people regretted the seeming necessity for the transfer to Newport in 1861. Twenty years before the Academy was established the Maryland Legislature passed a resolution asking the Maryland delegation in Congress to represent the peculiar fitness of Annapolis as the site of the proposed institution. Maryland is likely to make a strong fight against a second transfer of the Academy to Newport. The fact that the Naval War College is at Newport will be used as an argument in favor of the proposed change.

MR. ANDREW CARNEGIE delivered an interesting address Founder's Day at Cornell. Its subject was "Business." It is odd that he never mentions women's advent in business—the greatest change of modern times, now going on. Among other things, he said.

The first duty before you all, and not only the first duty, the first vitally important step in life, with a bearing upon your whole future career to an extent which it is impossible for you, looking only forward, to estimate, and only possible for one like myself, who can look backward, to do what you set out to do at Cornell. Your first patent of success is your graduating certificate—far more precious than any patent of nobility. Do not fail in this, because if you do you enter life with failure written upon your brow. The graduates of our colleges and universities in former years graduated while yet in their teens. We have changed this, and graduates are older as a rule when they enter upon life's struggle, but they are taught much more. Unless the young university man employs his time to the very best advantage in acquiring knowledge upon the pursuit which he is to make the chief business of his life, he will enter business at a disadvantage with younger men who enter in their teens, although lacking in university education. This goes without saying. Now the question is, will the graduate who has dwelt in the region of theory overtake the younger man who has been for a year or two in advance of him engaged in the hard and stern educative field of practice. That it is possible for the graduate to do so, also goes without saying, and that he should in after life possess broader views than the ordinary business man, deprived of university education is also certain; and, of course, the race in life is to those whose record is best at the end; the beginning is forgotten and is of no moment. But if the graduate is ever to overtake the first starter in the race, it must be by possessing stronger staying powers; his superior knowledge leading to sounder judgment must be depended upon to win the race at the finish. One disadvantage he must strenuously guard

against: the lack of severe self discipline, of strenuous concentration, and intense ambition, which usually characterizes the man who starts before the habits of manhood are formed. The habits of the young man at college after he is a man, and the habits of the youngster in the business arena, are likely to differ. There is another great disadvantage which the older man has to overcome in the most successful business establishments. There will be found in operation there a system of strict civil service of promotion without favor. It is therefore most difficult for one to find admission to the service in any but the lowest grades. One has to begin at the foot, and this is well; better for all parties concerned, and especially better for the young graduate.

The exceptional graduate should excel the exceptional non-graduate. He has more education, and education will always tell, the other qualities being equal. Take two men of equal natural ability, energy, and the same ambition and characteristics, and the man who has received the best, widest, most suitable education has the advantage over the other, undoubtedly. All of you being exceptional young men, or at least, having the advantage of Cornell, we are bound to expect you to be. You should take note of the advantages under which you labor by being handicapped by a later start in the race, and sternly resolve that the superior advantages you have had in your training shall be brought into play and used to the utmost to enable you to overcome the distance, at the start, and put Cornell's colors in advance at the finish.

All pure coins have their counterfeits; the counterfeit of business is speculation. A man in business always gives value in return for his revenue, and thus performs a useful function. His services are necessary and benefit the community; besides he labors steadily in developing the resources of the country and thus contributes to the advancement of the race. This is genuine coin. Speculation, on the contrary, is a parasite fastened upon the labor of business men. It creates nothing, and supplies no want. When the speculator wins he takes money without rendering service, or giving value therefor, and when he loses his fellow speculator takes the money from him. It is a pure gambling operation between them, degrad-

ing to both. You can never be an honest man of business and a speculator. The modes and aims of the one career are fatal to the other. No business man can honestly speculate, for those who trust him have a right to expect strict adherence to business methods.

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PROVOST HARRISON, of the University of Pennsylvania, said at the recent alumni dinner in New York:

It is proper at this time to refer to the growth and present status of our university. In the university there are now 871 collegiate students, 172 graduate students, 313 law students, and in the medical college 873, making a grand total, deducting duplicates, of 2,632. In the last year the enrolment has been increased by 300 names. The increase of our material prosperity has been even greater. Houston Hall has been built, at a cost of \$150,000, the gift of the Houston family. The Houston Club now numbers 1,300, while a dormitory has been begun by the erection, at a cost of \$300,000, of a building which will accommodate 400 students. In addition to these improvements, an astronomical observatory is in process of erection, and our library is growing rapidly. In the year ending last October our cash gifts amounted to \$431,000, while our present freshman class proper numbers 235, the largest in our history.

In our intellectual life, also, there has been progress, an instance of this improvement being seen in the fact that the requirements for admission to our professional schools have been considerably raised.

Ex-Provost William Pepper, president of the General Alumni Association, responded to the toast of "The Alumni." He spoke in part as follows:

We estimate that of the large number of graduates of old Penn. there are nearly 11,000 now living, and the purpose of the General Alumni Association is to bring into touch with the university as many of these as possible. It will not conflict at all with the Central Alumni Committee or with the special societies of the alumni. We shall serve as a common center for the

various local alumni societies. There are already eleven of these, the latest being the Northwestern Association, with headquarters at St. Paul.

* * *

NOTHING IS more amusing to the college man than the attempt of the average playwright to put students on the stage. In Mr. Hoyt's play, "*A Black Sheep*," "Hotstuff" is a Harvard grad., an ex-football player who bites the ears of his opponents with a cheerful alacrity—a trick he learned at Cambridge. A Yale man, also an ex-football hero, throws a "tough" out of the saloon, and, as in the case of every character in Mr. Hoyt's plays who is "trun out"—the tough falls through the usual glass greenhouse outside afterwards. Mr. Hoyt's students always and habitually sing "Upidee," and "Here's to good old Yale." They likewise present the appearance, act, and talk like hustling country drummers—characteristics so common to students!

* * *

TO ALL universities not represented on our Advisory Board, *THE BACHELOR* gives this warning—that they must necessarily expect to have their affairs more or less overlooked in our pages. We should be glad to have the Western universities send us names of alumni residing, some of them, in the East.

* * *

WE TAKE pleasure in printing the following letter from Professor Kent, of the University of Virginia. A careful rereading of Professor Kent's "hasty article" shows that he should be placed in the list of those who can write good English, and on whose trustworthiness as a teacher no doubt should be cast. The printer was at fault as usual. Here is his letter:

MY DEAR SIR : Good-naturedly I wish to protest against being condemned because of my bad English on no further evidence than that furnished by one misprint. If "Captious Critic" will read (as it was written) student for students, the sentence will perhaps pass muster. I am not claiming that my hurried article was faultless, but I do not wish the "doubt as to my trustworthiness" to rest on so slim a basis.

Very truly, CHARLES W. KENT.

(BACHELOR OF ARTS, p. 286.)



THE DISASTROUS fire which took place at the University of Virginia on the 27th of October last was noticed shortly after in our columns, and we have followed with much interest the efforts which have been made for the restoration of this, the foremost Southern school of higher learning.

Estimates which have been already published, showed that it would be necessary to raise the sum of \$250,000 for building purposes, and an additional amount of \$100,000 for the restoration of the equipment of the School. We are informed that at present the resources of the University have not yet been brought fully up to this limit. A bill has recently passed the Legislature of Virginia authorizing the University to borrow a sum not exceeding two hundred thousand dollars upon the security of its grounds, buildings, and educational equipment, and providing an annual sum of ten thousand dollars for the payment of interest and provision of a sinking fund to extinguish the debt.

The bonds are to run for forty years, and if the money can be borrowed at four per cent. nearly the full sum of two hundred thousand dollars will be realized from this loan. If, however, as is not impossible, it should be neces-

sary to issue five per cent. bonds, in order to secure ready sale, the provision made by the State will produce for the University only about \$170,000. This added to the \$50,000 derived from insurance and other sources, and to the \$65,000 of subscriptions already reported, would make a total of only \$285,000, and after the necessary expenditure of \$250,000 in building, would leave only \$35,000 for the restoration of the library and the provision of apparatus in Physics and Engineering. This sum is manifestly too small.

The friends of the University are already engaged in efforts to enlarge the amount, and we do not hesitate to commend their cause very warmly to the friends of education everywhere. The University of Virginia has held from its origin a very honorable position among American schools of higher learning. It has contributed many new ideas in the field of education, has always maintained a high standard of scholarship, and in its relations to other schools has preserved a generous and worthy attitude. No one who is interested in the educational development of the South, and no one who recognizes that the maintenance of high standards of thought and feeling in this section of our country is essential to the welfare of the whole of it, can fail to see that for this school to be seriously crippled or hampered in its work would be a national disaster.

There are in the United States vast numbers of wealthy persons who are able to give and ready to give generously to worthy causes. We trust that these lines will attract the attention of some of those persons, and that the University may become the recipient of their benefactions.

PROF. D. G. BRINTON, M.D., of the University of Pennsylvania [ex-president of the American Association for the Advancement of Science], wrote to *Our Animal Friends* :

I believe that physiology can be taught in no other way so successfully as by demonstration on the living subject ; and as you and I learned it as physicians in that way, I think that we can both answer that our "natural sensibilities" were not blunted. I certainly think that children and everyone ought to be familiarized with the sight of blood, the pangs of disease, and the solemn event of dying. Death and pain should not be concealed ; they are the greatest of all educators, for they alone teach us the value of life in its highest measure. The whole tone of your circular is, in my opinion (which you have done me the honor to ask) contrary to the true spirit of education.

So, too, Dr. Burt G. Wilder, of Cornell, practices vivisection before mixed classes of girls and young men. So, too, many doctors, whose sensibilities are blunted by the dissecting room and hospital practice, openly declare in favor of vivisection in our public schools. The statement of Dr. Brinton is indefensible. If he thinks that "children and everyone ought to be familiarized with the sight of blood, the pangs of disease, and the solemn event of dying," he confesses his own abnormal bluntness and "physician's insensibility." There is no benefit to children or to grown-up people in torturing animals or seeing them tortured. Vivisection should be used by learned experimentors in the retirement of their laboratories only for the advancement of science. In medical schools vivisection should be resorted to only in rarest instances. We fully expect to see legislatures passing laws on this subject soon, as the general public is rapidly awakening to the ethical need of prohibitory laws.

THE BACHELOR's advice to Yale is to look up Mr. Corbin's articles on the English climate and be warned accordingly. Perhaps it would be possible for the Yale crew to live at Brighton or some seaport and run up to Henley for an hour or so practice every afternoon. At all events, Messrs. Bob Cook, Percy Bolton, and Ives, keep your crew out of the Thames valley as much as you can, and see that they drink only boiled water. We don't want to see the Cornell fiasco repeated.

* * *

THE FOUR colleges, Harvard, Cornell, Columbia, and Pennsylvania did not ask Yale to enter their regatta, and Yale did not ask to come in, but announced a determination to enter the Henley regatta next July. This was certainly the dignified "high and mighty" thing for Yale to do, but would it not have been just as sportsmanlike to have sent a request to enter the American contest? Yale has thirty or forty available men for 'varsity crews. She ought to be able to do herself credit in both countries. Had she applied to enter the Poughkeepsie race Harvard would not have protested. Yale, however, was unwilling to take the risk of being snubbed. She was willing to challenge the winner—but the four colleges plainly signified their unwillingness to agree to this plan. So Yale is going to Henley.

* * *

THE *Pall Mall Gazette*, speaking of the Dunraven episode, says :

We hope the incident will close international contests between England and America. Lately there has been so much ill-feeling that it would be almost a

matter of regret that they should continue. We are told that Yale intends to row at Henley. Let everyone concerned do his best to prevent any unfriendly feeling resulting from the visit, and possibly then, in time, another challenge may be issued for the America's Cup.

If there is any ill-feeling it has been caused by Lord Dunraven's own fault, and Lord Dunraven ought to make a most abject apology at once. If he does not—then he should be expelled from every club in Christendom of which he is a member.

* * *

IN THE old days at Yale the students, coming mostly from New England, where town meetings were common, held general meetings to decide all athletic affairs of the college. Of late these general meetings have been given up, largely because of the increased numbers in college. The decision to send a crew to Henley, for example, was not that of the many but of the few high in authority, and now the students have made a protest, and have objected to the mystery and secrecy which has hedged about Yale's future rowing intentions and plans.

We are sincerely glad that the democratic spirit is still alive and "kicking" at Yale. We recall some of those old-time boating meetings when some eloquent senior roused the college to enthusiasm and patriotism, and raised the needed funds for the crew before the students had left their seats. We believe this democratic spirit is Yale's best gift. There has been too much of the aristocratic oligarchical influence predominating the last ten years. "Let the boys manage their own affairs," say we. Later advices indicate that a meeting of the general body of the students will be held to

decide the question, which is now virtually decided. This meeting should have been held at first. Yale democracy is a precious institution which sophomore societies are doing their best to injure. In a succeeding number *THE BACHELOR* will treat of this subject at length.

Going to Henley, we believe, would be favored by the students at large, whether it would involve two crews or not. The true democracy is opposed to diplomacy. And for the last few years "the few," the "inner ring" of graduates and undergraduates in both Harvard and Yale have had too much control, and the result has been too much diplomatic paper-squabbling. Suppose the "men in power," the officers, the advisory committees, the "influential graduates," could be thrown overboard for a year or two, and the plain question left to mass meetings, Harvard, with her 3,600 students, would give a thundering majority to meet Yale, her old adversary, at the four great events, and at New Haven the vote to meet Harvard would be as a hundred to one. But now we must talk of "dignity," and "offended pride," and because the advisory committee's feelings have been hurt on the football side, we can have no more baseball or boating! What a farce it all is! How democratic mass meetings would sweep the rubbish away, and how those few men in power at both colleges, who act in such solemn and awful mystery, would find that further than doing their best to *win*, their official diplomatic careers were over! A good coach should confine his work to business, not to deciding what the majority of the students should decide. But now the coaches, and the officers, and one or two

"influential graduates" influence the policy of Yale, and an advisory board of twelve men decide that of Harvard's 3,600 students. We have long felt that the times were out of joint in these matters, and that the excuse of numbers was really no excuse, and that the old-time democratic mass meeting should be reinstated. Yale's coaches are not Yale's masters, but her servants, to do her bidding, and how find out what Yale wants except by a general vote?

* * *

The New York Athletic Club never was in a more prosperous condition. The foundations for a handsome new club house are now being laid on the corner of Sixth avenue and Fifty-ninth street. The growth of the cycling element has helped the club very much the last few years. We take the following from the *World*:

No doubt seems to exist that the club will send a team abroad in case the terms of the challenge which is expected to arrive by every mail are half-way satisfactory.

Last year the international match was arranged and carried out in a manner that reflected great credit upon the N. Y. A. C. It is interesting to note how the club fared financially as a result of the meeting with the Englishmen. The heaviest item of expense was the training table, the cost of which was \$2,988.20. This paid the living expenses of the athletes during the summer at Travers Island, etc. The pay-roll figured up \$1,427.81, this being the money paid out to trainers and other attendants. Then comes the traveling expenses of the London athletes, amounting to \$1,291.02.

Amounts paid out for prizes and sundries brought the total expense account to \$4,076.43. As the receipts from the match on September 21 reached

\$10,100.94, the tidy sum of \$6,024.51 was realized as a result of the contest.

A perusal of the competition accounts shows the importance of track athletics at the club as compared with other sports. Bicycling cost the club \$292.50 ; bowling, \$226.57 ; boxing, \$75 ; fencing, \$83.60 ; lawn tennis, \$264.55 ; boat racing, \$1,724.05 ; skating, \$1 ; swimming, \$146.95 ; water polo, \$212.24 ; wrestling, \$108 ; yachting, \$10 ; and track athletics, \$6,643.06. The national game of America, baseball, cost the club just \$12, which was expended for balls. No regular team was organized, but a few games with outside clubs were played at Travers Island.

The cost of maintaining the club gymnasium last year was \$4,205, the entire boxing account was \$1,346 ; the wrestling account, \$984.62 ; and the entire fencing account, \$2,050. For putting the track, field, and tennis courts at Travis Island in condition, the club paid \$2,101.48. The boat-house account was \$2,161.80, and the yacht-house account, \$706.69.

During the past year the shooting grounds at Travers Island have been greatly improved. The club has a number of excellent shots, who, if brought together early this spring, as recommended by the annual report, will compare favorably with any team in or near New York. The club will probably go in for cross-country running this year, also, as an effort, so say the reports, is now being made to organize those interested with a view to promoting this sport.

Telling about the financial standing of the club, the reports show that a plan to meet the estimated cost of a new club-house has been arrived at. The first mortgage of \$450,000 was obtained on satisfactory terms, and subscriptions for \$254,350 of the second mortgage bonds have been received, of which amount \$234,637.50 has been paid in. In all, 537 members have subscribed.

During the past year twenty-eight members of the club have died. Three life members, 253 resident members, 62 non-resident members, and 39 junior members have been elected. The total number of members of all classes, January 1, was 2,524, of which 2,010 were resident, 216 non-resident, 194 life, and 7 honorary members.

Treasurer Goodhue's report places the assets at \$893,658.18, and the liabilities \$586,159.80, leaving a surplus, profit and loss, of \$325,498.38.

* * *

THE UNIVERSITY ATHLETIC CLUB is a very successful institution, and were it not for the fact that the college men in it obtained in college about all the athletics they cared for, would be a formidable rival in contests to the N. Y. A. Club. It is hard to get old 'varsity players to go into hard training after leaving college. Light exercise, tennia, racquets, cycling, boxing, fencing—a club which will give a grad. this and nothing more, is all he requires. At the recent annual meeting C. C. Cuyler, who has been prominent in intercollegiate athletic affairs, particularly in relation to the annual Yale-Princeton football game, was chosen president. Mr. Cuyler succeeds George Ade, who has been the University A. C.'s presiding officer for the past few years. Richard Trimble, of Harvard, was made vice-president, in place of Robert C. Cornell.

H. S. Brooks, of Yale, is the new treasurer of the club. Mr. Brooks succeeds President Cuyler in this office. Guy Richards, of Columbia, was reelected secretary. The entire ticket went through without opposition.

President Cuyler appointed on the House Committee of the club Tracy Harris, of Princeton, chairman; Allan McCulloch, of Yale, and Albert Francke, of Yale. The Athletic Committee, which consists of five members, was not appointed. It is an important committee, and President Cuyler desired to take his time in choosing the members.

Nothing definite has been done about the

selection of a site or plans for a new clubhouse, and it is not probable that anything will be done until next fall.

* * *

COLGATE UNIVERSITY, at Hamilton, N. Y., has recently come into considerable notoriety through the installment of a new president, Mr. George William Smith. Through the munificent gifts of James B. Colgate, whose name, by the way, should appear in the list of those who have given more than \$1,000,000 to educational institutions, the University is rapidly coming to the fore among Baptist institutions. We are very glad to welcome to our Advisory Board the following gentlemen, who will represent Colgate, viz.: Delevan Bloodgood, M. D., Henry Thompson, T. E. Stillman, J. C. Colgate, E. M. Grout, and George W. Douglass.

BOOK NOTICES.

Amos Judd. By J. A. MITCHELL. (Charles Scribner's Sons).—This is a short story long drawn out. It is interesting, but it could better have been "boiled" into the length of a Scribners's story. We say *better*, but, after all, some people like to spend time over a tale, and this story is not so very long after all. The plot is rather odd; a young boy Rajah is sent over to America—consigned by Morton Judd in India to Josiah in Daleford, Conn. If he returns to India his life is in danger, so he goes to school and to Harvard, where he is exceedingly "beautiful," and dangerous to male and female. After provocation he throws a distinguished Harvard athlete out of the third story window and down on a granite post, but nothing further than the death of the athlete comes of this. He plays havoc with the ladies—acquiring the facetious title of the "Belle hugger of Spoonmore," and after many years meets Molly Cabot in New York at a dance. This Molly Cabot is a type, well-bred, sedate, and "nice." She is rather cold, and the author is aware that she must be *startled* into loving the young Rajah—so he improvises a mad bull, a heroic flight across a ten-acre lot, and some broken ribs for the Rajah, who, on scaling the wall, gives thanks to the bull "for chasing him into Molly Cabot's heart."

Mr. Cabot, Molly's father, is a stern and famous New York lawyer; he is the foil, the serious-minded thinker on whom the Rajah exercises a mysterious prophetic power. "To-morrow you will be standing in front of the Unitarian church, looking up at the clock in the steeple as it strikes twelve." Mr. Cabot makes every honest effort of which he is capable to avoid doing this, but at the appointed hour the mysterious power compels him to obey; he does exactly as Amos predicts. But Mr. Cabot has doubts, and so another experiment is tried. At the appointed time Mr. Cabot secretly goes to a storeroom, and dragging a rocking-horse from behind a lot of trunks, mounted it, and at the same time clasped a rag baby in his arms. Amos, however, was able to write on a paper a facetious statement embodying the exact facts, and Mr. Cabot

was further astounded. In truth it appeared that Amos could predict the future with absolute certainty, and he predicts his own death, in a certain room, November 4.

So they lock him up over that time, and place two keepers over him. He does not die on November 4, and is so greatly relieved that he and Molly Cabot marry and go South on a short honeymoon. On their return they stop at an old manor house of Molly's grandmother in Maryland, and then comes the catastrophe; Amos is killed by a burglar in the library, on the wall of which hung an unused calendar of November 4. "The end has come, Old Moll," he says, dying.

"No, no, don't say that! I'll send for the doctor and have him here at once!" kindly says the always correct and proper Molly Cabot, who could hardly be aptly termed, even in the Rajah's dying breath, "Spirit—of old-fashioned roses."

On the whole this is a pretty and charming story, but the plot is everything, the characters nothing. Amos might have been made a thousand times more lovable and fascinating. Molly might have been, at least, interesting. A little more art in the characterization, and this story would have been a little masterpiece. Mr. Mitchell is fond of a weird touch in his stories; he might have got a much greater effect with the materials on hand. As it is, the story ought to find many readers who delight in cleverness, refinement and gentle wit.

Selections from the Poetry of Robert Herrick (Ginn & Co).—The exquisite poems of Herrick in a common school book! Why not? The perfect charm of "The Maiden Blush" is not lost on the student:

"So look the mornings when the sun
Paints them with fresh vermillion.
So cherries blush, and katherne pears
And apriocks in youthful years.
So corals look more lovely red,
And rubies lately polished—
So purest diaper doth shine—
Stained by the beams of claret wine."

Herrick was a fellow Commoner at St. John's College, Cambridge, in 1614-17. Here he wrote most of

his delicious poems, which for lightness, gayety, poise and lilting quality will ever be the despair of poets for all time. Owing to "the cursed contumacy of the Puritans," he disappeared in 1648, and hid himself in the depths of rural England; here he wrote the celebrated epitaph:

"Lost to the world, lost to myself, alone,
Here now I rest under this marble stone
In depth of silence, heard and seen of none."

Keats' name which "was writ on water" was an epitaph more terse, but not any less sad.

The Black Riders, and other lines, by STEPHEN CRANE
(Copeland & Day.)

The Red Badge of Courage. (Appleton's.)

The university does one thing for the student—it teaches him to admire the best classic forms. It teaches him to avoid in literary effort the sin of obscurity, the sin of trickery, the sin of insincerity, the sin of audacity. Stephen Crane, had he had the benefit of college training, would not have committed all these sins in the volume of "lines" before us. As we point out to the person to whom these effusions are dedicated, in regard to his *Rose*, it is not creditable in an author to flout what is best; it is rather a sign of ignorance. And in ignorance of what is best in life, in poetry or art, Mr. Crane and Mr. Garland come forward to be heard. And, because they say they have found something new, many critics have heaped praise where pity should have been bestowed. Mr. Crane's "lines" have no especial originality in their meaning, but have an originality of printed form—that is all. A vast effort is made to startle, to compel attention to some very old pessimisms. Take, for example, these lines, p. 33; Mr. Crane prints them in small capitals, thus:

TWO OR THREE ANGELS
CAME NEAR TO THE EARTH;
THEY SAW A FAT CHURCH,
LITTLE BLACK STREAMS OF PEOPLE
CAME AND WENT IN CONTINUALLY,
AND THE ANGELS WERE PUZZLED
TO KNOW WHY THE PEOPLE WENT THUS,
AND WHY THEY STAYED SO LONG WITHIN.

The sneer that rich churches are useless, that heaven is not attained by means of them, that rituals are nonsense, is not new. The day for such misconception of the church is past, however. The fact that the spiritual and practical sides of religion are interwoven is beginning to be understood.

Mr. Crane is a hater of the Mosaic God of Anger. It is probable, also, that he has the narrow intolerance of a Philistine for all that the church stands for. In the *Red Badge*, etc., God only appears in his pages in an oath, never in a prayer or in a religious use. "Where there is no vision the people perish." It seems to us that this boorish attitude toward God and the church is one of extreme ignorance of youth and lack of culture, to say the least. Mr. Crane is but twenty-four.

Here is another obscurity: "In the desert I saw a creature naked, bestial, who, squatting upon the ground, held his heart in his hands and ate of it." I said, "Is it good, friend?" "It is—bitter—bitter," he answered. "But I like it because it is bitter, and because it is my heart." That is to say, the animal man eats his own life up in his grovelling nakedness. Sensuality is always bitter and unhappy. Why does he like it? Because his life pleasures and sorrows are his own and no one else's! Here the desert is the world; the naked creature is man; his heart is his life. Holding it in his hands means, he may do what he wishes with his life.

There is nothing true here which is new, and nothing new which is not false.

When we consider his *Red Badge of Courage*, we concede that Stephen Crane rises at times, almost to the height of genius. He is himself. He is not attitudinizing now, any more than he was in *Maggie*. He is giving us solidly-drawn, strong, truthful detail of a two days' battle of the Civil War, from the subjective standpoint of a common soldier. It is new, original—tremendous. We look into the mind of a volunteer of twenty in his first camp life and first battle. Henry Fleming is a country farm boy, "Ma, I'm enlisted" he said diffidently. There was a short silence. 'The Lord's will be done, Henry,' she had finally replied, and had then continued

to milk the brindle cow." Coming from such homely up-country (N. Y. State) stock, the reader is continually asking "How can this illiterate fellow whose previous life had led him from the house to the barn, to the fields, to the barn, to the house—how can he be credited with such perception, such poet-like fancies, such mental perturbation?" Such a youth is all action. Mr. Crane makes him sensitive, self-communing, full of abstraction, deep musing, contemplative. But be the boy who and what he was at home, in the army life he is a Thoreau shouldering a musket. And what pictures of battle he sees! They must be true because they are all so carefully and minutely drawn. We have the minuteness of the modern French landscapists—a bit of field, a bit of woods, the leaves fluttering down cut by stray bullets. "The white-topped wagons strained and stumbled in their exertions like fat sheep." "Over some foliage they could see the roof of a house." "The air was always occupied by a blaring." "The bugles called to each other like brazen gamecocks." Mr. Crane has the Shakespearean and Meredithian quickness for metaphor, and as he lives in a time which calls for startling adventure, he combines in this book the man of courage and adventure with the study of mental action—a feat sometimes attempted by the great successor of Scott, who lies buried in the far islands of the Pacific, and attempted sometimes without the splendid success of this living author. We can only beg Mr. Crane to give us similar pictures of life to the *Red Badge of Courage*. Let him describe a miner's perils, or a seaman's mental attitude toward a hurricane, or a railway engineer's story of a fearful accident, or Siberian prisoners, or, finally, a poor author's experience with a publisher—but let him not burlesque his talent in the conceits of the *Black Riders*, and decadent mysticism. He has too great a gift to be a degenerate or a Philistine.

His Father's Son, by BRANDER MATTHEWS (Harper & Brothers).—This novel of New York life is beautifully illustrated by T. De Thulstrup. The scene at Coney Island, the frontispiece, "Walking up Broadway," "At Tiffany's," "At Delmonico's"—all are as good as anything we have ever seen—even better than Gibson, for

Gibson as an illustrator is not especially great. As for the book, its defect of outline is in attributing to Ezra Pierce's irregular speculations the moral downfall of Winslow. The point is a striking one, and Professor Matthews has an artist's eye for effect. But the father and son had so little in common that where they touched, the father's influence was always an elevating one. Winslow's perturbations of conscience (pp. 88-89), his standing for hours, "biting his nails fiercely, and wondering whether the morality of business was different from the morality of the family," is entirely out of keeping with his weak character. He might have been drawn somewhat more strongly, and given a finical purity, and have depended more, at first, upon his father's moral nature. Winslow, as drawn, would, we believe, have, even at first, rather admired his father's shrewd manipulations of General Ceramic. He would not have gone so quickly and utterly to the bad *because* of the old man's transactions. Minor criticism of the book, such as has been made as to Ezra Pierce's comfortable bank balance, or Winslow's ability to get drunk on a pint of champagne, is not worthy to be noticed. Professor Matthews has seized upon a great defect of New York life—legal stealing. He has given us a most timely, thoughtful, and interesting study. The reticence of the book is noticeable—nothing is overdone. Ezra Pierce, the fine old heathen—Puritan—for New England breeds such curious characters—will become typical of the fast-departing war speculator. It is a pity that the moral lesson must be made so very plain, and the color laid on so thickly. Winslow need not have come to forge, or to have supported an actress and theatrical troupe. His moral degeneracy would have been clear with less shocking detail. However, if the story "preaches" a little too loudly, we must remember that the average reader must have these moral lessons dinged into him with trumpet and drum, in order to appreciate and understand them. What the book loses in artistic it gains in ethical force.

As for the rest, Winslow's college life at some freshwater institution might well have had a chapter. Professor Matthews missed an opportunity of giving us one of his clever sketches in not so doing. Mary, whom Winslow marries, is rather thinly drawn. She is too

closely a second Mrs. Ezra Pierce. It is hard to see her. How well the Pierce household is drawn ! and the lack of social interest and the devotion to church ! And the wonder is that this book—not a novel of adventure—has made a distinct success. If it is a sign that the reign of blood-curdling, hair-breadth escapes is over, we welcome it as a hopeful sign of the times.

Constantinople, by F. MARION CRAWFORD, illustrated by E. L. Weeks (*Scribner's*), is a handsomely bound drawing-room edition of the article which appeared in *Scribner's Magazine* some time ago. A beautiful little book in design and a charming description of Stamboul by a master.

Unc' Edinburg, by THOMAS NELSON PAGE, illustrated by B. West Clinedinst (*Scribner's*).—No one succeeds in reproducing the old Southern life for us as does Mr. Page with his dear, faithful old darkey servants and their stories of sentiment. His darkies are life-like—but if anything they are a little too good, too refined, too faithful, to be real.

It was a charming romantic country life in Old Virginia—and, doubtless, is to-day. The men heroes ; the girls radiantly beautiful ; the old people full of sentiment and heart ; the negroes smiling and dutiful ; the country of coons and 'possums, of fox hunts, and duels, and love affairs. Mr. Page is a loving son of the soil, and Virginia ought to be very grateful to him.

A Chosen Few. Cameo edition of short stories by FRANK R. STOCKTON (*Scribner's*).—Stockton's stories have a genuine literary value, the result of careful finish and elaborate polish. At his best in the short story, however prolix and sometimes tedious in the longer novel, Mr. Stockton has here collected some of his most famous efforts.

Rose of Dutcher's Coolly, by HAMLIN GARLAND (Stone & Kimball).—Rose "slipped off her clothes and ran amid the tall corn-stalks like a wild thing. Her slim, little, brown body slipped among the leaves like a weasel in the grass. She ran and ran . . . then she suddenly put on civilized dress once more." . . .

"She ate everything that boys did . . . sheep sorrel, Indian tobacco, roots of ferns, May apples, rose-leaves, rose-buds, raw turnips, chokeberries, wild crab-apples, slippery-elm bark . . . and bitter acorns. These acorns she chewed into pats and dried in the sun to eat at other times, like a savage." "She ate pinks, and grass blades, and green watermelons, and ground cherries, and black haws, and dewberries, and every other conceivable thing in the woods and fields. She became inured to poison ivy," etc. "She could run like a partridge and fight like a wildcat . . . her calloused little claws of hands reached and took hold of all realities." "She learned early the hideous signs which pass in the country to describe the unnameable and the covert things of human life. She saw them scrawled on fences, on schoolhouse doors, and written in the dust of the road."

With such an extraordinary diet, and such a wild, uncouth, Wisconsin nature, and such a fury of blood in her, it was a wonder that Rose turned out as well and as prosily as she did. At school everything was conducted in the stormiest throes of passion. "The most dangerous practices were winked at. The older boys did not scruple to put their arms about the teacher's waist as they stood by her side. All the reserve and purity was lost," etc. Rose was a little smirched by contact with this unprincipled, but pretty teacher. Then came "naked circus riders" to astonish and perplex her. The noble and elegant Dr. Thatcher then appears on the scene, "a doctor from Madison." One can easily imagine him, and "the exquisite neatness and grace of his collar, and tie, and coat." There was "mystery and allurements" in his face. We readily place him. His picture often appears in country newspapers in medical advertisements; a fat, sleek, quiet, hairy man, with a heavy gold-plated watch-chain. Rose "stirred the parental in him." "His was a childless marriage." Could anything be more repulsive? The doctor is instrumental in persuading Rose to go to the Madison "Co-ed." University, where he lives. She goes. In the "parlor" of Dr. Thatcher's house hung a picture of Samson and the lion. One of these "awful" engravings which are seen in country village houses, only to be shuddered at. But

Rose was affected otherwise. "The beautiful, splendid limbs of the young man *flamed* upon her with marvelous appeal." "It was beautiful," says Hamlin Garland, ecstatically, of this picture, "and yet her training made her think it somehow not to be talked about." Everything in this house of Dr. Thatcher is "beautiful—uncomfortably beautiful." The vases and flowers, are all too, too beautiful, and Rose is naturally "dazed." The elegant and urbane Dr. Thatcher "liked to have his dinner at one, and so Rose found two knives and two forks at her plate, and two spoons also." Confused at this array of knives, forks, and spoons, "Rose sat very stiff and silent." "She took the plate as it was handed her (i. e., the soup plate) and handed back the one which was *turned down* with the napkin on top of it." The magnanimous and luxurious Dr. Thatcher, doubtless, looked unutterable things, but "passed it in silence." Indeed, one can picture the doctor's consternation as he shovelled in a hot potato on his keen knife blade, and winked facetiously at his spiritless wife, across the table. As for Rose, "she saw her mistake, and the hot blood swept over her brown face in a purple wave." It leads one to ask where, Mr. Garland—where did you dine when last in the effete East? But let us return to Rose, the passion flower of Wisconsin. "Her winter was a quiet one. . . . They went sleighing together, with shouting and laughter, as if the doctor were a girl, too. . . . They went once in a while to an entertainment at the church, never to the theater," and, then, "spring came again," and Rose went home for her summer vacation.

Of her college life, we have vague pictures. "She came and went quietly and answered her teachers with certainty and precision." "Wonderful things had come to her; one was the knowledge she was beautiful." "There were days of silent, pleasant growth." "She read Scott, Dickens, and Thackeray." "Her fellow Co-ed. students "courted her with the wholesome frankness of *clean* and vigorous manhood." Imagine these wholesome, country homespuns roaring with laughter, and merry with generous corn whisky, while they bounced about "with wholesome free play of limb" in their mad courting! "The free and natural intercourse of the college kept the young people

healthy as a home circle." This opinion of coeducation is Mr. Hamlin Garland's western one. But the picture he shows only confirms us in our view that young girls are better off for serious study and real work in a separate establishment. Listen to this naive, delicious narrative: "Twice during the winter (at college) Rose felt the power of love touch her. In the first instance, her eyes sought and found among her classmates a young man's physical beauty (*sic*), and her imagination clothed him with power and mystery, and she looked for him each day. . . . She made no open advances, she scarcely needed to." She had her usual tantrums over this classmate, being "half numb with emotion" in his presence, etc. No wonder he "grew a little vicious, and said, 'She is too cold and proud for my taste.'" Her next suitor is a worthy young law student, "a fine, *clean* young fellow." "He brought to her less of the clothes-horse and more of the man" than her lover-classmate. He took her to the "Socials," and once to the theater. "There was his mistake!" The play pretended to show London and New York life. "Therefore men in claw-hammer coats came and went, with strange accents and with cabalistic motions of hats and gloves, and women moved about with mystic swagger," i. e., the cheap barnstormers' "drawing-room manner." Who has not been edified time and again when the "gentlemanly" manner of the gasfitter and the fireman shone clear and bright through the "claw-hammer coat of the actor?" But let us be serious; for Mr. Garland is very solemn just here, and very earnest. He is frowning upon effete eastern civilization. Rose is much impressed by the play. "Her bosom rose and fell as if she had been running." "When he tried to kiss her good night (as if it was the usual Co-ed. thing to do, of course), she pushed him aside, and left him without a word." She becomes "intricate" after this, and the poor Doctor Thatcher, in a burst of fatuous, honest, and almost grotesque frankness—without the slightest reason for it—announces to his wife that he loves Rose, and sends her away. Nothing in the book is more dreadfully *gauche* than this scene, where this cheap, middle-aged, and commonplace doctor—this insufferably vulgar creature—blurts out in moral self-glorification, and

with "set teeth," his love for a girl whom he should have quietly treated as a daughter in his own house, and to whom his conduct should have been at least that of a gentleman. It is the fatuous and ill-concealed admiration for this vulgar specimen that betrays the writer's lack of careful breeding, and culture, and *savoir faire*, and of the truer sense of what's what—of everything, indeed, but a sort of animal savagery. "It took manhood to look his wife in the eyes then—but he did it." What sort of manhood? He ought to have buried such lustful thoughts deep in his caddish heart, and worn a hair shirt and done penance, or gone out and, having tied a millstone to his neck, drowned himself in the Wisconsin river!

Rose leaves the doctor and goes out to a cooperative boarding-house, where there was "fun—whirlwinds of it"—and presently came graduation. The picture of this scene is, like all the life described at the western college, vague and full of dull, heart-throbbing passion. "Beautiful girls might be seen leading bent and wrinkled fathers and mothers, who had sacrificed all for them." Mr. Garland does not point out where the wrinkled progenitors are being led—suffice it to say they are not being led into evil ways or to drink. We may be led to suppose it is a commencement campus scene, and the wrinkled ancestors who have "sacrificed all" that their beautiful daughters might be coeducated, are led to and fro among the trees and bobbing Chinese lanterns—and into Science Hall, to their astonishment. "Everywhere was the lisp of feet, the ripple of talk." The "lisp" of the farmer brogans is good! The college yell, "Rah—Rah—Rah—Wisconsin!" gave point to the ripple of conversation. Pipes were smoked. Girls puffed away like men. "To Rose the whole ceremony was glorious." The picture of coeducated college life bears no evidence of calm, studious effort. Passion is in the air. Cupid is omnipresent. Does Mr. Garland mean to be serious when he applauds this state of affairs? Hugging and kissing go on as openly, apparently, as on the benches of Central Park of a moonlight night. But, of course, it is *proper* hugging and kissing. It is the "familiarity of the home circle." It is a new state of affairs, certainly, thus revealed to us old-fashioned Easterners. The girls

are all "good fellows"—jolly, easy-going, healthy, huggable, and chaste. Rose behaves herself remarkably well in this odd atmosphere. We are led to wonder why Mr. Garland overdrew her so in childhood. Up to the time she goes to college we are prepared for a finale of tremendous import—a catastrophe of lubricity of the most dreadful nature. But Rose quiets down into a most commonplace, even sensible, body. She goes to Chicago, and here the story grows confused and dull. She is no longer the same passionate girl—she is as uninteresting as the average typewriter girl who is earning an honest living in a great city. Mason appears, a vaguely-drawn, middle-aged, editorial writer,—one of the hardest, most "difficult" and impossible lovers ever described. He writes a letter to Rose which, (a love-letter to a creature of passion!) would have dampened the ardor of the most burning hetaira ever imagined. He concedes that he is willing to marry—but notifies Rose that the very instant he tires of her he will leave her. A self-respecting, properly brought-up girl would have sent the letter back to Mason unanswered. Rose is delighted, accepts his grudging offer, and the book ends in this unsatisfactory and inartistic manner. Mr. Hamlin Garland is not a genius—he is not even a careful novelist. His book has been widely heralded and proclaimed—he has the art of self-advertisement, and is well puffed—but he must return to his level of his first stories of Western life which were quite good, or he will find it difficult, presently, to find serious readers. Had this story of Rose been carefully re-written, condensed, and the heroine made to develop on the lines first laid down, a strong, coarse story might have resulted, with a tragedy at its close. In all his animadversions against the East Mr. Garland does not see that a revolt against "the East" is only a revolt against decent breeding, culture, and all that is best in life. His contempt for civilization is the contempt of a savage for clothes, or a truant boy for arithmetic. In place of quiet, well-bred people, we are introduced to such terrors as Dr. Thatcher; such women as Doctress Herrick; such girls as "Mary," who thought it genteel to invite her lover into her hall bed-room, provided she left the door open! No, Mr. Garland, your wild

western novel with its crude realistic pictures of barbarous half-civilization, will cause hardly anything more severe than sorrow in the "effete" East. We hoped better things of you than—Rose of Dutcher's Coolly. You are capable of the very best, but you have not given it to us. You are a romanticist—unfortunately you have come too much under the influence of the realists, as Professor Boyesen did. It is not your *metier*. It was not his. He should have given us fine old Norse stories of gods, of heroes, of grand Scandinavian women with flowing hair,—and he kept giving us realistic modern novels that were of no value. You could do great things for the West in the right way—why not be yourself—and give us a great Western romance?

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THE BACHELOR OF ARTS

MONTHLY MAGAZINE
DEVOTED TO UNIVERSITY INTERESTS
AND GENERAL LITERATURE



VOL. II

No. 5

APRIL, 1896

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THE BACHELOR OF ARTS

VOLUME II. *April, 1896.* NUMBER 5.

THE OLYMPIAN GAMES AT ATHENS.*

When Leonidas, with his valiant three hundred, staid for a time at Thermopylæ the advancing tide of Persian invasion, the smallness of his force was due neither to rashness of his own nor to faint-heartedness or treachery of his fellow countrymen. It was—so the historian tells us—because the battle at Thermopylæ happened to be fought at the same time with the Olympian festival. It is a striking picture—the little band of warriors holding in check the vast hordes of barbarians that threaten to lay waste the land and enslave the nation, while far away, on the banks of the Alphiros, the heads of the victors in the games are crowned with the peaceful olive.

Herodotus adds, in further explanation of their

*NOTE.—Teams from Boston A. A. and Princeton will, it is said, leave New York March 21. The B. A. A. team will be accompanied by Manager John Graham. The members are: T. E. Burke, in the dashes and middle distance; E. H. Clark, in the jumps, the shot and hammer events; A. Blake, in the long-distance runs, and T. P. Curtis, in the hurdles. Prof. William M. Sloane, America's representative in the international games, has directed every energy toward having the country creditably represented, and he appealed to the Princeton management, laying before them the importance of having some college support American interests at these games.

Captain Garrett and Manager Turner immediately set to work to remove the obstacles in the way, and succeeded in raising the necessary money and securing the faculty's approval.

The men chosen to uphold America's interests are: Captain Robert Garrett, '97; F. A. Lane, '97; A. C. Tyler, '97, and John H. Colfelt, '99. These men have excellent records in their respective events, and the college has great confidence in their ability to secure a majority of the wild-olive wreaths, the prizes to be awarded.

The games will be held in the ancient Stadium at Athens, April 6 to 16, where they occurred before the Christian era. The games in 1900 will be held at Paris, and in 1904 in New York.

seeming insensibility to impending danger, that the Greeks did not think that affairs would come so speedily to a decision. To him this appeared to be an all-sufficient reason for their delay, and it satisfied, no doubt, those for whom he wrote. For us it can only serve to make plain the hopelessness of trying by the aid of any modern instance to understand the part that was played by the Olympic games in the life of ancient Greece. The defense of the nation's very existence against a dreaded foe delayed in order that a football game between Princeton and Yale or a boat race between Yale and Harvard may be fought out undisturbed! Thus translated into modern times, it sounds absurd, no doubt. Yet the Greeks were no less patriotic than we; their freedom was no less dear to them than ours to us. Their devotion to the games, that would not be denied even in the hour of greatest peril, rested on emotions that went far deeper than any so-called "athletic madness" of to-day. They found in them an embodiment of all that was noblest and fairest in their ideals and aspirations. In the games themselves, and in all their accessories and surroundings, there was the fullest realization of that conception of beauty in which the Greek delighted, and which he worshipped as his highest good.

In political life, too, they played no small part. It was due to no mere chance that the greatest of all Greek festivals grew up in the rich plain of Elis, whose very defencelessness made it for the most part neutral amid the jealous strife of warring neighbors. The orator Lyrias declares that, in choosing this most beautiful spot in Greece for the games, Hera-

kles had in mind the necessity that the Greeks should, from time to time, lay aside their endless quarrels if they were to continue to feel their unity as a race. The joyous intercourse of the divine festival, the friendly competition of the games, the "Peace of God" during which no Greek might lift armed hand against a fellow Greek,—these things, though they came but once in four years, must have had a wonderful influence in keeping alive that sense of oneness in the race which it was so easy for the Greek to forget.

But it is in their relation to the national religion that we find it hardest to bring our thoughts about the Greek games into touch with the surroundings of modern athletics. We cannot reproduce the spirit which ascribed the splendor of the games and the glory of the victors to the "Lord of Olympus," or to "Phœbus of the Golden Sword." We cannot convert into modern forms of thought such prayers as these of Pindar: "O, Father Zeus, that holdest sway on the mountain-ridges of Atabyrios, honor the accustomed hymn of the Olympian victor, and the man who hath shown valor with his fists"; "O, thou most exalted hurler of the tireless thunderbolt, Zeus, . . . thou son of Kronos, who rulest over Ætna, . . . receive this chorus of triumph for an Olympian victory won by the Graces' aid, a light, though it come late, of wide-prevailing deeds of valor." The very founding of the games was due to no mere human impulse. It was in fulfilment of the early commands of Herakles that "the unswerving judge, the man of Ætolia, placed on the victor's brow the gray-green wreath of olive brought by the son of

Amphitryon himself from the shady banks of Ister to be a most fair memorial of Olympian struggles." The legend recognized, it is true, a break in the pre-historic succession of the recurring festivals, and ascribed to Iphitus the renewal of the games in 776 B. C. But it was a renewal, not of a new creation. As time went on, and to the simple foot-race of the first festival was added one "event" after another, it was to no inventiveness of man that these extensions were due; rather was it the goodness of the gods, which permitted the human officials to recall in this way, from time to time, the institutions of Herakles and to restore the festival more nearly to the glory of the golden age.

Without scrutinizing too closely this fond ascription of all credit to the divine founder, we may perhaps find a safe starting point in the tradition that the earliest Olympian contest was the foot-race. Although other contests came to be far more conspicuous as features of the quadrennial festival, and other victories were perhaps more eagerly sought, the winner of the Stadion continued to give his name to the Olympias in which his victory was won. Among the games held by Achilles in honor of his dead friend, there was a foot-race which must come very near to reproducing this contest in its primitive simplicity. Achilles sets forth the prizes and points out the goal,—or possibly the turning post,—far off on the plain, as the three racers take their stand at the starting point. It was a sprint; the running, Homer says, was forced from the start. The two leaders are as close together as a weaving woman to her loom; it is only in the home-

stretch that Aias, thanks to the unfailing goddess in whom Odysseus trusts, meets with the accident that brings victory to the crafty man of Ithaca. There is no track, no measuring of distance, and of course no timing. At Olympia, the distance was known, but the lack of stop-watches makes comparison of records impossible. When, however, we learn that there was no attempt to construct a track but that the races were run in deep sand affording no sure foothold, and when we see on ancient vases the bad "form" in which they ran and read of the shouting in which they indulged as they raced, we are tempted to think that a comparison, if it were possible, would be utterly unsatisfactory. The first form of the foot-race at Olympia seems to have been a straight-away race of about 200 yards. To this was afterward added the double-stadion or dianlos, of 200 yards and return, and the dolichos, or long-distance run of between $2\frac{1}{2}$ and 3 miles. The development of endurance for cross-country running is shown by such stories as that of Pheidippides, covering in two days the distance from Athens to Sparta,—140 miles over a very rough and mountainous country; or that of Euchidas, who ran from Plataeae to Delphi and back in one day, a distance of 100 miles. There was also a race in armor, the result of which was shown on the day of Marathon, when the Athenian hoplites ran at full speed down upon the Persians, over an intervening space, according to Herodotus, of about 1,600 yards.

One of the earliest additions to the program was the "pentathlon," which included the long jump, weight-throwing, hurling of the javelin, a sprint, and wrestling. The decision was in

some way based on the composite results of these five contests, but it is not clear how it was reached. Professor Boetticher has examined the question on the assumption that all competitors took part at once, with no very satisfactory results. The matter would be made simpler if we could suppose that they contended in heats, two at a time; and that the victory in each of these trial heats rested with the one who first placed three events to his credit.

Whatever may have been the forms of leaping that found a place in the ordinary gymnastic exercises, at Olympia the broad jump seems to have been the only one in use; and this, like discus-throwing and javelin-hurling did not appear on the program, except as part of the pentathlon. One record has been handed down, but there has evidently been a mistake in the tradition at some point. Phayllus, we feel sure, could never have jumped 55 feet, unless it was a jump of the kind made famous by Sam Patch and Steve Brodie, and was measured perpendicularly. German scholarship, it is true, sees no need of assuming error or falsehood "in view of the many amazing performances of later times"; but German scholarship may be pardoned for ignorance of the fact that the best modern record has hardly exceeded half Phayllus's astonishing performance. The jumper was thought to be aided by the use of weights carried in the hands, and so manipulated as to increase the momentum at the moment of rising, and again in descending. And these were so closely associated with this contest that the winner of the pentathlon was usually portrayed with them in his hands.

The contest in discus-throwing is made real

for us by representations on vases, and by various ancient statues, especially the one which is generally conceded to be a copy of the famous Discobolos of Myron. From these it is clear that it was neither an overhand throw nor a put from the shoulder, but rather an underhand toss. It follows that the discus cannot have approached the weight of our 16-pound shot; and as a matter of fact, there is one in Berlin that was found on the island of Aegina, which weighs not more than 4 1-2 pounds. There was no standard weight, but probably the variation was not great. Ninety-five feet is named as the record of the same Phayllus who was said to have jumped fifty-five. Discus-throwing was known to the Greeks of Homer's day, as appears from the story of the games in which Odysseus was led by the taunts of the young Phalacians to exhibit the skill and strength that had aroused the wonder of the Greek host at Troy. "And clad in his cloak as he was, he leaped to his feet and seized a discus huge and massive, heavier by far than those with which the Phalacians were wont to strive with each other. With one whirl he sent it from his mighty hand, and the stone whizzed; and down upon the earth crouched the long-oared Phalacians, men famed for ships, at the hurling of the stone; and it flew beyond the marks of all."

As the contest with the discus was for distance, that with the javelin was probably for accuracy of aim; but tradition has not much to say about it.

The wrestling of the pentathlon was of that milder form in which, as now, the aim was to lay one's opponent on his back; victory being won

when both shoulders touched at once. Of this we have a picture; the possibly in a somewhat primitive and undeveloped form, in the wrestling-match between Aias and Odysseus by the funeral-pyre of Patroclus. "And having girt themselves, they two went into the midst of the ring, and in their arms they clasped each other with mighty hands, as it were the sloping rafters of a lofty house which some famed builder has joined together, to ward off the strength of the winds. And their backs creaked, gripped firmly with strong hands; and streams of sweat flowed down, and weals red with blood started forth over their sides and shoulders." As neither gains any advantage, Aias proposes that each in turn should lift his unresisting opponent and so seek to throw him. "Thus having spoken, he lifted him; but Odysseus did not forget his cunning. He smote deftly from behind the hollow of Aias's knee [with his heel], and loosened his joints; and down he fell backward, while on his breast fell Odysseus; and the people gazed and wondered. Then in turn the steadfast divine Odysseus lifted, and moved him but a little from the ground, nor did he raise him, but crooked his knee in his. And both fell on the ground side by side, and were stained with dust." At this point Achilles stops the contest and called it a tie; though in our ignorance of the rules that governed Homeric wrestling, it would seem that, in the absence of a third round, Odysseus, having won a fall in the first and come off even in the second, was fairly entitled to the victor's prize.

Of a more dangerous character were the contest in boxing and the so-called pankration.

In boxing, the hands and arms were protected and a blow made more formidable by bands and thongs of leather, re-enforced on occasion by the insertion of metal. This, too, was a feature of the games held by Achilles in honor of Patroclus, and Homer's description is followed by Virgil in the story of the games that Æneas conducted. The narrative is perhaps too suggestive of the hateful features of a modern prize-fight to be altogether pleasant to our ears. Among the treasures found at Olympia are two busts of boxers, the one a portrait and the other an ideal head. In both is to be noticed that mutilated and swollen condition of the ears which Greek writers have described as characteristics of professional boxers. The portrait bust is further marked by a coarseness and brutality of feature and expression which do not surprise us.

The prominence given to boxing in the great games of Greece surprises us. This is true also of that fiercer form of wrestling which ended not with the overthrow of one contestant, but went on without intermission on the ground or erect, until one or the other owned himself beaten. The same thing may be said of the pankration, a combination of such wrestling with a form of boxing which differed from that already mentioned only in the absence of the leather thongs and bandages from the hands. It remains to be said, however, that in the classic days of Greece the spirit of the boxers and of the spectators was such as to forbid comparison with the degraded heroes of the prize-ring and their wretched admirers. The boxers at Olympia strove not for a purse, but for an olive crown. Of those who looked on,

each prayed for the success of his chosen champion, not as being the one on whom his bets were placed, but as the representative, perhaps, of his own city, perhaps of that to which his friendship was due. A fitting comparison is to be found in intercollegiate contests. In point of roughness, it is true, a game of football is no more like the pankration than a war carried on under modern rules is like that war in which it was possible for Athens and Sparta, each in turn, to decree the substantial wiping out of an entire city. But the animating spirit, in athlete and in beholder, is not unlike. Both are penetrated with that enthusiastic devotion to a cause which is of the essence of patriotism ; and in addition to this there is in the athlete an earnest striving for a victory untainted by mercenary desires ; in the spectator, an eager nope for the success of those who for the time being represent the cause that is nearest his heart. We shall not find in Greek athletics a lesson on the avoidance of roughness and brutality ; what they do teach is the resolute avoidance of all that in any way fosters the mercenary spirit. In the absence of such a spirit lay the glory of the games of Greece. But they afford a warning as well as an example ; for in the end the love of gain showed itself to be, after all, too strong even for the Olympian victor.

Of all the games at Olympia the four-horse chariot race was the most glorious. From Homer, and Pindar, and Euripides, down to Ben-Hur, it has been the theme of inspired and inspiring songs and descriptions, almost without number. In the history of the Olympian festival there came a time, foreshadowing it may be the decline, when men of birth and

distinction regarded it as beneath their dignity to take part in any contest except this. Victory in it brought honor and renown to the owner of the horses, to whom indeed the victory distinctly belonged; also to the charioteer and to the horses themselves, which, in one well-known case were buried over against their master's family tomb. The Olympic festival also included a race with two-horse chariots, and each of these races was duplicated in one for colts. Horseback riding was unknown to the Homeric Greeks, but made its appearance at Olympia about a century and a half after the first festival. One of the greatest of Pindar's odes, the first Olympic, celebrates the victory of Hieron's race horse Pherenikos. Others were written in honor of victories in the mule-race, which was on the program for Olympiads, but then was dropped. A three-horse chariot race appears on the races, but has left no trace in the records, and may have been due to the artist's awkwardness.

At the time of its greatest distinction and dignity the Olympic festival occupied five days. Of these, the second, third, and fourth were enough for the games. On the second were held all the contests open to boys and youths: on the third, all the foot-races (except that in armor), the contests in wrestling and boxing, and the pankration; on the fourth, all the races with horses, the pentathlon, and the foot-race in armor. When we compare these three days with the ten given up to athletic sports in the modern revival of the festival, our first impression is of the great development which the inventiveness of man and the needs of his daily life have brought to pass, even in

the domain of athletics. To a victor of the classic age, many of the contests on the program of the new Olympian festival would be strange and intricate puzzles. Others, no doubt, resemble more closely those exercises of the palaestra and the camp with which he was familiar. In some, perhaps, he would even find himself able to take part without awkwardness. But there are many things about this festival with the well-known name that would fill him with amazement and confusion of thought. The Olympian festival that he knew was for every Greek, an all-absorbing topic of thought and talk as each fourth year came around; but for one that was not of Greek blood, it had no welcome, or even meaning. The one he finds to-day is largely in the hands of men whose fathers ranged the northern forests, clad in the skins of beasts, while he and his were gazing upon the creations of Pheidias and Ictinus, or listening to the dramas of Aeschylus and Sophocles. Above all, the modern festival is absolutely devoid of those divine sanctions which bulked so large in his view as to require that to them should be given two whole days out of five. He would miss the public and private sacrifices of the first day, through which not only the whole great assembly, but also the embassies of sovereign States, and the athletes, looking forward to the struggles in which they were to contend for the highest prizes that heaven and earth could afford, sought to win the blessing and favor of the immortal gods. He would miss, also, the splendid processions and banquets of the fifth day, in which gratitude to the deities of Olympus found its fitting expression, ascribing all

the glory and honor of victory to those in whose hands are the destinies of man. These things he would miss, and the lack would seem to him to rob the festival of its deepest meaning. Yet we cannot feel that in such a gathering, for such a purpose, he would feel himself altogether an alien. In the beauty of physical manhood, the practiced skill and vigor of the modern athlete, in the generous rivalry of the contest, in the earnest striving for a fairly-won victory, in the manly acceptance of success or failure, he would recognize something akin to his own spirit and admit that the athlete of to-day is not presumptuous in taking up again, after these many centuries, the broken thread of the Olympian festivals.

WILLIAM ANDREW ROBINSON.

AT THE MESS.

The cloth removed and fragrant weeds alight,
The mess-room settles for a cozy night ;
“ *Her Majesty, God bless her !* ”—jest and laugh
Are broken off as all arise and quaff.
A visiting civilian cries : “ *Our Host !* ”
The Colonel bows, acknowledging the toast,
Then, lighting weed and filling glass once more :
“ *Gentlemen, Kipling Sahib has the floor.* ”

With the first tones a smile of pleasure slips
O'er grizzled beards and downy, boyish lips ;
As gathering films of smoke the lamp enshroud
Visions of warriors rise in misty cloud.
Mulvaney on an elephant—both musth ;
Ortheris, loyal friend but sternly just,
Has championed with knuckles black and blue
A soldier's and his private honor, too.
The smoke cloud thickens and the soldiers three
Reel barrack-ward in graceful, noiseless spree.

Deeper the cloud—a regiment of ghosts
Rises from graves as if from sentry posts,
And musters in upon a hillside bare
With live invaders of an outlaw's lair.
Vengeance is sweet—aye, even to the dead—
Of ghoulish strategy for carnage red,
While honest troopers, rubbing puzzled eyes,
Doubt if the vale holds shadows or allies.

And now, the mess-room dense with misty fumes,
The jungle opens up its secret glooms.
The python Kaa uncoils his sinuous length,
Baloo his limbs doth stretch in lazy strength,
Mowgli, the alien man-cub, open-eared,
Ponders with filial faith their wood-lore weird.
And where the smoke-drifts huger sway and rise
May not the elephants, by mortal eyes
Beheld but once in dance of Titan mirth,
Their ball-room tread and shake the very earth ?

And now his yarns are ended for the night,
He drains his glass and takes another light.
The mess-door opens and the outer air
Dispels the smoke-cloud and its visions rare,
Unveils the mess-room's laureate and guest
Who brings the magic East to greet the West.
An eye that probes to India's mystic soul,
A voice as Fielding's masculine and droll,
Heart of a boy, a spice of brave élan,
A man for manly men to dote upon ;
And if fair faces twinge in mild distress
What call have women anyhow at mess ?

WILBUR LARREMORE.

SHALL THE ENGLISH SYSTEM OF
COLLEGES PREVAIL?

The question of college government is coming to be one of great importance, insomuch that there has lately arisen a party at Harvard which advocates the English system—i.e., dividing the university into a dozen or so small colleges, as Oxford is divided into Christ Church, Brasenose, Oriel, etc., or Cambridge into Clare, Corpus Christi, Jesus, Kings, etc. The growth of Harvard and Yale has lately been so great that “personal contact” is next to impossible between professor and student—or even between classmates. Let us first examine into what the English university government is, and then see how it will apply to our American institutions. A series of interesting articles has recently appeared in the *Evening Post**, which we propose to use freely in this paper, and which give the opinions of well-known college men on the subject.

In the first place it appears that Harvard now has 3,600 students, 1,771 of whom are academic students. Yale has 2,415, and 1,199 academics. Oxford has 3,358. Cambridge, 2,795. Harvard's four classes average about 400. Yale's, 300. At Oxford 21 colleges and 6 halls divide her numbers. At Cambridge 17 colleges and 3 hostels house her students. In the Book Notices of *THE BACHELOR* (Vol. I, No. 2, p. 286) an account of the English university calendars shows that, in order, the college officers, say of University College,

* See Saturday, February 1, 1896.

Oxford, are: 1. The Queen, "Visitor." 2. The Master. 3. The Fellows. 4. Lecturers not on foundation. 5. The Scholars. 6. The Exhibitioners. Brasenose has its visitor, master, fellows, honorary fellows, chaplains, tutors and lecturers, demonstrator, organist, scholars, and commoners. So, each college has its officers, who vary somewhat in name; Merton, for example, having 16 "postmasters"—not needed, presumably, as Mr. Bouncer told Mr. Verdant Green, for the heavy mails received. Above the colleges is the "Senate" at Cambridge, and the "Congregation" or "Convocation" at Oxford. The Senate consists of resident graduates, and the Convocation of all Masters of Arts. In these two bodies rests the highest university authority. They prescribe the order, course, and subjects of examinations, award all honors and degrees, and create all general laws and regulations. The undergraduate only hears of these high powers when he periodically enters for his examinations. At all other times he is under the control and charge of the heads of the college or hall where he lives.

These colleges have character like the students themselves, some are studious, others are athletic, others are rich and luxurious, their character is well understood. A poor, hard-working student will try to gain admission to his own peculiar kind and set. Says the *Post*:

Originally all university students were compelled to live, that is, to study, eat, and sleep, within the walls of their respective colleges. They were subjected, indeed, to the same kinds of supervision and restriction to which they had been accustomed at school, not being exempt even from corporal punishment. But, long ago, the in-

creasing number of students made it necessary to provide additional accommodation, and thus the present system of lodgings was introduced, which led to many other modifications of college life. As a rule the college authorities will permit no undergraduate to lodge in the town, so long as there are rooms for him inside his college, but during the last thirty or forty years the host of outside lodgers has been growing larger and larger. The undergraduate, however, is not allowed to select his own rooms at will. He can only engage apartments in houses licensed by the university and subject to university rules. The rent is also fixed by the university authorities, and the rooms are hired, not by the undergraduate who occupies them, but by the tutor of his college, to whom the rent is paid by the student or his guardians.

The landlord is compelled to discharge the duties of the college porter. This latter functionary is charged with the important duty of closing the college gates at a certain hour every night, and reporting to the tutor next morning the name of every undergraduate entering thereafter. When the gates have been closed, no undergraduate (unless belonging to another college or having lodgings outside) can go out without special permission. The letter of lodgings is under bond to treat his undergraduate lodgers in precisely the same way. He must not let them out after he has once locked his doors, and if they come in after hours he must report them. For this reason undergraduates, as a rule, are eager to live in the college, as, by so doing, they are enabled to prolong their social entertainments without regard to the clock. This regulation is practically the only restriction upon the personal liberty of the students, and is made the chief means of punishment for all minor offenses. For certain breaches of discipline a man is fined, but, in the majority of cases, he is simply ordered to keep within the gates for a certain time after certain hours. If he disobeys the injunction, he is sent home for a limited period, or for good; in other words, expelled. It may be added here that a man who is expelled from his college is not necessarily expelled from the university. He can "migrate," that is to say, enter another college, if he can find one willing to take him in, but his chances of

getting a degree after a catastrophe of this sort would be infinitesimally small.

When it comes to taking a degree, the Senate or Convocation—the chiefs of the university alone confer it. The Master and Fellows of his college are members of this governing body, and presumably take a special interest in their own students, at the examinations.

The lecture courses in each college are arranged with a view to the regular university examinations. There is one set for the passmen and another for the candidates for honors. Each college, moreover, has special examinations of its own for the foundation scholarships with which it may happen to be endowed. Winners of these scholarships enjoy special privileges. The college lectures are not many—one or two, or possibly three, a day. They occur in the morning and last one hour. There are, however, an indefinite number of special courses, conducted by university professors, some of which are free, while in other cases a small fee is demanded. Reading men, of course, supplement these by private study and employ special tutors or “coaches.” Every student is expected to attend service in his college chapel twice on Sundays and at least three times during the week. The daily services, it may be added, are very short and take place just before breakfast and before dinner.

Within their own precincts the authority of the individual colleges is absolute and independent of all university interference, but outside of them the undergraduates are subject to the rule of special university officers, generally fellows of colleges, called proctors, who are elected annually. These functionaries are active chiefly at night, and they are vested with municipal as well as university authority. It is their duty to see that the doors of licensed lodging-houses are locked after the specified hours, to repress disorder, to arrest all women of the town, to enforce the rule about wearing caps and gowns after dark, and to look after the morals and conduct of undergraduates generally. They are empowered to fine delinquents or to punish them by

impositions. Serious cases are referred to the tutor of the offender's college.

Each college has its own social and athletic organizations, its boat club, its cricket club, football club, etc., and its own peculiar uniform and color. The rivalry between these bodies is intense, and it is from them that the university teams are selected. The bumping-races on the rivers, (the Cam and the Isis) are between the boats of the different colleges. The university boat and cricket clubs, supported by general contribution, consist of the officers of the college clubs. These elect officers for the university, who are responsible for the selection of the representative teams for the whole university. Thus each college is in effect a separate training-school for every kind of athletic sport, and the rivalry between the different organizations makes it practically certain that no talent will be overlooked, and keeps alive athletic enthusiasm.

So long as he conforms to the few regulations previously enumerated the undergraduate is allowed the largest personal liberty and is as independent in his own rooms as he would be in his own house. It is an unwritten law that no "don" shall enter them without permission. His expenses are large or small, according to his habits. The unavoidable charges are only those for board and lodging, washing, and tuition. It is possible to keep them within \$500 a year, but the average, of course, is considerably higher than that. A spendthrift can incur debts of almost any amount, but if any tradesman allows an undergraduate to run up a heavy bill without informing his tutor, he runs the risk of being "discommonsed," as it is called, which means that the university authorities will forbid all undergraduates to deal with him thereafter under pain of expulsion.

Having thus briefly glanced at the English system, the question arises, How far is it applicable to our American universities ?

At Harvard the faculty of arts and sciences has been divided into administrative boards, of not less than fifteen members each. The graduate schools are already distinct organizations,

and, as well, the scientific school. The elective system and large numbers, have killed all the old fraternal class feeling. In fact, a writer describes Harvard's social system at present as "chaotic," and ascribes the continued athletic reverses to this cause. "Where a man might possibly be a living, hoping, despairing part of Harvard college, eating, sleeping, studying alone, and not even having the privilege of seeing his administrative officers without having to explain to them who and what he is." * In fact, students see nothing of their instructors outside the lecture room. They fall into small groups or cliques, and leave college with a narrower view of university life than they should have.

The continental university system, it will be remembered, merely offers instruction, lectures, etc., collects fees, and has nothing to do with the formation of the student's character, morals, health or well-being. As long as we keep up the present system of dormitories (which the German universities do not support), we are bound to look after the lives and character of students who live together in them. In Germany the gymnasium corresponds more closely to our colleges. In these the student's moral welfare, living, etc., are constantly under scrutiny. After the German boy finishes his course in the gymnasium he becomes in the university a "free man." It is pointed out that American parents usually evince a special desire that their sons shall be carefully looked after as to their moral and spiritual welfare, since they have always established or sustained

* Professor Bolles, late Secretary of Harvard University.

their colleges on a denominational basis. It is not likely, therefore, that Harvard will favor continental methods of absolute faculty indifference. It would, perhaps, be more likely to be the event at Yale. But we readily perceive that even at Yale, where the faculty has (especially in athletics) pursued a non-interfering policy, the old denominational idea still obtains to a degree, and the authorities controlling dormitories must exercise a general control and moral influence over their students. President Eliot, in a recent article, said on this question :

The chief difficulty in the way of any division of Harvard similarly to Oxford and Cambridge is that all the property of Harvard University is held by a single corporation. The division at Oxford and Cambridge is not only one of teachers and students among numerous colleges, but also a division of property. Nevertheless, it would be possible to create different schools, or bodies of teachers and students, under the charge of separate deans, property being held for each of several such bodies by this single corporation, just as property is now held for the Law School and Medical Schools. The division of instruction which exists in English universities has proved to be a great drawback to progress of the university as a whole. But, on the other hand, the division would probably be an advantage for social purposes. The great cause of the better social conditions at Oxford and Cambridge is the mode of life as regards meals—breakfast and lunch being taken in the students' rooms. This affords natural means of hospitality for every student, but the objection to this which instantly arises, is on the score of its costliness. Another reason for the comparative ease of social intercourse at Oxford or Cambridge is to be found in the fact that the student body is much more homogeneous than it is at any American university, since at the English universities almost all the young men are sons of educated families. At many American universities it is a small minority of the students which comes from educated home surround-

ings, and the proportion of students at Harvard who are sons of men educated at Harvard is always very small, never exceeding one-tenth, and grows steadily smaller because of the growing numbers. At the English universities a large proportion of the men are sons of men also educated there.

The practical thing to do at Harvard, in order to try here the English system, would be to build a group of buildings, including chambers, dining-hall, chapel, and small library. This group would be for the use of a body of students organized under a dean and resident teachers—all clerical control and administrative functions being vested in the dean—while the instruction of such a household would be obtained not separately, but in the classrooms of the university. There is no gain to be had from division of instruction, and at present at Harvard there is no trouble from numbers, except in one-eighth of the courses offered, and this absence of overcrowding is due to the large number of courses open to the undergraduates.

Professor Shaler is opposed to the English system because

The system grew up in an age and under influences quite other than our own, and it appears to me that it would be very difficult indeed to gradually transfer a life founded essentially on monastic ideas into any useful American form. The system has succeeded in England because it is an outgrowth of slowly accumulated or accumulating traditions. Our American youth *wishes to be freed from anything like family control when at college, and if he be of good quality he gains by the freedom he has.* We cannot get the good of the system without the household motive, but the English household seems to be puritanical and to have too much of the monastery for us. So far as I have been able to learn, the advantage arising from the closer intercourse of membership in an English college is much more than counterbalanced by the limitation in the opportunity of selecting friends. This opportunity is quite unbounded here, where, *since the class lines are broken down*, a freshman may have intimates in any class. It is doubtful, too, whether the social advantages could be

obtained without dividing and repeating the instruction. We approach nearest to it in the fraternity club-houses, such as those at Amherst or Williams, while here at Harvard the system of student advisers* is bringing the student into closer relations with at least one teacher, by whom he is met in a friendly way, without being controlled. The most natural basis for the development of human associations is the likings which grow up from chance acquaintances. The large Harvard classes offer the best opportunity for friendship. From the ability of one man to speak to any other man arises the opportunity for wide acquaintance.

Mr. John Corbin, on the other hand, as will be noted from his English university articles which have appeared in *THE BACHELOR*, is eager for Harvard to adapt the best features of the Oxford system. He is now an instructor and a "student adviser" * at Harvard. He argues that, as the faculty is already divided into administrative boards, why not have boards at the head of colleges? Says Mr. Corbin in the *Post*:

Since there is a subdivision of funds for the law school and medical school and other departments of the university, why should there not be a further subdivision of the university funds, each part to be held for a school or college? Furthermore, the possible adoption of the English honor-school system (which is in vogue in England), which is now being discussed by the faculty, by which students will from the very beginning enroll themselves as candidates for honors along certain lines of study, would be another step in the direction of numerous undergraduate colleges. It would seem the most natural thing that men working along the same lines of study, such as English and all its branches, should live together and take their meals together and benefit by the close relationship of their interests.

* The "student advisers" referred to, are instructors who have usually a social tea every week, at which the fifteen or twenty students under their charge attend, and become acquainted, smoke pipes and cigars, and sometimes are offered a glass of wine or a cup of tea.

Living with them, of course, would be the younger instructors in their studies, who would, during the freshman year, also be their advisers. Those students who merely wished to take a general course in the arts, dabbling here in economics, there in history or the languages, as so many do to-day, would also live in colleges, all of which would become known speedily by the accomplishments of their men—in athletics or study.

It will be thus seen that while opinions at Harvard differ on the question, it is not unlikely that the result will be a partial adoption of the college system. Everyone is dissatisfied with the present "chaotic" state of affairs, and everyone is wondering how things will turn out.

At Yale how do affairs stand? After stating the fact of the enormous material growth of the college during the last ten years, the writer in the *Post* says:

The ten years of swift material progress have brought other changes, not all of them so cheering. The growth of wealth in the student body and its lavish use have imperiled, if not affected, the cherished old Yale democracy. The size of classes, compelling, sometimes, as a physical fact, classmates to remain strangers through four years, has also segregated them perceptibly into social groups, loosened the class bond, and impaired the class spirit. In the junior and senior years, with the multitude of men and of elective studies, the latter constantly changing, there have arisen not a few complexities. Some of the elective divisions have been so small as to waste the energies of the instructors; others so large as to diffuse those energies overmuch and reduce to its minimum the element of personal contact between teacher and taught. Some of the instructors under the elective *régime* have retained recitations, others combine lectures with recitations, others still unite the lecture with short periodical examinations, and still others, in the case of proficient students, have dropped some of the long-term examinations altogether. Efforts to fix a continuity of courses,

so that the student may advance to higher standing along his chosen line, have been but moderately successful; and the faculty, struggling year after year with the intricacies of a scheme in which the same instructor may have the lower classes in required studies, the upper classes in elective studies, and the graduate divisions in advanced studies, still finds the problem of handling great and increasing bodies of men so as to get the best scholastic results far from solution.

On the other hand, during the decade the university plan at Yale, without forcing any organic and radical recasting in the university direction, has registered very palpable results. The legal change of title from college to university in 1887 has in itself been something more than a formalism, and has served as a kind of university mnemonic and watchword. The corporation has assumed closer charge of the professional schools and has labored to promote and unify them with more than fair success. Graduates of not very many years ago will recall how, not only in his own view, but in that of the public at large, the only real "Yale man" was a member of the academic department or one of its alumni, while a member of the Scientific or Law School was deemed but little higher on the scholastic scale than a sub-freshman. Ten years have changed all that; the academics fraternize with the schools; there are "Yale men" now in science, law, and divinity, as well as in Latin and Greek, and the university idea has severed the old lines of distinction. In that respect all the departments have been assimilated in their relations with the university to those existing at Cambridge or Oxford between the colleges and their common alma mater. But the problem of a further and more positive university advance in teaching, in discipline, and in the social life of the student still remains unsolved.

President Dwight thinks the question of adopting the English system at Yale very remote. "The immediate problems can be solved for the most part by an increase of instructors," he says, "and, in the separate departments each with a separate faculty, Yale

had already adopted a desirable part of the English system."

It is evident that President Dwight, a clergyman of the old Yale school, and inheriting the denominational bias, has no leaning toward the college system. "Separate colleges would tend to impair and disperse that loyalty to the university which was a most precious thing," he says.

Professor Wright said:

The English university plan is likely to lead to the same overcrowding of colleges as now exists in some of the more popular elective courses at Yale. He emphasized the relative *economies in instruction* of the present system as contrasted with the great corps of instructors required at Oxford and Cambridge, and believed other economies were possible by blending with the academic courses some of those in the other departments, especially the Scientific School. He thought it possible, and probably desirable, that the schools now connected with the university should drop that name and be known by titles indicating their true character as university departments.

Professor Hadley

Believed the development of the university hereafter would not be so much in the direction of the English system, but in threefold lines of teaching—first, in the two lower classes, the present plan of recitation and text-book; second, in the two upper years, the elective system, chiefly in lectures; and third, in the graduate department, specialized work of the students in small groups under instructors who would themselves act under advice and suggestion of the highest university specialists. So far from moving in the direction of the restrictive discipline of the English universities, he favored, on the part of the faculty, fewer inquisitorial functions—in respect to misdoings off the campus—even than exist now, the proper detectives in those cases being the civil authorities.

Professor Sumner, who passed a year at Oxford,

Described the college system there as a "monastic" one which, up to a comparatively recent time, had no university tie. He had found at Oxford the same loyalty for the college at the expense of university loyalty that had existed at the South for the state as compared with the general government. For Yale to federate into colleges now, with her unity party established, would be like a woman's tearing a length of cloth to bits for the purpose of sewing it together again. There were many defects in the scheme of teaching at Yale, but the time was not yet ripe for considering them, though he named as one the danger of antagonism among the departments. He favored more centralization of power than now exists, and not diffusion of it as at Oxford and Cambridge, while in the elective courses there should be more systematic groupings. Incidentally he spoke of the athletics at the English universities, with their sports played by a larger number of men for sport's sake, as a thing to be desired at Yale. He expressed doubts as to the continuance of the present numerical growth of the larger American colleges.

Professor Sumner, however, added that if colleges not in sectarian sympathy with Yale could establish themselves at New Haven—as had years ago been suggested in the cases of Trinity and Wesleyan—then the application to them of the English university plan would be very acceptable.

Mr. G. L. Fox (Yale, '74), who has made a careful study of Oxford and Cambridge, thinks

The origins and traditions of the English universities were vitally different from those at Yale. Division of Yale into colleges would be forced, unnatural, and physically almost impossible. At both the English universities there had been the same overcrowding as is now witnessed in some of the popular courses at Yale, and he had known of instructors at Oxford who had shifted courses poorly patronized to instructors of other colleges than their own. Citing the great cost of the

English university system and its relative waste of educational energy, he cited figures showing that at the English colleges more than three times the number of instructors—in proportion to students—were required than in the colleges of the United States, and he especially accented the restraint on the freedom of students at Oxford and Cambridge as something that the Yale undergraduate would never tolerate.

As to Yale's future, it seems to us that Prof. Hadley hit the true idea, and that a system following after the Continental system will slowly grow more in vogue as the years advance. Yale will still have her dormitories, but these will be lightly regulated by the authorities much as they now are.

In the smaller colleges social life is growing somewhat similar to the English system of small colleges by reason of the secret society halls or dormitories. These societies are destroying class feeling in their institutions, as numbers and electives are so doing at Yale and Harvard. When the writer was at Yale it was not customary for a freshman to more than nod to an upper classman. At Williams, Amherst, Dartmouth, Hamilton, or Union, all the secret societies enroll members from the four classes, and live under the same roof. But we have heard that these "families" are not always harmonious. A student frequently wishes he had joined the other more studious or more "jolly" crowd down the street. Once a member, he must so remain for four years, whether he likes it or not. At Princeton, as Mr. Williams indicated in the January BACHELOR, the clubs (instead of fraternities) perform the same office, and socially are not unlike the English college system.

Finally, the enormous expense of buildings, and of corps of faculties, and officers, and the dislike of control on part of the student himself—will probably prevent any very close imitation of the English system, even by Harvard—for some time to come.

F. N. SMITH.

A GARDEN FANCY.

The night wind blows in the garden tree,
And through each wind-blown space
The moonbeams glimmer fitfully
And with a witching grace.

In the green tree's tremulous silhouette
On the pool, these flashes of light
Are silvery fishes in a net
And a cluster of blossoms white.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

THREE NEW ENGLISH POETS.

The death of Tennyson bereft England of her poet-laureate, and the world of the last of that great line of singers, Wordsworth, Shelley, and their peers, who were the high-water marks of the poetical tide, which, at the beginning of the century, set in strong and full from the unknown deeps.

Alfred Austin has been officially chosen his successor. He may or may not prove worthy. The question, however, which Apollo shall be chosen to burst into official song, over the moving event of the birth of a prince, or the marriage of a princess, cannot be, outside of insular prejudice, one of the first importance. Who shall come to be the spiritual successors of the great dead is of more vital interest to lovers of poets, who are musing in their hearts of this or that young verse-maker, whether or not he have the messianic attributes.

The age of poetry is always with us, but the age of poets is governed largely by circumstances of time and place. In its last quarter the century has grown abnormally self-conscious, and is nothing if not scientific. This spirit of science, oppressed with the melancholy common to young things, is at variance with the joys of the world, through ignorance of its kinship with the spirit of art, and, in consequence, it has removed Arcadia, Utopia, and the Fortunate Islands from the chart of the globe, but is sometimes troubled with nostalgia for their beauties.

In its relations to poetry this spirit of the laboratory and the dissecting-room does not

seem always propitious, but has rather proven a step-mother, or, at best, a veritable dry-nurse to many of the rising generation of singers, who confess, implicitly in their writings, that to be young in this day is by no means "very heaven," but oftener an inferno whose spectres trouble the serenity of art.

Separated from these fags of the times, and, yet, in a degree sharing their spirit of unrest and discontent, are three young Englishmen, who, in the last few years, have become recognizable as those of the race of poets upon whom some hopes may be set. Their creative genius is not, perhaps, of the first order. They are not always poised, but in their writings may be found passages of the purest poetry, bearing no borrowed stamp, nor secular attributes, but of Melchisedecan nature, being "without father or mother, without descent, having neither beginning of days, nor end of life."

William Watson, John Davidson, and Francis Thompson form a trio of poets whose claim to be grouped together lies in the strength of their thought and, in the sincerity of their spirit, which impart to their writings, at times, something of the robustness of genius, and always redeem them from the taint of mediocrity.

Liverpool has given the world a poet in the person of William Watson, a poet's poet, since much of his noble thought, much of the sweetness and light of his nature is centered about the great names of his spiritual kinsmen. His supreme gift might almost seem to be this sensitive appreciation of the beautiful and the good, as incarnated in the writings of great men. He is a worshipper, not only at the

shrine of art, but of artists, and is a rare testator of the fortunes of dead bards. His felicitous poem, "Wordsworth's Grave"—perhaps the greatest poem he has written—exhibits to a marked degree this fine sympathy with, and clear insight into, the essence of the work of a brother poet; and at the same time is an exponent of Watson's own poetical powers—his clear and noble thought, clothed in appropriate raiment; his sensitive love of musical verse.

In the second division of the poem, he addresses Wordsworth in these lines:

Not Milton's keen, translunar music thine ;
Not Shakespeare's boundless, cloudless, human view ;
Not Shelley's flush of rose on peaks divine ;
Nor yet the wizard twilight Coleridge knew.

What hadst thou that could make so large amends
For all thou hadst not and thy peers possessed,
Motion and fire, swift means to radiant ends ?
Thou hadst for weary feet the gift of rest.

From Shelley's dazzling glow or thunderous haze,
From Byron's tempest-anger, tempest-mirth,
Men turned to thee and found—not blast and blaze,
Tumult of tottering heavens, but peace on earth.

The quiet and serious beauty of the verse, is, in itself, an expression of its import. This lover of poets has a delicate sense of form as a manifestation of spirit.

The *Lachrymæ Musarum* is lit with the same graciousness of sympathy, and unerring recognition of the greatest qualities in the verse of Tennyson. Of Shelley he writes in the poem for the Shelley Centenary:

Shelley, the cloud begot, who grew,
 Nourished on air and fire and dew,
 Into that essence whence he drew
 His life and lyre
 Was fittingly resolved anew
 Through wave and fire.

Watson's powers of characterization are nowhere more strongly shown than in his epigrams. A volume of these, published in Liverpool in 1884, bearing the title, "Epigrams of Art, Life, and Nature," contains specimens of the poet's most finished work. This, on Shelley and Harriet Westbrook, is a finished example :

A great star stoop'd from heaven and loved a flower,
 Grown in earth's garden—loved it for an hour ;
 Let eyes which trace his orbit in the spheres
 Refuse not, to a ruined rosebud, tears.

This to a poet is remarkable for the felicity of its expression :

Forget not, brother singer! that though prose
 Can never be too truthful or too wise,
 Song is not truth, not wisdom, but the rose
 Upon truth's lips, the light in wisdom's eyes.

Watson has written poems of true lyrical quality. But they do not always touch the heart, as this :

When birds were songless on the bough
 I heard thee sing,
 The world was full of winter, thou
 Wert full of spring.
 To-day the world's heart feels anew
 The vernal thrill,
 And thine beneath the rueful yew
 Is wintry chill.

Like this they are frequently "Little Lyrics of Sorrow," or rather of the vague trouble,

the wistfulness which the young feel, and which, in a heightened degree is peculiar to the youth of the present day, who are born into the limbo of dead faiths and dying customs, there to await the summons to a new order, from a voice which shall speak with authority. Theirs is neither exquisite joy, nor exquisite pain, but paler emotions, since they are prisoners of thought. Watson, like them, is oppressed by the "Weltschmerz" and, when he is more man than poet, it finds a voice in his work—not the voice of rebellion, the crying out with Omar against the insolence of a deity, who, in a jest, thrust existence upon luckless mortals not relishing the gift; but nostalgia for the unshadowed joys of living, and an even subtler longing for the unknown source of them.

In "The First Skylark of Spring" is contained a passionate expression of this world's trouble.

Two worlds hast thou to dwell in, sweet—
The virginal, untroubled sky,
And this vexed region at my feet—
Alas, but one have I !
To all my songs there clings the shade,
The dulling shade of mundane care,
They amid mortal mists are made,—
Thine, in immortal air.
My heart is dashed with griefs and fears,
My song comes fluttering, and is gone,
O high above the home of tears,
Eternal joy, sing on !

Watson's new volume, "The Father of the Forest and Other Poems," is worthy to be ranked with "Wordsworth's Grave." In the initial poem, "The Father of the Forest," the poet addresses an emperor yew, congratulating the majestic tree on the pageantries of time

which he must have witnessed in the uncounted years of his life. The yew replies in the spirit of one who has tasted of eternity :

Goodly the ostents are to thee,
 And pomps of Time : to me more sweet
 The vigils of Eternity,
 And Silence patient at my feet ;
 And dreams beyond the deadening range
 And dull monotonies of change.

.
 With oceans heedless round her feet,
 And the indifferent heavens above,
 Earth shall the ancient tale repeat
 Of wars and tears, and death and love :
 And, wise from all the foolish Past,
 Shall peradventure hail at last.

The advent of that morn divine,
 When nations may as forests grow,
 Wherein the oak hates not the pine,
 Nor beeches wish the cedars woe,
 But all, in their unlikeness, blend
 Confederate to one golden end.

Beauty ; the vision whereunto
 In joy, with pantings, from afar,
 Through sound and odor, form and hue,
 And mind and clay, and worm and star—
 Now touching goal, now backward hurled—
 Toils the indomitable world.

The "Hymn to the Sea," is the hymn of life, and of death which brings forth life. The flowing, wavelike metre, the strong, vivid words bring to mind the surge and thunder of the ocean, its keen salt airs, its wastes of blue, even its eternal look. To Watson it is an image of the life of man in its greatness and in its littleness ; in its stormy surface and in its untroubled depths, in its boundless freedom, and in its slavery to law. And with man, it will be

merged at last in that greater ocean whose tides
follow the feet of God.

Thou thyself but a billow, a ripple, a drop of that
Ocean
Which, labyrinthine of arm, folding us meshed in its
coil,
Shall, as now, with elations, august exultations and
ardors,
Pour, in unfaltering tide, all its unanimous waves.
When, from this threshold of being, these steps of the
Presence, this precinct,
Into the matrix of Life darkly divinely resumed,
Man and his littleness perish, erased like an error and
cancelled.
Man and his greatness survive, lost in the greatness of
God.

Of the other poems in this volume "The Tomb of Burns" is noteworthy, as deserving a place with the *Lachrymæ Musarum* and the Ode for the Shelley Centenary. The closing poem is an Apologia, in which the poetic strain is at times sacrificed to the personal feeling, giving to the whole something of the directness and gray temper of prose. Watson did not need to write an Apologia. Perhaps it is rather the cry of love for love's reply than a justification.

Watson has no clear message for the world, like Browning or Wordsworth. For him, mists fold in the passes of this life, and, like the mountain traveler of whom he somewhere writes, for him, too, "it is cold and clouds shut out the view." There is a certain intellectual aloofness in his attitude toward men and things. He is an aristocrat of the soul, with the aristocrat's reserve and his proneness to look over the heads of the people. He breathes freest in "an air not dim from human hearth-

fires." As a workman he is exceptional; a master of form, the manner of his work is never forgotten in the consideration of the matter. He has a rare appreciation of the value of words, and is known by his adjectives. His workmanship is, at all times, nice, thoughtful, polished.

Whether William Watson is a poet upon whom the highest hopes for the future may be set is an open question. On the whole he does not promise very much. He seems to have a well defined limit, and to have reached it.

One turns from Watson to John Davidson, as from a gentleman and a scholar to a natural man with the primeval, elementary forces still surging in him. He is young—not far beyond thirty—but his work already gives promise of a great future. He has been called an iconoclast, but he is also a builder, as is shown by a volume of his verse published this year. "Ballads and Songs" contains poems of authentic power and beauty, and, above all, of rare originality. This man is no dreamer, no mere *diletante*, playing with words as children play with fire. His ear is against the breast of the Mother Earth, and he listens to her heartbeats. The natural man is strong in him, with his robust sins and virtues, his near, dear relationship to the "happy, living things" of the earth, and sea, and sky, his impetuous emotions, telling of the primitive sources of his blood. A spirit pervades his work not unlike that of our own natural poet, Walt Whitman—a spirit of loving harmony with all life, which refuses to call anything common or unclean, which has a Greek appreciation of the possibilities of the flesh, which sees in sin but the

"earth-earthly" out of which spring the comely fruit and flowers of a healthy social order. The natural impulses are holy ones to this seer, and, in obeying them, man becomes a brother to the universe, which groans and travails perpetually in life-giving and life-bearing processes. The asceticism which binds up the body in grave-clothes, while the soul hungers and thirsts for more abundant life, is to him a sin. The soul and body are one and as one must rise or fall.

Much of this natural feeling is implicit in the singular "Ballad of a Nun," the central poem of all the poems of Davidson. The nun, through her prayers and tears, and her patient conquering of every earthly lust, had become the chosen bride of Christ in all the diocese; and, as a mark of perfect trust, the abbess had made her the keeper of the door! Here the poet, as it seems to us, has reversed the position of soul and body and dragged the soul down to the body's level, purging its sin through sin.

High on a hill the convent hung,
Across a duchy looking down,
Where everlasting mountains flung
Their shadows over tower and town.

The jewels of their lofty snows
In constellations flashed at night;
Above their crests the moon arose;
The deep earth shuddered with delight.

Long ere she left her cloudy bed,
Still dreaming in the orient land,
On many a mountain's happy head
Dawn lightly laid her rosy hand.

The adventurous sun took Heaven by storm;
Clouds scattered largesses of rain;
The sounding cities, rich and warm,
Smouldered and glittered on the plain.

Sometimes it was a wandering wind,
Sometimes the fragrance of the pine,
Sometimes the thought how others sinned,
That turned her sweet blood into wine.

Sometimes she heard a serenade
Complaining sweetly far away;
She said, "A young man woos a maid;"
And dreamt of love till break of day.

Then would she ply her knotted scourge
Until she swooned; but evermore
She had the same red sin to purge,
Poor, passionate keeper of the door!

For still night's starry scroll unfurled,
And still the day came like a flood;
It was the greatness of the world
That made her long to use her blood.

At Carnival time she can no longer resist the
imperious summons of the life which surrounds
her. She flees from the convent, casting aside
her fillet and veil, and the ring and bracelet,
which she wore as Christ's betrothed.

She cries in exultation :

"Life's dearest meaning I shall probe ;
Lo ! I shall taste of love at last !
Away !" She doffed her outer robe,
And sent it sailing down the blast.

Her body seemed to warm the wind ;
With bleeding feet o'er ice she ran ;
"I leave the righteous God behind;
I go to worship sinful man."

She reaches the town ; she plunges into the
wildest revel of the Carnival. She knows the
power of love in its fullness and to her lover
sobs and murmurs :

" This

Is life's great meaning, dear, my lord.
I care not for my broken vow ;
Though God should come in thunder soon,
I am sister to the mountains now,
And sister to the sun and moon."

Love and the reproductive power of love
become her religion. Her beauty waxes strange
and wonderful. Her progress is that of a
queen where'er she goes.

But soon her fire to ashes burned ;
Her beauty changed to haggardness ;
Her golden hair to silver turned ;
The hour came of her last caress.

At midnight from her lonely bed
She rose, and said : " I have had my will ! "
The old ragged robe she donned, and fled
Back to the convent on the hill.

She reaches the convent door, and, falling
down at the feet of the wardress, prays to
make full expiation for her sin—to be immured
alive in stone. But the wardress raises her
tenderly, and bids her look upon her face.

She looked, and saw her own sad face,
And trembled, wondering, " Who art Thou ? "
" God sent me down to fill your place ;
I am the Virgin Mary now."

And with the word God's mother shone ;
The wanderer whispered, " Mary, Hail ! "
The vision helped her to put on
Bracelets and fillet, ring and veil.

" You are sister to the mountains now,
And sister to the day and night ;
Sister to God." And on her brow
She kissed her thrice, and left her sight.

While dreaming in her cloudy bed,
Far in the crimson orient land,
On many a mountain's happy head
Dawn lightly laid her rosy hand.

It is scarcely too much to say that no poem so unique in its subject and treatment as this has appeared since Rossetti's "Blessed Damsel." Twenty-five years ago it would have generally been deemed blasphemous. To-day the critics call it "striking" and "new."

"A Ballad of Heaven" and "A Ballad of Hell" are also interesting for their power and originality. The former tells of a musician who "wrought at one great work for years," while "the world passed by with lofty look."

His wife and child went clothed in rags,
And in a windy garret starved.
He trod his measures on the flags,
And high in heaven his music carved.

Wistful he grew, but never feared;
For always on the midnight skies
His rich orchestral score appeared
In stars and zones and galaxies.

His wife and child die of starvation, but the great orchestral score is complete at last, and in the joy of this triumph he does not realize their deaths, and turns to tell them of its grandeur and beauty, and of the spiritual truths shadowed forth in its slow adagio, and its brave andante, and its conquering scherzo. But the patient wife and the little child have forgotten him in the preoccupation of death, and when he wakes to this his heart is broken, and he dies, too. At heaven's gate he stands, "abashed and trembling for his sin"; but God himself comes

out to lead him in, where his wife and child, beatified, await his coming; and, standing there, on the brink of heaven, he hears his own orchestral music pulsing through the sky:

He doubted; but God said, "Even so;
Nothing is lost that's wrought with tears;
The music that you made below
Is now the music of the spheres."

"A Ballad in Blank Verse of the Making of a Poet" tells of a youth with a poet's heart set amid the cramping influences of sectarian life in a town "far in the North." His father "had barred the many mansions of his intellect." His mother prays for her son's soul by a rush-light before a dingy crucifix, but the boy, with the dreamful eyes of a poet, sees only the loveliness of the world; Apollo on the Dardan beach, and

Cyprian Aphrodite, all one blush
And glance of passion, from the violet sea
Step inland—

His mother dies, broken-hearted. To satisfy his father the young man joins in the outward forms of the narrow sect; then, in a reaction of feeling, proclaims his new belief that he himself is God. The old man dies, torn apart with desire to go to hell with his loved son, and to join his wife in heaven. The youth, humbled and appalled by this death of his own hastening, seeks refuge in the poet's creed.

This ballad of spiritual struggles, of conflicting desires and marcid passions, reaches, at points, a high degree of dramatic intensity, but it lacks the unity and the equality of "The Ballad of a Nun" or "A Ballad of Hell."

The interpretation of "The Exodus from

Houndsditch" is as the interpreter wills. One turns with relief from its confused and lurid scenes to the quiet beauty of "A Cinque Port" or "In Romney Marsh." They are delicately painted landscapes with the long lights and shadows of late afternoon upon them. The four poems on the four seasons tell of a dainty perception of natural details.

"Fleet Street Eclogues," of which an American edition has recently been published is singularly characteristic of John Davidson, man and poet. He, himself, is surely one of this little group of journalists—such rare journalists—whose voices uplifted in subtle criticism of life or in passionate praise of nature make up this most modern product, a "Fleet Street Eclogue." His is the longing for the simple, elemental life of the hills, his the strong grasp of the tremendous problems of Fleet Street—end-of-the-century problems like many-headed hydras. The book is lit with the memories, but not the presence of nature, since the roses and dew-drenched violets of Theocritus cannot bloom in the smoke and grit of London; but this second sight of little brooks, of wide moonlit fields, of legions of bees in leagues of summer flowers, is more vivid than the actual vision of the unwitting and unloving.

Davidson has written a number of plays which have been collected and published in one volume. Of the five, "Smith, a Tragic Farce," and "Scaramouch in Naxos" are remarkable, the one for its tragic power, the other for its beauty and humor. The pantomime is laid in the enchanted island of Naxos and centers itself about the gracious persons of Bacchus and Ariadne.

The "Tragic Farce" has but the ghost of a plot. Smith is the elementary man, at war with the stale customs and conventions of the world, its hollow lies and baleful mockeries. In the mountains of Scotland he meets a young girl who instantly responds to his instant love. Exalted to the heights of life by this, the greatest of experiences, they have strength to die together, that they may make their love eternal.

The blank verse of all the plays is well-knit and sinewy; they are, however, mere *tours de force*—literary attempts without much real value.

Francis Thompson has little in common with either Davidson or Watson. He is a Roman Catholic by nature as well as grace, whose verse has the pomp of a liturgical service, its rich colors seen dimly through the incense, its rolling music and sonorous Latin words. Simplicity either of style or of thought is never a prominent characteristic of his work. He is fond of obsolete words and of the delicate effect lent to a line by their faded or quaint coloring. He indulges in big, mouth-filling Latin polysyllabics; but behind the multitudinous syllables there is life, and when it is strongest and freest it clothes itself in the simple language of "A Fallen Yew," or "The Hound of Heaven," the latter a powerful poem of a man who flees from his "tremendous lover," God, "down the nights and down the days, and down the arches of the year," lest the beauty and the wisdom of the world should be denied him. In the end he finds that the home of all he most desires is in the breast of God. In the long poem, "To the Dead Cardinal of Westminster," we find the modern

spirit breaking out. The stately theology of the church is too strait for the sensitive soul of the poet, who cries:

Life is a coquetry
Of Death, which wearies me
Too sure
Of the amour.

Thompson's love-poems have a Rosettian quality in the mixture of the sensuous with the spiritual. "Dream-Tryst" is a fair example:

The breaths of kissing night and day
Were mingled in the eastern heaven ;
Throbbing with unheard melody
Shook Lyra all its star-chord seven ;
When dusk shrunk cold, and light trod shy,
And dawn's gray eyes were troubled gray,
And souls went palely up the sky,
And mine to Lucidé.

There was no change in her sweet eyes
Since last I saw those sweet eyes shine ;
There was no change in her deep heart
Since last that deep heart knocked at mine.
Her eyes were clear, her eyes were Hope's,
Wherein did ever come and go
The sparkle of the fountain-drops
From her sweet soul below.

The chambers in the house of dream
Are fed with so divine an air,
That Time's hoar wings grow young therein,
And they who walk there are most fair.
I joyed for me, I joyed for her,
Who with the Past meet girt about ;
Where our last kiss still warms the air,
Nor can her eyes go out.

Thompson is happy in his poems of children, to which a division of the volume published in 1894 is given. He appreciates the grace of childhood, its winsomeness and bonnie temper.

Of the future work and place of these three young poets, a layman hesitates to prophesy. In individual judgment, the work of John Davidson gives the surest promise of future greatness. The modern note—or what you will—heard as vague wistfulness in Watson's noble verse; as revolt and thunderous defiance in Davidson's mordant lines; as mysticism in Thompson, may with ripe years, die away, leaving harmony. In any case what they have already written is a pledge that they will speak from the heart in appropriate forms.

Marathon or a Defeat of the Spanish Armada must go towards the making of great poets. The present age is analytic, cautious, and hyper-selfconscious; unfavorable on the whole to the creation of great works of art. But the forces of seed-time and harvest are forever at work. Men will again refresh their souls with great deeds, and poets again be born, strong-limbed, clear-eyed, full of the joys of the flesh and of the spirit, young with the ageless youth of genius.

Watson, Davidson, and Thompson—it is odd their terminal syllables ending in "son"—may be said to be the three who give us the purest reflection of our age and time.

ANNA McCLURE SHOLL.

THE HIDDEN BEAUTY.

Behind the opalescence of the dawn,
Noon's opulent sapphire, and that glory known
As sunset, that nor pen nor brush can paint,
There lurks a hidden beauty that the soul
In its exalted moods attains unto—
An essence finer than the grosser sense
Can grasp, too slight, too tenuous for words.
Such beauty dawned upon young Raphael's eyes,
And on the seer-like sight of Angelo ;
It came to Shakespeare amid London murk,
And hung before the raptured gaze of Keats
Until they laid him under Roman mould.

Year-long we walk the world, our vision set
Upon its dull and dead realities.
"Away with dreams !" the strenuous moilers cry :
"Fling all such foolish fimsies to the winds !"
O sightless ones ! better an hour with dreams,
Upon some hilltop hallowed by the morn,
Than heaped days unlit by beauty's face !

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

MEDIEVAL STUDENT MOBS.

One of the most remarkable features of the middle-age revival of learning was the uncontrollable enthusiasm which accompanied it everywhere. The passion for letters possessed all classes and gathering strength as it progressed, finally, like a hurricane, swept the continent from the British Isles to the Ural Mountains. For several centuries after the teachings of the schools of Paris and Bologna had begun to stimulate thought and encourage the pursuit of knowledge, students crowded every thoroughfare of Europe. The crusade of learning rivalled in numbers and in enthusiasm the crusades of the Holy Land. Scholars traveled in armies numbering thousands and tens of thousands. They moved from place to place continually as the inclination possessed them or as the popularity of famous teachers attracted them. Like a swarm of bees they would suddenly settle down now upon this place and now upon that and as incontinently take their departure. It was said that when John Hoffman was expelled from Prague by John Huss and his followers, 40,000 students went forth with him. Sometimes the students would outnumber the permanent population of the city in which they settled.

Many of these students were rich and traveled in state with retinues of servants. Not all of them were youthful, for the new craze for learning possessed even those of advanced years. Married men took their wives and families with them and set up their domestic establishments wherever they went to study. But most of this

great army was poor. At times it was an open question with many whether the hunger for learning or the hunger for food would have the mastery. Cervantes says of them out of the mouth of Don Quixote :

Among the hardships of the scholar we may, in the first place, name poverty. He endures misery in all shapes, in hunger and in cold, sometimes in nakedness and sometimes in a combination of all. Still, however, he gets something to eat either from the rich man's leavings or from the sops of the convent, that last miserable resource of the scholar. Nor is he without some neighbor's fireside or chimney-corner to keep him at least from extreme cold, and at night he generally sleeps under cover. I will not enlarge upon other inconveniences to which he is exposed, such as scarcity of linen, want of shoes, threadbare coats, and the surfeits he is liable to when good fortune sets a plentiful table in his way.

In the "Coloquio de los Perros" (Dogs' Dialogue) Cervantes again described the lot of the impecunious student, when he makes the dog Berganza say :

I led the life of a student, and barring hunger and itch it was a most joyous existence, for if hunger and itch are not so inseparable from students the life would have nothing to be desired.

They wandered from town to town, begging by the way, and some of them organized themselves into regular bands, and kept younger boys in their service as fags to beg and steal sustenance for them. In these gangs the older boys were known as the Bacchantes, and the others as sharpshooters. The Bacchantes agreed to teach their fags in return for the services of the latter, but they rarely carried out their contracts. The sharpshooters were little better than slaves, and were starved and

abused mercilessly by their masters, and beaten by the country folk, whom they lived upon, while the Bacchantes spent their time drinking, gambling, rioting, and in other dissipations. At Breslau, at one time, the town was divided into seven parishes for begging purposes, each set apart for one school. None might beg outside the limits of his parish. If he was caught in another territory, he was clubbed and run out, and frequently begging students of rival parishes would engage in bloody street fights for this cause. Some Bacchantes were supported for 20, 30, or even 40 years by their sharpshooters, living lives of idleness and debauchery, with scarce a pretense of application to study. Thomas Platter, who finally became the head of the College of Basel, tramped Europe for nearly ten years as a fag to an elder cousin, and at the end of the time had not even learned to read, although he had become a very skillful beggar, as he frankly said of himself. Often these abuses were carried to such an excess that the interference of the authorities was called for. John George, of Saxony, for instance, in 1663 issued an edict forbidding the elder students, under penalty of severe punishment, to rob or illtreat the younger boys.

Many of these wandering students were a little more reputable in the methods they resorted to for their living. Some would sing and play their way from town to town, the wandering minstrels of their day. Others took advantage of the common superstitions of the people and sold them charms and amulets, or, turning soothsayers, invented horoscopes for the credulous. They would pretend to cure

those who were ill and made themselves out to be wizards with mysterious powers. In France at one time two such characters whose incantations had failed in promised results were burned at the stake by their enraged dupes. Story-telling was a popular art among the better class of these students, and they made a great deal of money by entertaining the nobles and wealthy folk in that way. Petrarch thus refers to this pursuit of the indigent ones :

Gifted with memory and industry, but unable to compose themselves, they recite the verses of others at the table of the great and receive gifts in return. They are chiefly solicitous to please their hearers by novelty. Often they beset me with entreaties for my unfinished poems and often I refuse. But sometimes moved by the poverty or worth of my applicants, I yield to their desires. The loss is small to me, though the gain to them is great. Many have visited me poor and naked, who, having obtained their request, have returned to thank me loaded with presents and dressed in silks.

Particularly vagabondish the Spanish students seem to have been. It was said of them that when not beating the unfortunate officers of the peace, who vainly tried to control them, they could be found going around begging, chasing the vagrant curs on the streets, raiding the wine-shops, or even engaged in more serious disturbances. They were the subject of many popular ballads and romances that pictured the miseries of their lives. Thus runs one :

Since I have become a student, since I have worn the cloak, I have eaten nothing but soups made out of old boots. For three months I have not tasted food. I am brought low by hunger, having to ballast my boots with lead to prevent the passing wind blowing me away.

Another common quatrain of the period was :

Cuando un estudiante sale
Al mercado en día cubierto
Los jamones y embuchados
Se ponem en movimiento.

When a student presents himself in the market-place on a stormy day, the hams and sausages begin to tremble.

They gained much of their living by going around in bands, singing under the balconies for alms. They are so described in many popular ballads which make them declare their needs and demands in expressions like these: "Our stomachs are like our guitars, brilliant outside but empty within." "All you present carefully pass in review the depth of your pocket, and those who are unable to yield a coin may go to the devil." And undoubtedly there was quite as much truth as poetry in all this frank exposition of their privations. Nor was Paris any better. In 1171 Josciets de Londonne, returning home from the Holy Land, was astounded to find how miserably some of the scholars were lodged in the Hôtel Dieu. Out of compassion for their sufferings he provided a fund to procure beds for them and to give them a small monthly dole for food. The recipients of these alms were obliged to carry the cross and the holy water at the funerals of those who died in the hospitals, and to repeat the penitential psalms for the repose of their souls.

Many of these straggling companies that marched and countermarched across the continent of Europe were little less than gangs of tramps, imbued somewhat with a thirst for knowledge but inflamed quite as much by the passion for wandering, adventure, and plunder-

ing that possessed the age. They were the Coxey armies of their times but the civil authorities chose to encourage them rather than to attempt their suppression. They were guilty of robberies and sometimes almost precipitated wars but their offenses were leniently regarded as long as they marched under the banner of learning, so completely was the age dominated by the new passion for culture. The Emperor Frederick gave free passage through his Empire to all students and forbade the arrest for debt or crime of anyone on the way to or from a school. These and other privileges continued in force until after the Reformation before they were withdrawn.

The poverty and the improvidence of the scholars drew money-lenders and camp-followers by the hundred to the great centers of learning. Usurers were in the hey-day of successful extortion. So rapacious were they in England that an edict of Henry III in 1248 named the Jews as special offenders in this respect, and forbade them under pain of severe penalties to exact from a scholar more than forty per cent. Nor were the teachers themselves always free from the same taint of avarice.

The irresponsible character of these scholastic mobs, the power that they were able to exert through their overwhelming numbers and the overweening conceit that possessed them, did not conduce to morality of living or to exemplary public behavior. Despite their commendable desire for knowledge, it must be confessed, that in large numbers these fellows were a sorry lot. Teachers and students alike led dissolute lives and the special

legal privileges accorded to them often secured them immunity. The sorrows of Abelard and Heloise have touched all hearts since their day, but were they living now Abelard's crime might win for him a striped suit in the penitentiary instead of the mutilation that was inflicted upon him by the men of Heloise's family. Abelard had many successors, who, if they failed to equal him in dogmatic philosophical teachings, in many instances surpassed him in the looseness of their lives. Politian was one of the most famous and most learned men of his time. He was the tutor of the Medicii family and all Florence gloried in him, and yet few men of his generation were more immoral. The learned professor, Bartholomeio Socinus was a notorious gambler, and sometimes had to pawn his clothes to pay his losses at dice and cards. Nearly all the professors were heavy drinkers even for those times. It is related of Eobanus that he once challenged a notorious drinker to a bout over the wine-cups, and drank his opponent under the table dead, while he carried his load away steadily. Crinitus, who succeeded Politain at Florence, neither in learning nor in flagitiousness was inferior to his master. He was the leading spirit in a drunken orgy, where his skull was cracked by a bottle in the hands of one of his pupils.

In 1560 the attorney of the town registers at Valence said in an affidavit that he could not remember a morning for eight years when the records were not filled with notices of outrages perpetrated the night before by students. Whoever stirred abroad after dark was sure to be robbed and beaten if not murdered. Houses in the suburbs were nightly broken open and

outrages perpetrated on the inmates. When they went to church the students would carry quills loaded with noxious insects which they would blow upon the congregation, and they would fasten together the pious men and women with fish-hooks. Again they would scatter burrs and itching powder on the seats, would pin indecorous placards to the frocks of the friars, or would grease the pavements in front of the churches as a practical admonition to all not to forget the scriptural injunction: "Let him that standeth take heed lest he fall." One of their special delights was to waylay the watchmen, whom they would beat without mercy or bind and carry away if they found them asleep. Tradesmen were the particular objects of their mischief and the modern student practice of stealing signs from the shops was inaugurated by them. One pleasant little divertisement they had which is denied to the college boys of to-day. Whenever they discovered the body of a malefactor hanging from the public gibbet, they would forthwith take it down and hang it up in front of the place of business of some unpopular shop-keeper. Instances have also been known where they would even rouse the tradesman from his bed and make him exchange places with the corpse.

In the course of time the concrete force of these great masses of students began to make itself felt in more positive and regular form. In lieu of what they had heretofore seized *vi et armis*, or what had been graciously given them, they now demanded that certain provisions should be made for them by statute. Their numbers compelled acquiescence—liberal, if not willing. In all prominent towns where there

were large congregations of students, subsidies and salaries were paid, special buildings were erected, and many petty exactions were enforced. Villauri, in his annals of Turin, says that all comedians and dancers were obliged by law to give eight passes for their performances to each syndic, quacks were bidden to give to each syndic and to each beadle eight vases of their nostrums, and to the same officers, each wine-shop gave a flask of *aqua vitæ* and a pound of sweetmeats, each draper a pound of sweetmeats, every cook a cake at Epiphany, and every tobaccoist a supply of tobacco. The Jews were taxed twenty-five golden scudi for the annual celebration of the Feast of St. Catherine by the law department, and the same amount for the Feast of San Francisco by the artist department. The drapers also gave every year to the students fifty reams of paper and twelve books. Many jousts, festivals, and tournaments were established for the special entertainment of the university men. In Bologna the Jews were compelled to pay 104 liras to the jurists and 70 liras to the artists for the Carnival festivities. At the first snowfall every year the students had the privilege of collecting tolls from the doctors and citizens to pay for portraits and statues to be put up in public places. And when the snow did not fall early enough to suit they would transport some from the mountains, and, sprinkling the street with it, demand the tax; later on, when the real snow came, they would seek payment the second time.

The church long looked askance upon the new pursuit, such was the unrestrained license that went with it. Morals played but a small

part in the life of the student. The intellectual side of his character was alone looked after by his preceptors. As for the rest he might go to the dogs for aught they cared, and many did go there rapidly. For a long time there was no social cohesiveness in these great student crowds, no moral standard for them. It was like a great army exposed to all the temptations to indulge in excess incident to such a concourse and without the restraints and discipline of organization and superior authority. "Oh Paris, resort of every vice, source of every disorder, thou dart of hell, how dost thou pierce the heart of the unwary," wrote a pious monk of the twelfth century, and the conduct of students there seemed to justify the apostrophe.

The extravagance of rich students set a pace that others found it difficult to maintain, and yet the poor ones were laughed at as misers or denounced as hypocrites. All students lodged in private houses and dined at taverns, for there were no dormitories and this method of living gave opportunity for indulgence as fancy or passion inclined. Not unfrequently schools were held in the upper rooms of a house which on the lower floors was occupied by abandoned men and women. Chaucer's "Miller of Tropicton" gives an idea of some of the indulgence of student life at Oxford at that time, and Cardinal de Vitry wrote thus of Paris in the thirteenth century:

In una autem et eadem domo scholæ erant superius, prostibula inferius. In parte superiori magistri legabant; in inferiori meretrices officia turpitudinis exercebant. Ex una parte meretrices inter se et cum cenonibus (lenonibus) litigabant; ex alia parte disputantes et contentiose agentes clerici proclamabant.

A poem, written near the close of the twelfth century by John de Hauteville, an English monk of St. Albans, gives another depressing view of student life at Paris. In this poem the hero is represented as traveling from one center of learning to another, only to find vanity and emptiness everywhere. At Paris he describes the negligent and squalid appearance of the poor scholars, their ragged dress, uncombed hair, bad lodgings, and hard beds. After spending half the night in study they are aroused at day-break and forced to hurry to the school, where the masters treat them rudely, and where they have the mortification of seeing others of less merit received and themselves passed over with neglect. The hero goes on to describe the hill of presumption, which he peoples with doctors and scholastics gifted with far less learning than conceit.

Town and gown never agreed in those days any better than they have agreed during the generations since. It was in Paris in 1229 that a wine-shop brawl led to rioting which began with demolishing the shops and ended in nearly demolishing the university. After the first outbreak the students, standing upon their privileges, insisted upon their right to arraign and punish the student offenders. Queen Blanche took issue against them and ordered the Provost of Paris to make arrests and bring the prisoners before the civil courts for trial. That over-zealous or blundering official, going out to do his duty, attempted to arrest a band of students who were playing at games, and were quite innocent of rioting. In the *mêlée* that ensued several students were killed. Thereupon many of the pupils and

their masters left Paris and went to Orleans, Toulouse, Oxford, Cambridge, and elsewhere to continue their studies. The Queen gave in finally, but the disgruntled scholars refused to return. The Pope was appealed to, and threatened to excommunicate those who failed to go back to Paris within a certain length of time, but even this threat did not move the obdurate ones from their determination. Paris never fully recovered from this blow, and the migration to Oxford and Cambridge gave the English universities very decided and much needed help at the beginning of their careers.

On another occasion servants of Count Savoisy, a favorite of Charles VI, had an altercation with several students, whom they followed into a church and beat. The students appealed to their professors and the university adopted their cause. Despite the eminence of the Count, and his influence with the king, he was adjudged guilty of the offense of his servants, and condemned to pay a heavy fine, to have his magnificent town house razed to the ground, and to pursue and arrest those who had thus offended the majesty of the university. In 1304 one Barbier, a Paris student, committed murder. He was arrested, tried, and convicted, and forthwith executed. The students were in revolt at once. All study was suspended, and the clergy were summoned to meet in the church of St. Bartholomew. After denouncing the crime of the civil authorities in thus daring to carry out the provisions of the law against the sacred person of a student, they marched to the house of the provost and demanded that he also be hung. King Philip le Bel interposed in behalf of the unfortunate

official, but was only able to save his life on condition that he be degraded from office, beg pardon on his knees of the university, remove the body of Barbier from the gibbet, kiss the dead man on the mouth, found two chaplaincies for his soul, and then, clad only in his shirt, make a pilgrimage to Avignon to obtain absolution. In 1408 two students of Paris waylaid, robbed, and murdered a company of merchants. They were apprehended and executed by the provost, Gilliaume de Tignonville, who succeeded in appeasing the fury of the students on the same terms as were offered to his predecessor a century earlier.

The students were very jealous of their privileges, which they constantly sought to enlarge, while the cities were no less persistent in endeavoring to recover the authority that they had from time to time relinquished. As a result there was much friction that frequently terminated in riot. Often when the differences reached fever heat the students would swear a solemn oath to desert the city never to return, and would march out *en masse* and attach themselves to some other university. Generally the city would humble itself in the course of time and beg the disgruntled ones to return. They, in turn, would demand greater concessions, and the Pope would be called upon to absolve them from their vows before the *status quo* could be restored. In some cases the Pope, siding with the city, would excommunicate the rebellious students, who generally, however, paid little attention to the decree. Again, a Pope might have a quarrel with a city and place a ban upon it, whereupon the students would move the university in its entirety to some other city. King

Frederick II, in his war upon Bologna in 1226, dissolved the school by proclamation, but the school paid no attention to the order, and the paper decree was soon revoked. Before that, in 1214, the city attempted to bring the rectorate of the university into greater subordination to the municipality. Great disorder ensued, until the Pope took the part of the students and compelled the city to abandon its purpose.

Not always, however, were the difficulties settled by papal declarations or scholastic migrations. An affair at Bologna in 1324 threatened the destruction of the city, and nearly wrecked the university. Giacomo da Valenza fell in love with a niece of Giovandrea, a famous law doctor of the university. She did not reciprocate his affection, and he convened a company of friends, who helped him to raid the home of the young woman, and carry her off. The Doctor Giovandrea and his supporters rallied to revenge the outrage. They attacked the house where the captive was detained, and rescued her. The hapless lover escaped at the time, but was soon captured by the municipal authorities. He confessed his crime, and was put on trial. The students insisted upon their right to try the offender at their own tribunal, but the authorities refused to listen to them, and went ahead with the case. The prisoner was convicted and executed, and many of the students with their professors, enraged at this invasion of what they considered their prerogatives, packed up, and moved over to the university at Siena. A more romantic version of this story has it that the young woman favored the suit of her lover,

and was a willing victim of the abduction. The father objected to him, however, and he was marked by the municipal leaders because he was at the head of a political faction hostile to them. When they got him in their power, they stretched their authority to hold and punish him, but offered him his life and freedom if he would abandon his cause, and betray his friends and followers. He refused, and went to his death a martyr to love, patriotism, and loyalty.

In most of the universities the students were in control of the situation, alike as regards the communal authorities and their teachers. Their numbers gave them a power that they were not slow to exercise and most of the professors were more or less dependent on them for income from fees. On occasions they were inclined to assert themselves in unmistakable manner. They chose their teachers, arranged their studies and ruled that the teacher should write out his program before beginning his course of instruction and should rigidly adhere to it. He was compelled to commit his discourses to memory and deliver them without reference to notes; if he failed in this he was fined and ridiculed and would often be left to read to empty benches. In Italy, and to a lesser degree perhaps elsewhere, a great deal of affection grew up between master and pupils. They would indite sonnets to each other, and the students took pride in having their lectures handsomely bound with illuminated borders. They employed professional copyists to transcribe their notes. At the same time, with all this respect to their teachers, they insisted most

unrelentingly upon the full recognition of the respect due to themselves.

At Padua, in 1558, a professor lecturing upon language, severely criticized the German pronunciation. Thereupon the German students took it upon themselves to resent what they considered an insult to their country, and precipitated a riot that threw the whole city into a tumult. They repudiated the professor, fought with his adherents, and finally deserted the city in a body. At Turin, Nevizzano in one of his lectures spoke slightly of women. The chivalrous students denounced him, and the indiscreet professor was arraigned upon the charge of having slandered those who could not be present to defend themselves. He was tried and condemned to make a public apology and to parade in the square carrying, like a modern sandwich-man, a board upon which was inscribed in big black letters two lines in Latin.

Silly's the bird that doth dirty its nest
Much as the man who doth women molest.

At Pisa on one occasion a great fair was in progress when a vacation had ended. The students concluded that they would rather go to the fair than begin attendance upon lectures again. Accordingly they burned the professor's books and went off to enjoy themselves. Upon the occasion of the marriage of a Duke of Hercules at Ferrara the students asked for a holiday which was refused. They marched in a body to the lecture-rooms, pulled up and burned the benches, put the professors to flight, and had their holiday. Women had no part in all this educational activity, but sometimes

unprincipled students would bring ladies in domines and masks to the lecture-rooms to create disturbances. In Padua sixty students clubbed together for diversion. They hired a palace and set up a government by themselves declaring their entire independence of all authority. They chose a prince to lead them, appointed a ministerial cabinet and made laws. For a month or more they raided the streets and practically waged war upon the city, before the authorities interfered. Then they were suppressed and went quietly back to their studies and no one thought that the emeute was a serious affair.

LYMAN HORACE WEEKS.

MISDEVOTION.

The fairest rose in Rose-world
Had pulsed her heart of flame
To lilting of the plainest thrush
That from the hedge-row came.

On dew-bent spray, to her he sang
Each morn, his worship wild,
And passion poured into her breast
When eve and moonlight smiled.

At last her gentle death-hour neared,
Her glowing grace had fled.
One noon he trilled, flashed wing, was gone :
At star-rise she was dead.

.
June's Dian-shield is silvern yet,
When, flitting light, a lover,
Beside his happy-breasted mate,
Rests 'neath a rose-tree's cover.

Of love the light-voiced minstrel sings
Unto his living love,
Nor swoons in dream of rose-breath sweet,
Nor sees a rose-ghost move.

Could she—the dead love—for one beat
Yet feel her flame-heart stir,
Would she but once more fling its wealth
Where naught could live for her ?

LEONORA BECK.

TRACK AND FIELD RECORDS OF THE ENGLISH AND AMERICAN UNIVERSITIES.

The tendency of modern athleticism is to overvalue records, to carry rivalry to an extreme, forgetting that the benefiting of bodies lies at the foundation of athletics. For in this age of utility, if it were not that athletic sports add to the public good by increasing physical power and lengthening life, they would soon be relegated to that sphere of abnormal and injurious effort in which the forty-day faster and sword-swallower move. But this desperate straining after records, which enters Time as a tireless competitor in every race, this belittling of all victory that does not approximate to the highest standard, is opposed to physical welfare, and hence, in the end, tends to injure athletics. From the ranks of the record-breakers the opponents of athletics select their "terrible examples."

This same spirit in different guise now rules collegiate athletics, which specializes and sets the standard of ability so high that only the strongest men—the men who really need athletics far less than the weaker ones—are encouraged to train. Only recently one of the leaders in American football councils has proposed to introduce the Rugby game, in order to give the rank and file of the players, whose opportunities to play have been cut off by a minority of experts, a chance to enjoy the physical benefits of football.

"The trouble with you amateurs," a noted professional runner once said to me, "is that

you kill yourselves trying to make good time. A professional never cares if he wins a mile in 4:30 or 5:30—it's the winning that counts."

This last remark brings up another phase of athletics that becomes noticeable in a comparison of English and American records. "It's the winning that counts" has become the motto of our collegiate athletics. All the genuine fun and health of athletic sport has been made secondary to the mere winning. And after all, the winning of a game is only a matter of the moment. Ten years later it is almost forgotten. The training for that game which has made weak men strong, which has taught self-control, unselfishness, and courage—the three qualities that go to make up true sportsmanship—that is what counts in the end.

On the other side the sport of athletics counts more than here. We look at athletics as a serious business, involving a long course of rigorous training and the expenditure of a large amount of time, money and effort. Our international victories are due, more than anything else, to the fact that we are in such deadly earnest.

The Englishman goes into athletics because he enjoys them and enters a competition for the same reason, as Mr. Horan says in the January *BACHELOR*. The training of the 'varsity athletes is done in a free and easy way. Dieting, a professional trainer, a corps of rubbers, and all the other apparatus that the college athlete on this side of the water has grown to consider as absolute necessities, are conspicuous by their absence.

I remember asking a famous Blue, a record-holder at the mile, who was showing me around

Oxford some years ago, for his ideas on training for that distance.

"Why, I eat and sleep a deal, you know," he explained kindly, "and times I run a bit, and others, when I feel keen, I run quite a bit."

The exhaustive comparison given below of the Cambridge, Yale, Harvard and American Intercollegiate records and performances and those of Oxford and Cambridge, brings into prominence many traits that may be termed national. It will be seen that in those events which take knack—as shot-putting, or a sudden burst of speed, as the short dash—the Americans have the advantage. In distance running the dogged endurance of England, which has become so proverbial, gives her the superiority.

Oxford and Cambridge held their first athletic meeting in 1864 and the American Intercollegiate Association in 1876. The following table compares the events in the schedules which were the same:

| OXFORD-CAMBRIDGE. 1864. | | AMERICAN INTER- COLLEGIATE. 1876. |
|----------------------------|--------------|---|
| EVENT. | PERFORMANCE. | PERFORMANCE. |
| 100 yards | 10 1-2 sec. | 11 sec. |
| 440 yards | 53 sec. | 56 sec. |
| Mile run | 4 m. 56 sec. | 4 m. 58 1-2 sec. |
| 120 yard hurdle . . | 17 3-4 sec. | 18 1-2 sec. |
| Running high jump . | 5 ft. 5 in. | 5 ft. 2 1-2 in. |
| Broad jump | 18 ft. | 18 ft. 3 1-2 in. |

It will be seen that England has slightly the advantage in this comparison of initial meetings.

The following tables give the comparison of the Yale Harvard, Oxford, Cambridge and American intercollegiate records in those events which are included in the schedules of all the universities, a college record being the

best record made by a man while a member of the college in amateur games or against time. These tables are correct up to date, and have been furnished the writer by the presidents of the respective athletic associations :

YALE RECORDS.

| EVENT. | HOLDER. | YEAR. | TIME OR DISTANCE. |
|--------------|----------|-------|--------------------|
| 100 yds. . . | Sherrill | 1890 | 10 sec. |
| 440 " . . . | Brooks | 1882 | 50 2-5 sec. |
| Mile . . . | Morgan | 1894 | 4:31 2-5 sec. |
| High hurdles | Williams | 1891 | 15 4-5 sec. |
| Broad jump | Sheldon | 1895 | 23 ft. |
| High jump | Kitchell | 1892 | 5 ft. 10 in. |
| Hammer . . | Hickok | 1895 | 135 ft. 7 1-2 in.* |
| Shot . . . | " | 1895 | 44 ft. 1 1-2 in.* |

HARVARD RECORDS.

| EVENT. | HOLDER. | YEAR. | TIME OR DISTANCE. |
|--------------|----------|-------|--------------------|
| 100 yds. . . | Baker | 1886 | 10 sec. |
| 440 " . . . | Downs | 1890 | 49 sec.† |
| Mile . . . | Coolidge | 1895 | 4:30 4-5 |
| High hurdles | Garcelon | 1894 | 16 sec. |
| Broad jump | Bloss | 1893 | 22 ft. 10 1-2 in. |
| Hammer . . | Clark | 1895 | 123 ft. 6 1-2 in.‡ |
| Shot . . . | Evins | 1892 | 40 ft. 10 1-2 in.‡ |
| High jump | Fearing | 1891 | 6 ft. 2 1-4 in. |

OXFORD RECORDS.

| EVENT. | HOLDER. | YEAR. | TIME OR DISTANCE. |
|--------------|--------------|-------|-------------------|
| 100 yds. . . | Tennant | 1868 | 10 sec. |
| 440 " . . . | Ramsbotham | 1893 | 50 2-5 sec. |
| Mile . . . | Pollock-Hill | 1890 | 4:21 3-5 sec. |
| High Hurdle | Upcher | 1874 | 16 1-5 sec. |
| Broad jump | Fry | 1893 | 23 ft. 6 1-2 in.§ |
| High " . . | Swanwick | 1893 | 5 ft. 11 in. |
| Hammer . . | Brown | 1873 | 122 ft. 6 in. |
| Shot . . . | Ware | 1886 | 39 ft. 1 in. ¶ |

* From 7 ft. circle.

† Against time.

‡ From 7 ft. circle.

§ English system of measuring to first imprint, not to first break.

|| Handle and run unlimited, with follow.

¶ From 30 ft. square.

CAMBRIDGE RECORDS.

| EVENT. | HOLDER. | YEAR. | TIME OR DISTANCE. |
|--------------|--------------------------|----------------------|---------------------|
| 100 yd. dash | Davies | 1874 | 10 sec. |
| 440 " " | Tindall | 1889 | 48 1-2 sec.* |
| Mile run . | Lutyens | 1894 | 4:19 4-5. |
| High hurdles | { Pollock } { Joyce } | { 1884 } { 1888 } | 16 sec. |
| Broad jump | Davies | 1874 | 22 ft. 10 1.2 in. † |
| High " " | Colbourne | 1884 | 5 ft. 10 in. |
| Hammer . | Hales | 1876 | 138 ft. 3 in. ‡ |
| Shot . . . | Watson | 1895 | 37 ft. 9 in. § |

AMERICAN INTERCOLLEGIATE RECORDS.

| EVENT. | HOLDER. | YEAR. | TIME OR DISTANCE. |
|--------------|--------------------------------|-------|-------------------|
| 100 yd. dash | { Crum (State Univ.) of Iowa } | 1895 | 10 sec. |
| 440 " " | { Shattuck (Amherst) } | 1891 | 49 1-2 sec. |
| Mile run . | { Orton (Univ. of Penn.) } | 1895 | 4:23 2-5 sec. |
| High hurdles | { Chase (Dartmouth) } | 1895 | 15 4-5 sec. |
| Broad jump | { Mapes (Columbia) } | 1890 | 22 ft. 11 1-4 in. |
| High jump . | { Fearing (Harvard) } | 1892 | 6 ft. 1-2 in. |
| Shot . . . | { Hickok (Yale) } | 1895 | 42 ft. 11 1-2 in. |
| Hammer . | { Hickok (Yale) } | 1895 | 132 ft. 10 in. |

All of the English university records, save that of Fry in the broad jump and Tindall in the quarter mile, were made in the Oxford-Cambridge annual meetings. The dash records were made in 1868 and 1874, respectively, when timers and watches were presumably not so accurate as at present, and the dead heat

* Circular track.

† English system of measurement.

‡ Handle and run unlimited, follow.

§ From 30 ft square.

between Ramsbotham and Fry, at 10 1-5, in 1893, probably represents a better performance than anything of the preceding decade.

Davies, the Cambridge record holder in the short dash, also won the broad jump in the Oxford-Cambridge sports in 1872, 1873 and 1874, and in the latter year established the Cambridge record for that event on the same day on which he cut the dash record down to even time.

The 440-yard record of Cambridge is that world-record of Tindall's, which, on a circular track, has never been approached by anyone save Myers, who, at Philadelphia in 1881, is credited with 48 3-4 sec., and the performance of Bredin this summer, which tied the record. In 1886 Tindall won the Oxford-Cambridge hundred in 10 1-4 sec. and the quarter in 51 sec. The day he established his world-record as the English championships he also won the half mile in 1.56 2-5. The hurdle records of the English universities are remarkable ones for records made back in the eighties. It was not until the next decade that Duchame, Copland and Williams reached even time on this side. Davies won the broad jump three years in succession in the Oxford-Cambridge meets, while Hales, the greatest hammer-thrower of his time, won his event during all four years of his course. He was allowed, however, to use a handle of unlimited length; nor was there any limit set on his run, and in addition to these marked advantages over our modern hammer-throwers, he was allowed to throw with a "follow," which lent several feet to his throw.

The record for the shot in both the English universities compares most unfavorably with

the corresponding records on this side of the herring-pond. A curious incident in regard to the shot is worth noting. In 1865 when the event first appeared on the inter-university program the Oxford style of putting was with both hands, while Cambridge used the method now in vogue. As a neat solution to the problem arising from two such contrary methods, the plan was devised of having each competitor try a put under both systems, add the two distances together, and allot the prize to the one making the farthest aggregate distance. Accordingly the record of 1865 appears with the name of Elliot as winner, crediting him with the surprising put of 65 ft. $\frac{3}{4}$ in. The following year the Cambridge method was adopted permanently, and no more such phenomenal performances appear on the record tables.

By this comparison of these best records of the English and American universities the Americans seem to have a slight advantage. In the dash the records are the same, although in America that time has been equaled at the intercollegiates five times since first made back in the early eighties, while neither Oxford nor Cambridge has ever done even time since the years 1868 and 1874 respectively. The English university records in the other two runs, the 440 yards and mile, are the better, as also in the broad jump, but America leads in the high hurdles, high jump, and both the weights.

This comparison also brings out a curious fact, viz., England's unaccountable weakness in the weights and the high jump. During the last decade there have not been half a dozen high jumpers in England who could clear six feet, while there have certainly been nearly a

score in America. Indeed, at the New Jersey Athletic Club games, some three or four years back, the first three men in the high jump all bettered six feet, and there are very few important games on this side where that height is not cleared in the event. In the American intercollegiates this year the first four men in the shot all surpassed the best put made in the Oxford-Cambridge sports, the first five the best high jump, and the same number of men the best throw of the hammer. On the other hand, the records show most conclusively the tremendous superiority in distance running that hare and hounds and cross-country running has given the Englishmen. The records of both Oxford and Cambridge for the mile are about ten seconds lower than the best records of Yale and Harvard, while our best intercollegiate record is nearly four seconds worse than the best English University record. All these national traits appear markedly in the comparison given below of the performances made at the intercollegiate meet here and its counterpart on the other side—the Oxford-Cambridge sports.

| EVENT. | OXFORD-CAMBRIDGE | | I. A. A. A. A. | |
|---------------------|------------------|----------|----------------|----------|
| | MEET. | | MEET. | |
| 100 yard dash . . . | 10 | 3-5 sec. | 10 | sec. |
| 440 yard dash . . . | 50 | sec. | 50 | 4-5 sec. |
| 1 mile run | 4:23 | 2-5 sec. | 4:23 | 2-5. |
| 120 yard hurdle . . | 16 | 4-5 sec. | 16 | 4-5 sec. |
| Broad jump | 22 ft. 5 | 1-2 in. | 22 ft. 8 | 1-2 in. |
| High jump | 5 ft. 9 | in. | 5 ft. 11 | 1-2 in. |
| Hammer | 116 ft. 7 | in. | 135 ft. 7 | 1-2 in. |
| Shot | 37 ft. 9 | in. | 42 ft. 11 | 1-2 in. |

It may be interesting in terminating this examination of the records of the American and

English universities to compare the performances made at the Yale-Oxford games in England in 1894 and those made at the recent games between Yale and Cambridge, and to note how much better all the sprint performances are when made under American skies.

YALE-OXFORD MEET (LONDON, 1894).

| EVENT. | WINNER. | SECOND. | TIME OR DISTANCE. |
|----------------|---|------------------------|--------------------|
| 100 yd. dash . | { Fry (Oxford) | { Jordan (Oxford) | { 10 2-5 sec. |
| 16 lb. hammer | { Hickok (Yale) | { Brown (Yale) | { 110 ft. 5 in. |
| 120 yd. hurdle | { Oakley (Oxford) | { Scott (Oxford) | { 16 3-5 sec. |
| 1 mile run . | { Greenh'w (Oxford) | { Morgan (Yale) | { 4:24 4-5. |
| Broad jump . | { Sheldon (Yale) | { Fry (Oxford) | { 22 ft. 11 in.* |
| 440 yd. run . | { Jordan (Oxford) | { Sanford (Yale) | { 51 sec. |
| 16 lb. shot . | { Hickok (Yale) | { Brown (Yale) | { 41 ft. 7 1-2 in. |
| High jump . | { Sheldon (Yale) Swanw'ck (Oxford) | { Cady (Yale) | { 5 ft. 8 3-4 in. |
| Half mile run. | { Greenh'w (Oxford) | { Rathbone (Oxford) | { 2:00 4-5. |

Oxford 5 1-2 firsts, 4 seconds.

Yale 3 1-2 firsts, 4 seconds.

YALE-CAMBRIDGE MEET (NEW YORK, 1895).

| EVENT. | WINNER. | SECOND. | TIME OR DISTANCE. |
|----------------|----------------------|----------------------|-------------------|
| 100 yd. dash . | { Richards (Yale) | { Burnett (Yale) | { 10 1-5 sec. |
| 300 yd. dash . | { Richards (Yale) | { Lewin (C'mb'ge) | { 32 2-5 sec. |
| 440 yd. dash . | { Lewin (C'mb'ge) | { Richards (Yale) | { 49 4-5 sec. |

* English measurement.

YALE-CAMBRIDGE MEET (NEW YORK,
1805.)

| EVENT. | WINNER. | SECOND. | TIME OR DISTANCE. |
|---------------------------------|------------------------|--|----------------------|
| 880 yd. run . | { Horan (C'mb'ge) | { Crane (Yale) | { 2:00 2-5. |
| Mile run . . | { Lutyens (C'mb'ge) | { Morgan (Yale) | { 4:35 3-5. |
| 120 yd. hurdle (on cinders). | { Cady (Yale) | { Hatch (Yale) | { 16 sec. |
| 120 yd. hurdle (on turf) . | { Hatch (Yale) | { Fletcher (C'mb'ge) | { 16 sec. |
| High jump . | { Thomps'n (Yale) | { Sheldon (Yale) Jennings C'mb'ge | { 5 ft. 8 1-4 in. |
| Broad jump . | { Sheldon (Yale) | { Jennings (C'mb'ge) | { 21 ft. 4 1-2 in. |
| 16 lb. shot . | { Hickok (Yale) | { Brown (Yale) | { 42 ft. 2 in. |
| 16 lb. hammer | { Hickok (Yale) | { Cross (Yale) | { 130 ft. 7 in. |

Yale, 8 firsts, 7 1-2 seconds.

Cambridge, 3 firsts, 3 1-2 seconds.

S. SCOVILLE, JR.

CROCUS AND BEES.

The slender crocus under her chin
Has tied her yellow bonnet ;
Her plain, green gown she has girded in,
With never a ruffle on it,
And now she waits till the bees begin
Intoning their measured sonnet.

For they are bards of the smiling year,
And, should they pause for a minute,
The Spring would lay her hand to her ear
And miss, for the sweetness in it,
The hum-drum drone ringing out as clear
As the dropping notes of the linnet.

CURTIS MAY.

ABOUT ENGLISH PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

The prestige of an English public school among Englishmen is something wholly peculiar. And yet the sentiment is nothing like such an ancient one as, even in England, it is often supposed to be. A century ago there were only four schools in the country, containing in all scarcely a thousand scholars that had national rank and social prestige combined. With nine-tenths of the upper and well-to-do classes a private tutor or the local grammar school supplied their wants. Nor was this wholly due to difficulties of locomotion. Among the highly placed there was often a feeling that a public school was a bear garden, as indeed it then was, into which it was undesirable to precipitate the heir to titles and great estates. Among the average gentry there was no very particular bias that way. As long as nine out of ten, or more likely, nineteen out of twenty, youths of condition were educated elsewhere, a public school could not hold that place in the social and academic program it now does. Moreover, in the last century, nearly one-half of the students at Eton, Westminster, and Winchester were the sons of poor men, sometimes gentlemen, sometimes humbler folk who received their maintenance and education free on the Foundation. Harrow, like Rugby, had a very small foundation. Lastly, at this period, boys went to the University at 15 or 16 as a rule, instead of at 18 and 19, and the whole essence of the public school system is the retention of students till the latter responsible period.

During this century, however, and particularly

within the last fifty years, an immense change has taken place. Since Arnold's time public schools have developed almost beyond belief to meet the growing conviction in the breast of the British parent that they are the best form of education for a gentleman. The *esprit de corps* they evoke among their alumni is tremendous. The feeling that we have for our University and our College will be readily understood by American College men, for it is identical, I take it, with the sentiments they themselves cherish toward Harvard or Yale. But the feeling of Public School men toward their School is, I think, still stronger and more lasting, and I am not at all sure that the hall mark of a good public school would not be generally regarded in England as a better ornament to carry through life than even an Oxford or Cambridge degree, provided both could not be had. The English standard of "good form" may be an admirable or may be a faulty one. Such as it is, however, the public school can, single-handed, do much more toward creating it than could the University, single-handed, for obvious reasons. The boy is caught younger, at a more impressionable age, and is kept there four or five years instead of three, as at Oxford or Cambridge. At the University, too, a young man, under certain conditions, may escape, to some extent, the social influences of the place. At a public school, however, he is perpetually in evidence, and, whether he likes it or not, he has to go with the stream.

I think, perhaps, an Englishman's college friends are a larger item in his after life than his school friends, though many of the latter

alliances will be cemented and continued at the University. But the love of school, as I have said, is, on the whole, more lasting than the love of college. The majority of men lose touch with the latter soon after graduating, but hundreds who feel that they have wholly broken with their old college, and would hardly go half an hour out of their way to visit it, will cross England again and again to take part in school gatherings and functions and renew in fancy the days of their earlier youth. And they will put their hands in their pockets to build libraries, chapels, racquet courts, cricket pavilions, or to found scholarships, with an alacrity that few demands outside their own immediate household could awaken. I know of nothing, I think, quite so stirring in its way as these gatherings of old students at a great public school when some anniversary is being celebrated or some high festival kept. Then from all the ends of the earth a vast collection fere-gathers. The stately chapel is crowded. Five hundred veterans throng the pews, for the day is theirs. Grizzled generals rub shoulders with portly deans or canons. Bald-headed judges and keen-faced lawyers sit side by side with bronzed subalterns from Aldershot or India. Ruddy country squires and black-coated parsons from Yorkshire moors or Devonshire valleys find themselves again upon the benches they pressed in youth. The great organ peals forth strains designed to awaken the memories of other days. The voices of the choir are lifted in some specially familiar and well-remembered melody, and before the second verse is reached the sixty trained voices are practically silenced in the great roar of hearty,

if not wholly tuneful, vocalism that rises to the vaulted roof. Sedate old gentlemen, who haven't done more than give an occasional grunt in church for years, are singing at the top of their voices with suspiciously moist spectacles. Frivolous young stock-brokers, who rarely go to church at all, much less sing hymns, are again warbling like guileless lads; and when the echoes of the music have died away, some gray-haired bishop mounts the pulpit, from which through a long period of his life he had occupied by right as head master of the school, whose fame he had enhanced while he made his own. To half the congregation, perhaps, the once familiar voice will touch a deeper chord even than the music, as, taking his text from the words of the psalmist, he asks them to remember the days of their youth, etc.

Britons—male Britons, at any rate—are not easily moved to outward signs of emotion, but this is perhaps the one public occasion in the lives of many when they struggle in vain against moist eyes and a lump in the throat. All along the walls, too, are brasses and tablets perpetuating the names and deeds of former students who have fallen in battle for their country, or died as men who in more peaceful paths have also been conspicuous as having done their duty. The sunbeams fall tempered through rows of lofty stained-glass windows, each one of which awakens some tender or some stirring memory. Here is one to former members of the school who fell as officers at Inkermann, the Alma, or Balaklava. In another the Indian mutiny recalls its long list of dead. Here again some individually heroic death is symbolized for the benefit of generations of

schoolboys yet unborn, or there some old and well-known tutor who died in harness finds fitting tribute.

And now what *are* the public schools of England? Fifty years ago the question could have been answered with tolerable accuracy, and it would have been something like this. Eton, Harrow, Winchester, Rugby, Westminster, then, perhaps, Charterhouse and possibly Shrewsbury, but there were half a dozen notable grammar schools that would have at any rate claimed equality with the latter. St. Paul's and Merchant Tailors, like Christ's Hospital, are ancient and rich foundations. But the last is a charity, and the two first were day schools, which precludes the true public school spirit and drew a class of boy distinctly below the public school average in a social sense.

Early in the century ancient grammar schools flourished in every part of the country, and to these the local gentry, clergy, professional men, and bigger tradesmen and farmers all sent their sons, both as boarders and day scholars. Many of them had special scholarships to the Universities. But schools generally were in a somewhat effete state at that time, and the public schools, though they had prestige, were not much better. Then Arnold at Rugby, which formerly, like Shrewsbury and Harrow, had been only a notable grammar school showed what a public school should be, and created a tremendous feeling in favor of the system, which has resulted in vast changes.

Eton, Harrow, and Rugby grew and flourished on the upward tide of the "boom." Winchester was smaller and less healthy, but

it never lost the hold its great traditions gave it and made the most of them later on. Westminster, handicapped by its city surroundings and some bad traditions, stagnated and sank, It refused to do what Charterhouse had done, tear up its roots and remove with its great wealth to some breezy hill top in Surrey or Berks. It was too proud to break wholly with its past and become what St. Paul's (recently removed to the suburbs) now is, a great economical teaching machine for London day scholars, and the result is, Westminster has fallen between two stools, and fallen, unhappily, very far from its ancient position.

When popular favor then in the "forties" and "fifties" turned toward public schools, there were practically only four of these that were up to the standard and of these four Eton was financially beyond the reach of most people, Harrow too was very expensive. So then there arose one after the other what are known commonly as the great "Victorian Schools" Cheltenham, Marlborough, Rossall first and twenty years later Wellington, Clifton and Haileybury. Rugby, at that time the most vigorous of the old foundations, served in a great measure as a model for the new ones and the rapid rise of these latter to place and power has been astonishing. They were free in their inception from many conditions and customs that cramped the expansion of the old schools without adding to their prestige—otherwise they were founded precisely on the same lines and with the same aims. From the first they drew the same class of boy socially that went to Rugby or Winchester. Their sites were carefully chosen, their teaching staffs

were of the highest University type. By the "sixties" they numbered from five to seven hundred students respectively. They had hopelessly outclassed the feeble of the old schools not only in numbers but in general prestige and influence—while the old schools who were still pre-eminent were driven to bestir themselves by this now competition.

University scholarship, University society, University athletics soon began to feel the force of the Victorian public schools and it was not long before the name of some of them for a freshman was a better passport than that of those of the older public schools who were no longer "great."

A year or two ago there was published by Mr. Edward Arnold an admirably illustrated work called "The Great Schools of England." Ten schools were therein embodied and the letter press was contributed by various writers who were personally identified with the institution they treated of. There was no special reason except space for limiting the number to ten. But the schools selected were, broadly speaking, those that a general concensus of opinion would select as enjoying the greatest combination of social, intellectual, and athletic prestige. Eton, Harrow, Winchester, Rugby, were there as a matter of course; Charterhouse, who had lost caste in its old London quarters, re-appeared as a big and flourishing new school with an old name; Westminster was there on purely sentimental grounds and four of the Victorian Schools, Marlborough, Cheltenham, Clifton and Haileybury. I will now endeavor to indicate in as few words as possible the chief characteristics of each.

Eton stands alone and pre-eminent not because it is the most splendid foundation nor because it has over a thousand scholars, but purely on account of its social prestige. For generations a large majority of the titled and higher aristocracy of the country have been entered there almost as a matter of course, at the same time as there is nothing in the world to prevent any one educating his son at Eton who is prepared to pay nearly £300 a year for the privilege. A large majority of the school belong to the ordinary ranks of country gentry merchants, and well-to-do professional men that are found at other public schools. There is no snobbery at such places. Once inside the gates nowhere is there a purer democracy. At college social cleavages begin to show themselves very plainly ; at a public school, however, the heir to a peerage is on a genuine equality with the heir to a successful furniture establishment in Oxford street, and is often his fag. At Eton, moreover, the foundation educates about a hundred boys free, and as admission to it is by competitive examination, it may be imagined how severe the competition is. Eton, however, has its disadvantages. It is not a *working* school, and for men who have to make their living in after life, it is not regarded as the best training ground.

Harrow is generally coupled with Eton. "John Lyons foundation" was in itself a small affair, and Harrow has no great vested wealth nor any ancient buildings worth mentioning, though beautifully situated on the famous "hill," some seven miles from London. In the middle of the last century, however, it became, for no particular reason, a most fashionable

school, and later on was almost Eton's equal in aristocratic connection. Of late years, however, it had lost much of that, and has for long been the principal resort of the *nouveau riche*, and it is needless to add, is in consequence very prosperous. It is somewhat expensive and is distinctly "smart," though hardly aristocratic, in the literal sense, and has some 500 students.

Winchester, situated in Hampshire, is the oldest of the great foundations. She has never been to any great extent aristocratic or "smart" in her connections, but always profoundly respectable. Country squires, clergymen, well-to-do professional men, and merchants have freely patronized the old fourteenth century foundation of William of Wykeham. Titled people have never gone there very much, nor, it is perhaps needless to add, have the wealthy parvenues who follow their lead. As a matter of fact, Winchester till quite recently was a fearfully rough school, but its clientele, though never fashionable, were gentlemen through its worst days. Thirty years ago Winchester was languishing greatly. Threatened, however, by the Victorian schools, it pulled itself together, reformed its abuses, made its accomodation comfortable, and is now one of the most vigorous and popular, as well as the most ancient of English schools.

Thanks to "Tom Brown," I have reason to think Rugby is the most widely known in America of any English schools. Outside intellectual, social, and university centers, I can say from my own experience that I know this to be the case. Rugby has never languished to any extent worth mentioning since Arnold made it the most vigorous and intellectual

school in England. Like Harrow, it grew into fame accidentally, though later in the day, and by rather different methods, for in the end of the eighteenth century it was but a big grammar school for the Midland counties. In Arnold's time, and for long afterward, its following was in a social sense identical with that of Winchester, except for a small but marked element of North country manufacturers' sons. Of late years this element, aided by the geographical situation of the place, has increased immensely to the partial exclusion of others. Something of the type that go to Harrow in such numbers, only a north country variety of it, go in almost equal strength nowadays to Rugby, but they are, perhaps, a more virile and a less pretentious lot than those who patronize the Southern school. Rugby has about 500 boys, Winchester is limited to 400 or thereabouts.

Of Westminster there is little more to be said. Its cramped situation in the heart of London, historic though it be, has scotched it for two generations. With such a wide choice of good schools in healthy country quarters, parents no longer care to send sons to live and learn amid London smoke. Sixty scholars are maintained and educated free, or nearly so, as at Eton, only the competition is naturally nothing like so great. The remaining 150 students are mostly day boys from London homes of a good professional class.

Charterhouse, as already mentioned, saved itself from a fate worse than Westminster's by moving out in 1872 to a magnificent site in the most beautiful part of Surrey and beginning life again practically as a new school. It

has now beautiful buildings and 500 students, is vigorous, intellectually and physically, has a good average social connection and is much more highly thought of than ever it was in its old dismal London days at the tail end of the old public schools, though, perhaps antiquated Carthusians don't like to think so. Of the Victorian schools, Marlborough, founded in 1843, is in truth the pioneer, and in influence and prestige has never perhaps been quite equaled by any of her followers. She took up her abode on the banks of the Kennett in Wiltshire on the borders of the most beautiful forest in England and upon a site that after having been the residence of Plantagenet Kings had been in later days adorned by the best architects and landscape gardeners of Queen Anne's reign. The old town too is one of the quaintest in England, and though much off the beaten track many Americans find their way down there and not infrequently spend several days exploring its somewhat remarkable neighborhood.

Marlborough soon filled up to 500 boys and has now for many years held nearly 600. As a pioneer she had, at first rough times, but in twenty years or so she had by official statistics more undergraduates in residence at Oxford than any school but Eton, had made a great reputation for scholarship and was very strong indeed in every branch of university athletics. Her connection with the established church was made a leading point in her foundation and a large number of scholarships are offered every year to be competed for by the sons of clergymen only. The Eton and Harrow cricket match, as everyone knows, is the most fashion-

able event of the London cricket season. For about forty years Rugby and Marlborough too, have met in friendly rivalry at Lords ground and the match is a popular feature on the program of that national center of cricket.

Clifton and Haileybury, stimulated by the great success of Marlborough, were started some twenty years later. The former, situated in a fashionable suburb of Bristol, contains nearly 700 boys, and in every particular that distinguishes a great public school has been singularly successful. Haileybury, created on the ruins of the old East India College 30 miles north of London, with nearly 500 students, has been scarcely less so.

Of Cheltenham, too, a word must be said. It was founded a year or two prior to Marlborough, but at first on a less ambitious scale, and chiefly to meet the wants of the large number of retired Indian officers and civilians who had settled in the fashionable and beautiful Gloucestershire town. The new school soon outgrew its first intentions, and by 1865 was almost as big as Eton. Unlike other public schools of those days, it only aimed to feed the universities to a limited extent. Its chief strength it threw into the education of boys for a military career. Cheltenham has turned out many famous classical scholars, but no public school in England, even now, and to a much greater extent twenty years ago, claims so many officers of the army among its sons. When the Victorian schools first arose it would not have been human nature if the ancient foundations, specially the decadent ones, had failed to twit them with their youth, and even assert that they had no right to call themselves "public schools."

The term itself is a vague one, rather a title of honor than anything more definite. But facts and deeds soon grew too strong for empty titles, and such a remark nowadays would stamp a man as ridiculously out of touch with modern English social life. There is no space to touch on the differences in detail which distinguish all these schools. They each, new and old, have some special characteristics, and peculiar customs, and each, it may be added, think themselves the best in England. But upon the whole, Eton in some measure excepted, they are marvelously alike. Very much the same sort of boy goes to all. Families, indeed, are split up among them, while the expenses in most vary from £100 to £150 a year. There is everywhere the same *esprit de corps*, the same clannishness and intense athleticism, and I am afraid the same contempt or something like contempt for learning alone. Each has its special rival or rivals in the cricket and football field, though in racquets, rifle shooting and gymnastics, they all compete together. And this reminds me that before closing I must remove any possible impression that these ten schools constitute the public schools of the country. On the contrary there are at least a dozen more who have every right to the title. The Arnold movement not only created the Victorian schools, but the success of the latter stimulated many of the famous old provincial grammar schools to bestir themselves, rebuild, reform, extend, and compete for the demand of a rapidly growing well-to-do class. Shrewsbury, Uppingham, Repton, Sherborne, Tonbridge, and Dulwich have all shaken off their provincial shell and by common consent joined

the ranks of the public schools, while other Victorian foundations such as Wellington, Rossall, Radley, Malvern, Fettes (in Scotland), and Bradfield are all more or less in the same class.

There are several very important schools, too, doing great scholastic work, but which scarcely rank with the above mentioned, from the fact of their students being all home boarders, and containing a considerable element distinctly below the social grade that go to the public schools.

Thirty years ago Bedford, forty miles north of London (though in this instance the social difference is less marked), was a country market town, with an old, decayed grammar school. To-day a city of villas has grown up on the banks of the Ouse, and fifteen hundred or so families—widows, half-pay officers, and others with small means—have entered into possession. A thousand boys attend the grammar school, about fourteen hundred more two modern schools that have lately sprung up, and a thousand girls trip daily to one of the best high schools in England. Nowhere in the world, probably, is there a town so wholly given over to teachers and students of a higher education.

St. Paul's is now a huge day school in Kensington. It is a vast cramming establishment for university scholarships, and a very successful one, too. It opens its gates to every one, and the education is almost free. Merchant tailors took possession of the old Charterhouse buildings, and among certain classes do good work, while in the provinces Birmingham, Manchester, and York have large schools of the same sort.

Finally, there are a great number of country grammar schools of from one to two hundred scholars, which, without aspiring to rise into the position of public schools, still run very much upon the same lines, are strong in boarders, gentlemanlike in tone, vigorous in athletics, and fairly good in scholarship. These have come into favor very much since times became hard in England. Their charges are little more than half those of a public school, and a goodly proportion of their students are the sons of gentle folk with small incomes, though the balance, particularly the day boys, are of a class that would not be found at a public school.

To be one of the twenty to thirty masters that are attached to each public school is, though not a very lucrative, yet a most desirable social as well as intellectual position. The best men from the universities enter the profession. Competition is keen. To get a berth in a public school nowadays a man must not only have taken a high honor degree but be a gentleman in the best sense as well. He begins with a small salary of £200 to £300 a year in addition to another £100 from private pupils. His salary rises gradually and in time he succeeds to one of the ten or twelve boarding houses, which means a clear income of from £700 to £3,000 a year according to the house and school.

The headmasters of the greater schools receive from £3,000 to £5,000 a year, and are generally promoted to be Deans or Bishops. The internal discipline of a public school is managed almost wholly by the senior boys, in whom great authority is formally vested, as a

body, while the relationship between masters and boys is nowadays generally one of friendly sympathy and respect. It may be remarked, in conclusion, that the competition to get into the more popular schools—at Winchester, Marlborough, and Charterhouse—a boy's name has to be on the list three years, and he has then at the two former certainly, to qualify by an entrance examination. The expense of Eton prevents such competition, but popular boarding houses at Harrow and Rugby are most difficult to secure places in without many years' notice.

A. G. BRADLEY.

COMMENTS ON UNIVERSITY NEWS.

CONDUCTED BY EDWARD S. MARTIN.

ON the whole, the American college students are an orderly body, and so widely distributed as not to be subject to epidemics of boisterous spirits. They are not usually subject to political emotions like the Spanish students, and nowhere in America are their insurrectionary tendencies a thing to be reckoned with by the government as in Russia, or their youthful ebullitions a cause of as much solicitude to the police as in Paris. Some Princeton men, on the night of March 5, made a demonstration in favor of Cuba, and tried to rival the eccentricities of their brethren in Spain by insulting the Spanish flag and burning General Weyler in effigy. They followed a very poor example, and suggested a dangerous precedent. The *Princetonian* says that the whole matter was greatly exaggerated in the newspaper reports, and that foolish as it was it was nothing but horse play, and in no way significant of Princeton feeling. That helps matters somewhat, but the performance certainly needs every excuse that can be made for it.

Some other college rows that have been reported have excited attention. At Dartmouth on February 1, one of the professors was serenaded with horns. President Tucker was away at the time. When he got home he held court, and eight sophomores, described as "prominent and well-known," were suspended for the balance of the year. The sophomore class took their punishment to heart, held a meeting, resolved that horning was a clumsy

mode of expressing sentiments, and that the whole class was responsible for the disturbance, on account of which their eight brethren had suffered. They expressed repentance, and the whole college joined them in asking to have the sentence of the eight convicts mitigated. The president and faculty inclined favorable ears to these supplications, and the suspended men were allowed to come back.

At Brown a sad thing happened early in February. Seven students were suspended for an offense, which is somewhat emphatically recorded as "plagiarism." Apparently, they handed in themes, or written work of some sort, which showed serious defects in originality. The whole college was distressed, and a mass meeting was held to induce the faculty to use less drastic penalties, but at last accounts President Andrews and his colleagues remained obdurate. Still some satisfaction accrued to the students from the fact that thirteen students were first accused, including Mr. Rockefeller, Jr., of New York, and in the case of six of them the charges had to be withdrawn, and apologies made. One of the six was Mr. Rockefeller, Jr., and the newspapers said he made a valiant fight for justice. On the whole it would seem as if discipline in this case might well have been tempered with discretion, and possibly even with mercy.

When there is a general row in a college between faculty and students, an appreciable show of the responsibility for it usually rests with the authorities. It takes what the horse-wise people call "good hands" to drive a lot of students so that they neither pull, nor shy, nor bolt, and when a serious misunderstanding

threatens, diplomacy, good sense, and good temper may often avert it. In the older universities especially the effort is made to make the students share the responsibility for their behavior with the town police, and leave their preceptors free to bend their energies to the business of instruction.

NO ONE seems inclined to grumble at the decision of the Supreme Court that the Stanford estate is not liable for the debt owed by the Central Pacific Railroad to the Government. If the suit had finally gone against Mrs. Stanford, it would have cost her \$15,000,000, and would have left her without funds to keep Stanford University going. The university owns the great Vina and Palo Alto farms, but farming property, even in California, is not very remunerative. Mrs. Stanford says the taxes on these two estates are \$30,000 a year, and that it has been hard work to make them pay their own expenses. She said, before the result of the suit was known, that she was spending \$19,000 a month for the support of the university, and that, if the court decided against her, the university would be closed on the first of June. It can stay open now indefinitely, and Mrs. Stanford can support it and still have some surplus income.

Since the suit began in the lower court, Mrs. Stanford and President Jordan have had anxious times, and made prodigious sacrifices. Mrs. Stanford has sold or hypothecated her jewels and emptied all her safe-deposit receptacles, and President Jordan is understood to have gone barefoot and hungry, and sawed wood, rather than see the university close.

Everybody's sympathy has been with them, and it is still with them now that their fiscal sun has emerged from the clouds of litigation.

ON FEBRUARY 24 President Harper, of Chicago University, was in Boston and talked to a meeting of Boston ministers about his institution. He gave both the university and its founder excellent notices. What he said of Mr. Rockefeller is worth setting down in his own words. Averring that Mr. Rockefeller had no desire to perpetuate his own name, but only to establish a great university for Chicago, he said :

Mr. Rockefeller has never been to the university. He has never written us any letters except those which have begun, "Inclosed, find check." He has never attempted to dictate to the faculty in any matter nor to exercise any control over the institution, and there was never a more false or harmful thing said than that Mr. Rockefeller had interposed in the affairs of the university, and that as a result a professor had been dropped from the faculty. Mr. Rockefeller never heard that man's name until after he was dropped.

That Mr. Rockefeller has never been to see his university is a very curious bit of news, and shows him to be a very unordinary person. He seems to believe in a division of labor, and to feel that when he has pressed the button he has done his share. He presses the button though to extraordinary purpose. Dr. Harper said the university started five years ago with \$1,000,000. Now it has \$7,500,000; and within a short time it will have \$13,000,000. What a wonderfully raw machine it must be, without memories, history, graduates, or traditions, but big, strong, enterprising, and apparently very intelligent, with ample material

means and great opportunities. Already it has 174 teachers and 2,000 students. It can give instruction now, and no doubt before long it will be yielding education. Rudyard Kipling's tale of "The Ship that Found Herself," comes to mind when one thinks of Chicago University. How long will it take such a built-to-order university to "find itself" and learn the sound of its own voice?

The newest intellectual acquisition to Dr. Harper's staff is Dr. John Merle Coulter, who has thrown up his job as President of Lake Forest University to become head Professor of Botany at Chicago. Dr. Coulter is a very eminent and distinguished botanist, and prefers to devote himself to his specialty rather than to administrative duties. His call to Chicago was a result of the recent gift of a million dollars by Miss Helen Culver to see one of the Rockefeller antes. It went to equip a biological department.

THE PROPOSITION to move Union College to Albany seems not to be prospering. The faculty are in favor of it; the trustees opposed. The Albany newspapers have found other topics of discussion and the city has not yet consented to bond itself for a million dollars to facilitate the transfer.

DR. DEPEW does not sympathize with the authorities of the Kansas State University at Lawrence, Kansas, in refusing to permit their law students to invite Colonel Ingersoll to address them at commencement. He considers it "the height of absurdity for the men who control the college to decline to allow Ingersoll

to speak." The Colonel, he thinks, would not influence the students on any subject but the one on which he was asked to discourse.

THAT OPINION won't work, Doctor. Colonel Bob was asked to speak at Lawrence, not because he is a great lawyer, but because he is an orator, and his reputation for oratory is almost entirely based on his religious lectures. The Kansas University people were wise in their generation. It would have done harm to their university to show distinguished public attention to Ingersoll, and they did right to head them off. No important eastern college would welcome him as chief speaker on an important occasion. It would be impossible to countenance the man without countenancing his religious opinions, because they are by all odds his most conspicuous feature. As a simple matter of expediency the Kansas University people were justified in vetoing their law students' proposal.

THE SENIORS want to have commencement modernized at Amherst. The custom there has been to have the eight members of the graduating class who stood highest in scholarship deliver orations on Commencement Day. The eight men who would be speakers this year have joined their brethren in asking for the abatement of all undergraduate oratory at Commencement and for the substitution in place of it of an address by some professional orator of ability and standing. A change of this sort has lately been made at Yale, and it would seem likely to commend itself to most contemporary intelligences. The

human heart is indeed hard, and affliction sometimes does it good, and no doubt the discipline of sitting under eight successive about-to-graduate speakers has been spiritually blessed to some of Amherst's backers. Still the opinion that Commencement Day is fitter for edification than for mortification and discipline has a good deal of basis, and it is not surprising that it gains favor with the rising generation.

A DONOR, whose identity has not been discovered, has furnished President Gates of Amherst with money to pay for a short series of lectures by men in public life on subjects of public and political interest. Dr. Depew is to begin the course by telling about the responsibility of lawyers for promoting international arbitration. Someone else will follow with an address on the Monroe Doctrine, and a third speaker is to concern himself with municipal reform.

THE AUTHORITIES at Amherst have begun to draw the lines tighter on all the student organizations. Regulations have been adopted which prohibit engagements for games or entertainments of any sort by any student body, which have not first been submitted to a committee of the faculty. The purpose is to keep within proper bounds the activities of students in matters outside of their college work. Another new rule is that no student shall take part in any game or entertainment if his work is not satisfactory to the faculty. These are good rules, such as have been found expedient in several of the more pro-

gressive colleges. Wisely administered they will do good.

WILLIAMS IS in the throes of a movement for adopting the honor system in examinations. On February 17, the students at a mass meeting declared in favor of it, and the understanding has been that if the students wanted it, and could agree on a satisfactory system, the faculty would be glad to have it tried.

IN THE first contest for the championship of the New England Intercollegiate Debating League, Boston University beat Wesleyan on its own ground, by a vote of two judges to one. Place of debate, ~~Middlesex~~, Conn.; subject: "Should the United States Own and Control the Nicaragua Canal?" Boston took the negative.

THE RESOURCES of Dartmouth as set forth in her latest catalogue are 563 students, 47 instructors, 8,500 graduates, and property to the value of \$1,500,000.

The college has bought from Hiram Hitchcock land in the northwestern part of the town extending from Main street to the Connecticut River. A new street to be called Webster avenue is to be opened through it to the river and lots fronting on it are being sold to professors and fraternities for their houses.

THE PLANS for the new buildings of the University of New York provide for a college close on the eastern end of the new site, formed by five dormitories and a dining hall arranged around a court 250 feet wide by 300 long.

The first dormitory, 150 feet long and four stories high is to be completed if possible by the opening of the college year next fall.

AT THE Howard Club dinner in New York, on February 21, President Eliot paid some distinguished compliments to President Low of Columbia, as to whom he said :

A new influence has lately been brought to bear, and a strong one. It is the uniting of the colleges in thought and action, and to this end the influence of President Seth Low has been great. You may be sure that President Seth Low—if he lives for the next twenty-five years—will accomplish great things for education in America. He has already introduced a most helpful harmony between the colleges and secondary schools that is constantly increasing in its valuable results.

Dr. Eliot is not a person who lets his emotions run away from him, and when he does pay compliments they are apt, as in this case, to be justified by an ample showing of merit and achievement.

A RECENT ITEM of Columbia news, dated February 8, reads :

The university flag was again at half mast this week on account of the death of the Rev. Dr. Talbot W. Chambers, a trustee of the college.

A university flag has its uses and seems rather a praiseworthy bit of equipment.

THE CORNELL men of New York had so successful a dinner at the Waldorf on February 27 that the Cornell Club was encouraged to try to enlarge its membership. There are nearly 900 Cornell graduates living in or very near New York, and there are believed to

be five or six hundred more who might help to house the club and strengthen it. The secretary of the club is Mr. E. C. Bailey, of 132 Nassau street.

ITHACA IS one of the places where the memory of George William Curtis is kept green. There are three Curtis debating clubs at Cornell for seniors, juniors, and sophomores. They join annually in celebrating Curtis's birthday. They are good at keeping birthdays at Ithaca. Besides Curtis's day, they keep Founder's day, with formal ceremonies every year, and the students are also coming to pay informal but appreciative attention to the birthday of Mr. Sage, which falls on the 31st of January. Mr. Sage is 82 years old, and has given more time, and even more money to Cornell than Ezra Cornell himself.

PRESIDENT SCHURMAN went South in February to make an address at New Orleans, and attend the annual convention of school superintendents of the United States at Jacksonville. It puzzles the ignorant observer to guess how any considerable number of school superintendents could manage to be in Jacksonville on February 18. Still the convention had to be held somewhere, and every place would be remote from the places that are far away from it.

SOME LIVE book worms were lately found in a sixteenth century edition of Dante in the Cornell Library, and Professor Comstock, of the bug department of the university, has bred from them very successfully, and is ready to

supply the trade either with eggs, beetles, or fully developed worms.

IT IS alleged that undergraduate Cornell tends to develop an aristocracy of wealth, which flaunts itself in gay attire and flocks largely by itself. That's the way of the world, and can't be helped. The men who suffer most from exclusiveness are commonly the men who exclude. It checks their development.

THERE ARE to be great diggings at Corinth this spring. The American School of Classical Studies at Athens has got a concession from the Greek Government which authorizes them to excavate for ten years on shares. The school wants \$10,000 to begin work with, and anyone who wishes to contribute may send his check to Prof. C. E. Norton of Harvard, or to President Low of Columbia.

PRINCETON is making earnest preparations for her sesqui-centennial; the list of committees is complete; the president and Professor West went westward in February to rouse the occidental graduates, and Professors Marquand and Fine have gone to Europe to invite the attendance of sundry eminent European doctors.

PROFESSOR HATCHER of Princeton will miss the sesqui-cent. He has sailed for Patagonia with Mr. Peterson, of the American Museum of Natural History, of New York, to look the country over, make the acquaintance of the Tehuelche Indians, collect fossils, skeletons, vegetation, animals, and anything else that is

not carefully secured to the bed-rock of the country. They expect to be gone about a year.

HARVARD is paying attention these days to its scientific school, and spending money to bring it up to a high standard of efficiency. Professor Shaler has taken a lively interest in it and so has Professor Hollis, who was transplanted into its faculty from the Engineer Corps of the Navy.

THE TRUSTEES of the Peabody Museum have petitioned the Massachusetts Legislature for authority to transfer the property they hold to Harvard College.

THE FIRST report of the secretary of the Harvard Class of 1894 contains an interesting item. He asked his classmates, by circular, certain questions, among others whether, while in college they had gone to prayers regularly. Twenty men answered, "regularly"; 32, "often"; 239, "occasionally"; 22, "rarely"; 42, "never," and 15 either were not heard from or failed to answer that particular question. A remarkably good showing that for voluntary prayers.

THERE WERE other things in President Elliott's Harvard dinner speech besides his allusion to President Low that were worth quoting. He said:

In thirty years Harvard has increased four times, in ten it has more than doubled, and in one year it has increased more than 10 per cent. Can we get any notions of what the forces of this growth are? I

believe that there are moral, intellectual, and spiritual reasons for this growth.

For colleges, as for States, the prime source of progress and of power lies in individual liberty. That liberty exists in the highest degree in Harvard, both for the students and the teachers, and liberty for the teachers is very important. They have liberty of speech, liberty of thought, and liberty of method. As Harvard in the Revolution was the hotbed of sedition, so it is now the hotbed of free thought. It is also the center of religious toleration.

And again, we have frankly abandoned that old notion of uniformity of power and possessions. That is impossible in Harvard, and from inequality of powers resulting from inequality of possession comes the best power. We strive to have our society at Harvard so modeled that a capable man can get up. Gentle manners, too, consistent with force, steadiness, and vigor, we strive after. We want the gentleness of a womanly woman combined with the force and decision of the most manly man. These are some of the elements that have resulted in our great growth.

THE PROPOSAL to shorten the college course to three years is much discussed at Harvard now. It was this that Mr. Joseph Choate touched on in his Harvard dinner speech when he said :

One of the great problems we are now considering is how we can bring our boys earlier into the real business of life. A young man now entering a profession begins when he is 27 or 28 years old, and if by 30 he is able to support a wife, he has succeeded marvelously. I hope something better can be done. But don't break up the classes. Squeeze it out of the preparatory schools, vacations are too long.

ATHLETIC DEPARTMENT.

CONDUCTED BY WALTER CAMP.

MR. WILLIAM BLAIKIE, Harvard '66, Harvard's ideal strong man, prefaced his remarks at a smoke talk in Cambridge by accounting the difference between ancient and modern athletics. Those of to-day are inferior. The more brain, the more physical exercise is needed. Washington was away above the average as an all-around athlete. Mr. Blaikie measured Washington's suit once and found his chest measured over 44 inches. He could jump 23 feet, and had a remarkable physique. Physical condition has everything to do with a man's mental condition. The greatest men in history to-day are fellows of tremendous physique. Gladstone and Bismarck have taken vigorous exercise for the last forty years, and are still hearty. To choose a crew from the great men in history, also men of muscle, we should take :

Bow, Oliver Cromwell ; 2, Duke of Wellington ; 3, Washington ; 4, Lincoln ; 5, Napoleon ; 6, Bismarck ; 7, Peter the Great ; stroke, Julius Cæsar.

THE BACHELOR would prefer not to have Napoleon in the boat as he was too short. At all events he should have been put in the bow.

THE FOLLOWING officers of the tri-collegiate baseball league have been elected : R. R. Rollins, Amherst, president ; R. W. Root, Williams, vice-president ; B. W. Couch, Dartmouth, second vice-president ; R. H. James, Dartmouth, secretary and treasurer. J. J. Brady,

of Hartford, last year's umpire, was again chosen to officiate.

THE SCHEDULE for the season is as follows : May 6, Williams *vs.* Amherst, at Amherst ; May 15 and 16, Amherst *vs.* Dartmouth, at Hanover ; May 20, Amherst *vs.* Williams, at Williamstown ; May 22 and 23, Dartmouth *vs.* Amherst at Amherst ; May 30, Amherst *vs.* Williams, at Williamstown ; June 5 and 6, Williams *vs.* Dartmouth, at Hanover : June 12 and 13, Dartmouth *vs.* Williams, at Williamstown ; June 20 and 25, Amherst *vs.* Williams, at Williamstown.

HERE'S A wonder at Bowdoin :

In last term's test by the Sargent system he showed a total strength of 1,121.8 and a condition of 526.1. This week he placed his total at 1,302 and his condition at 707. The man who shows a total strength of 500 and a condition of 200 is considerably above the average. Young Godfrey always keeps himself in fine physical condition, but he has not trained especially for this test.

His great strength is inherited, and his brother, the late Henry P. Godfrey, Bowdoin '91, held the Bowdoin and State records before him.

Mr. Godfrey, who was 18 years old two weeks ago, is 6 ft. 4 in. in height, and is finely proportioned. His weight is 190. He fitted for college at the Bangor High School, and is from one of the leading families of the Queen City. He took an active part in athletics there, and was captain of the team winning the Maine Interscholastic championship. He is interscholastic champion of Maine in the shot and hammer, having a record of 35 ft. 7 in. in the former, and 101 ft. in the latter, and in these sports he promises to be a strength for Bowdoin. He played guard on the Bangor football team, but his parents are opposed to his playing while in college. Mr. Godfrey stands well in scholarship, and is very popular with his classmates.

IT SEEMS good and quite appropriate that Annapolis should be represented by a crew, and this year the Naval Academy will have an eight-oared crew, and has already arranged the following races:

May 6, Baltimore Athletic Club, two miles; May 16, University of Pennsylvania freshmen, two miles; May 23, Columbia Athletic Club, of Washington, one mile; May 30, Potomac Boat Club, of Washington, one and a half miles.

If "Josh" Hartwell were down there coaching their football team now, he could do a good deal for them in teaching them how to to use the sweeps.

THE COLOR of golf balls is exciting quite a deal of interest lately. Hunter has brought one from Scotland of the kind used by Morris in the old days before the gutta-percha ball was invented. This is called a feather ball. It is a trifle smaller than the modern ball, and covered with white leather, stitched in quarters. It is a very lively ball, and may have caused some of the long drives which are on record of those old days. The red ball is used now on snow-covered courses where a white ball cannot be seen. A ball is now made of pure white throughout, so that there is no need to have it repainted. This is a recent Scottish invention.

THE YALE UNIVERSITY crew is hard at work, Captain Treadway and Bob Cook doing most of the coaching, although "Billy" Ives, "Al" Cowles, and "Josh" Hartwell have been up, and Percy Bolton is expected before long.

In addition to the 'Varsity candidates, there are 24 men training for the freshmen crew. Goetchius and Rogers have them in charge.

THE RANK of the tennis players as given in the Tennis Bulletin is as follows:

Fred Hovey, champion. Owes a quarter 15.

Larned, Chase, and Howland, second class. Evens.

Robert Wren, Carr/Neel, and Hobard. Given a quarter 15.

Class 4. Richard Stevens, one-half 15.

Class 5. A. E. Foote, C. R. Budlong, three-fourths 15.

Class 6. C. E. Sands, V. G. Hall, S. C. Millet, R. N. Wilson, Jr., A. H. S. Post, M. D. Smith, F. K. Ward, James Terry, E. P. Fischer, A. W. Post, G. W. Lee, Evarts Wrenn, George L. Wrenn, M. L. Whitman, L. E. Ware, 15.

Class 7. J. F. Foulkes, J. P. Paret, J. F. Talmedge, S. Hardy, J. D. E. Jones, S. D. Reed, W. L. Jennings, A. L. Williston, 15¼.

Class 8. E. A. Crowninshield, J. A. Ryerson, S. W. B. Moorehead, C. Tate, Jr., J. C. Davidson, A. Codman, Jr., Scott Griffin, J. B. Read, S. G. Thompson, B. F. Davis, T. S. Beckwith, G. C. Hinckley. D. M. Scudder, one-half 30.

Class 9. S. F. Wise, G. P. Herrick, H. B. Bartow, R. M. Miles, Jr., J. F. Hobart, Holcomb Ward, Ewing Stile, S. Henshaw, R. C. Sands, H. E. Avery, three-fourths 30.

THOSE WHO object to our college sports as leading to betting have no idea of the prevalence of the custom across the water. One paper speaks:

The moral turpitude of a nation is indicated by the appearance the other day of the following question in an examination paper submitted to the students of that staid and solemn institution, the University of London: "Three men run a race and odds are offered against them of 2 to 1, 3 to 1, and 4 to 1, respectively. How much should a person lay upon them respectively, so as to win three pounds five shillings in any event?"

Perhaps our universities will some day come to such a point, but it is rather doubtful.

J

BOATING SEEMS to be attracting the attention of philanthropists more than anything else in college sports to-day. Mr. Gould's gift to Columbia has hardly grown cold when the announcement is made that Geo. Edw. Wyckoff has presented Cornell with a special building for the training of crews, which is to contain a rowing tank and a large crew-room. The estimated cost of the new improvement is \$8,000.

THE MOST striking feature of the meeting of the I. A. A. A. A. was the proposal of Mr. McIntosh that representatives of the warring factions of Yale, Harvard, Princeton, and Pennsylvania step up before the chair and shake hands. President Kendrick, of the University of Pennsylvania, immediately suppressed Mr. McIntosh with the remark that he was out of order. But that doesn't mean that the parties will not follow Mr. McIntosh's suggestion at some future date.

The other important matters treated at the meeting were the adoption of the following resolution, and the report of the Graduate Committee in regard to an alliance with the A. A. U.:

Resolved, That inasmuch as this association is the Intercollegiate Association of Amateur Athletes of America, and is always ready and willing to admit to membership any college which shows the desire to foster athletics and develop athletic teams, we deem it injudicious to enter into competition with any other intercollegiate association.

First.—All meetings of the A. A. U. and the I. A. A. A. A. shall be entitled to representation by not more than four delegates or

duly appointed alternates, or such delegates having collectively one vote.

Second.—From among these delegates one shall be chosen to be a member of the Board of Governors of the A. A. U., who shall have voice, vote, and privilege equal to the other members of said Board upon all matters coming before them.

Third.—All members of the A. A. U. clubs entering in collegiate or intercollegiate games shall be governed by the rules of the I. A. A. A. A., but members of associate colleges entering A. A. U. games shall be governed by the rules of the A. A. U.

Fourth.—These articles of alliance shall be terminable by either party on thirty days' notice.

Far more interesting, however, to the collegians is the fact that the bicycle races are to be separate from the rest of the programme, and run off at a separate time and place. The proposition to have a three-mile run was lost.

THE OLYMPIC games, to be held on the seventy-fifth anniversary of the declaration of Greek independence, begin to look more and more like a festival, and less and less like representative athletic contests. The plan now comprises a grand celebration, with banquets to the numerous athletes, delegates, foreign squadrons, etc. An illumination of the great monuments of antiquity, a torchlight procession representing memorable scenes from Greek history, both ancient and modern, a series of gala representations of the dramatic masterpieces of the world, beginning with a Sophoclean tragedy and ending with Wagner's "Lohengrin."

Furthermore, a special Olympic ode by the modern Greek composer, Samaris, will be produced by a monster chorus and orchestra. A medal is also to be struck and distributed, and special stamps issued.

British and French Yacht Clubs, Turkish wrestlers, and German organizations are also spoken of as sure to come. It is true that the report includes American representatives, and American wrestlers are spoken of particularly. Thus far, however, there seems to be little interest, and still less prospect of any number of representatives going from the United States.

THE BOATING situation has developed along lines promising us even more sport than was anticipated. When the rumor became general that Yale was not to enter the four-cornered race, but was to challenge the winner of that match, all boating men gave up hope of there being anything that should increase the interest in the already arranged race. For there was as little chance of a race between the winners of the four-cornered race and Yale, as there would have been between the winners of the Henley race last year and the defeated Cornell crew. There would have been no possible advantage to be gained by the winners taking up a second gauntlet, and everyone at all posted knew at once the absurdity of counting upon such a second race. Now, however, the horizon looks very different. We shall have an exceedingly interesting four-cornered race, wherein Columbia, the winner of last year's triangular will try her old rival, Harvard, while Cornell will endeavor to wipe out the dis-

grace of last year's defeat, and Pennsylvania will make a supreme effort to redeem herself in aquatic matters. In addition to this we shall be kept busy reading the bulletins of the condition and prospects of an American crew abroad once more, and finally be treated to a direct comparison of the Yale stroke with that from which it was originally adapted.

And now that the die is cast and Yale is actually to send a crew to Henley a discussion of their chances is in order. For the average good Yale man, and in fact, for most others, the fact that Bob Cook is to take care of the youngsters through their training is enough. Bob doesn't often get beaten and if he thinks a Yale crew can win at Henley that very thing goes far to make us all think so too. For all that, with Cornell's experiment in mind we know that the Yale eight will have a deal to contend with first and last. Primarily the Yale school of boating has been a four-mile school. All her traditions are built upon that for a foundation, and the Henley course is only a mile and a quarter. But has it not been repeatedly stated in the past few years that the Harvard crew was being trained to row a fast half-mile, to get ahead at no matter what expenditure of power, no matter how high they had to put the stroke, and then trust to nerve to stay ahead? And then when we all of us went to New London to see—at any rate—that killing first half-mile, hasn't Yale been very much "in it" and could they not have won at almost any point, even at a mile and a quarter? One or two races have been moderately close for that distance, but not the majority. There are naturally worshippers of all schools of

rowing, the professional, the Courtney, the Cook, the Bancroft, the Storrow, the Ward, etc., etc., but the lines are not distinctly drawn as will be seen from a discussion a few pages later. But most of us call the Cornell style the fast stroke and the Cook method the slow stroke. The real devotee of the slow stroke claims that if a man will row it correctly he need never go above say thirty-four or thirty-six, even if the race be but a mile. The actual pace of his boat will be sufficient to defeat, in that distance, the exponent of the fast stroke. The man who believes firmly in the fast stroke, on the other hand, maintains that, properly trained, the men may keep up the shuttle-like action and propel their shell faster even for four miles than the slower stroked boat can go. The general public, owing to Cornell's double defeat last year, and to Yale's long succession of victories at New London, believes in the slow stroke. But to the man who goes deeper into the matter there soon appear many strange things which he had never suspected, and the singular part of it all is likely to be that after he has discussed the matter with enthusiastic followers, or even the teachers themselves, of the various systems, he finds them not nearly so far apart as at one point in his investigations he was led to believe. And then he sits himself down and concludes that there is still more behind it all, and perhaps he has a right to the suspicion that the best teachers of the art have in their explanations to him failed to lay any stress upon the real key-note of their success, but have harped carefully upon the main features, which when studied are found to belong to all the schools alike. A singular instance

of this may be found in a rather general discussion which took place a short time ago regarding the merits of strokes. Mr. Garnett treated of college rowing and handled the English stroke rather harshly—his exact language being as follows :

In the English or Bancroft stroke the body and legs are not in the best position for applying all their power when the oar strikes the water. With the peculiar rigging of the boat it is necessary, in order that the oar should enter the water at the proper distance back of the pins, to swing the body far forward of a natural and comfortable position. Of course one can get used to that, but the evil is not eradicated. The stomach and chest muscles must always be somewhat cramped. The body is not in a position of perfect tension, and, therefore, the best possible purchase upon the oar cannot be had. Now, as the seat is not moved until the body is snapped up from the loins, almost all the work at the beginning of the stroke must develop upon the back and shoulders. Of course the legs are utilized in this portion of the stroke, but rather after the manner of stationary-seat rowing, to enable the oarsman to get a purchase on his oar. The rigging of the boat will not permit the best possible use of the legs. Until the seat is moved, it will be seen, it is impossible for them to exert much power.

In the next part of the stroke the legs come to the back's relief, and in turn are forced to bear the burden. The shortness of the slide, and the fact that the body rests heavily upon the seat (and rests as it should directly against the stretcher, and opposite to the water's resistance) enable the legs to shirk much of the work their powerful muscles should be called upon to do. As the back had retired from active duty after reaching the position a little back of the perpendicular, and the legs have been deprived of much of their power, we must look elsewhere for the lauded virtues of the Bancroft stroke. And it will not be an easy task to find them, for what power there is in this system of rowing has been expended when the hands are brought into the chest. Here, it will be noticed, the elbows are

drawn in close to the sides to enable the arms and shoulders to exert more force at the end of the stroke. But, as the hands are brought into the chest in an upward direction (and not in a straight line), with the idea of a quick and easy "shoot," rather than of a strong finish, the last portion of the stroke is decidedly weak. And this is made still more patent by the position of the oar, as it passes the right angle to the pins. It is well known, or it should be if it is not, that unless there is a great deal of power in the oar as it sweeps past the right angle to the boat, the highest possible rate of speed cannot be attained. The oar is in principle similar to the lever, and everyone knows that when the short arm of a lever passes the right angle to the fulcrum the work is practically accomplished. Now mark the position of the oarsman's body and legs, as the oar passes the right angle. The legs are doing almost all the work, and that too, as we have seen, rather gingerly. So much for the waste of power, and now for the still more egregious waste of time.

Notice the length of time the seat is stationary at the end of the stroke. While the hands are brought into the chest, show out again and the body is swung forward from the waist, the seat is motionless. From the time the hands reach the chest until the body resumes the position, the oar is in the air. Is this a wise economy of time? Moreover, the small amount of force in the end of the stroke being quite insufficient to preserve the boat's momentum during the great length of time the oar is in the air, the result is, even in the most favorable weather, a halting, uneven motion. Against a strong wind the boat almost stops between the strokes. Again, the diminished speed with which the boat is moving when the oar "catches" the water increases the water's resistance at the beginning of the stroke—at a time when the body and oar are not in the best position for overcoming such resistance. No argument is necessary to prove that the same amount of power should be exerted throughout the stroke, and that the boat should be kept jumping while the oar is in the air. These desirable ends the Bancroft stroke conspicuously fails to accomplish.

The reason given for the unnecessarily slow "recover" is that it prevents the "rushing" of the slides

and enables the oar to clear the wash of the oars behind. As will be shown, both of these laudable results can be obtained without a moment's waste of time. In every respect in which the English or Bancroft stroke is wanting, the Storrow stroke, with one exception, is all that can be desired. And that is why the latter wins nowadays.

I believe in this case in two principles—the one good the other evil—the system of rowing introduced at Harvard in '85 and that time-honored relic of fetishism, the Bancroft, Bob Cook, or English stroke.

To which Mr. J. Watson Taylor, of the Cambridge (England), crew had taken exception, and he describes the present system. His description was published in a Cambridge paper.

"This system," Mr. Taylor says, "has scarcely any resemblance to the English system of rowing. The science of rowing has not remained in the state in which Mr. Cook found it in 1872. The progressive spirit of this century has shown itself in the science of rowing, and while Americans are ahead in the science of rigging, Englishmen are probably ahead in the science of rowing, on account of their superior leg-work. In 1885 Mr. Storrow paid a good deal of attention to leg-work, with excellent results. Since then Yale has improved her leg-work, but not at the expense of other important principles. In the article referred to the English system of rigging is also incorrectly described. The play of the slide is less in England than in America. There is also a great difference in the build of the oars. Oxford uses oars with 3 feet 9 inches inboard length, Cambridge with 3 feet 10 inches inboard length. The extra length inboard must give greater power of leverage and a stronger finish. It certainly prevents any difficulty in keeping the button against the pin at both ends of the stroke—an important principle in watermanship. Rowing at Cambridge has for sixteen years been under the charge of Mr. Herbert Rhodes. The principles of his system are: The hands must shoot smartly away from the chest, as they release the body for the swing which actually (though not

theoretically) begins before the arms are perfectly straight. In any case, the swing begins before the slide, and carries the slide forward with it, both being slow and steady, especially the slide, and the forward movement, both of slide and body, must end at the same moment. In the moving forward let the body be well balanced, the feet planted firmly against the stretcher, and the inside arm constantly moving against the oar and extending it. This will keep the button up. When fully forward, in which position the knees should be fully open to about the breadth of the chest, the oar, which ought to have been gradually coming to the water on the forward swing (the hand-pressure becomes lighter and lighter as it reaches over the stretcher), must grip the water firm, square, and clean, the whole weight of the body being lifted onto it (not with a snap), off the stretcher, and from the thighs. Almost, but not quite, at the same moment the legs begin their office. They drive, drive, drive the slide back and the oar through as the body swings, until toward the finish the knees are flattened down and the stroke is thus pressed in a firm, solid sweep right home onto the chest, the outside hand of elbow being swung past the side of the shoulders rowed back. The pressure is not relaxed for a moment, since the finish is the most important part of the whole stroke. For a good solid finish, a steady swing, a firm beginning, and a hard stroke. The slide is distributed throughout the stroke—not wasted in one short, snappy shove.

“The great superiority of this system is on the recover. The poise of the trunk is free, open, and erect. The oar is feathered with the wrists; the hands are shot away at once in the same plane with the arms, and with the assistance of the powerful muscles of the shoulder, while the arms quickly resume their proper place. The ease and rapidity of these actions increase the speed and control the equilibrium. The muscles are exerted equally, and the erect trunk permit the lungs to be filled with deep draughts of air.”

Anyone who for a moment supposes that the Cook stroke or the Yale stroke has remained stationary for the last twenty years, or even for

the last three, is no judge of rowing. In fact, it would be as foolish to believe this as to believe that the Yale game of football is identical with that of five years ago. Mr. Cook is a coach of parts, and he has kept pace with the march of things in the aquatic line, with the result that his crews usually finish well ahead. Nor will he radically alter the principles of his teachings because the race at Henley is a short one. He will quicken the stroke at certain points and his men will lug harder than ever through the stroke after having dropped into the water those eight blades and anchored them, and all we can say is that we wish they were going up against the Oxford or Cambridge 'varsity over four miles on the American Thames next year.

As to the abuse of playing in summer nines, the following letters show that the reform has begun, and are worthy of preservation :

HARVARD UNIVERSITY, }
CAMBRIDGE, January 22, 1896. }

MY DEAR SIR : The Harvard Athletic Committee has had to deal with the question of summer nines in connection with the amateur rule. We, or rather our predecessors (the question has not come up this year), have held that acceptance of payment of expenses in any form disqualifies a man from competing. Two cases were thus decided two years ago. I think we have never actually disqualified a man, both the persons in question having proved that they paid their own expenses.

If a man actually received compensation in any form he certainly cannot complain of disqualification, because he comes within the already existing amateur rule.

Such investigations as the application of the amateur rule to such case involves, are, I think, unsatisfactory. It is very hard to prove a case of infraction, and equally hard to act on mere suspicion. I think our

committee would be glad to coöperate with the other colleges, or with Pennsylvania alone, in absolutely forbidding the practice of playing on what we understand are the watering-place summer nines. Of course, care would have to be taken in framing such a rule, not to cut students off from playing where they were *bona fide* spending the summer, and, as the rule would state a new principle, it would not be fair to make it apply to the past.

I shall be very glad to hear what you do in the matter.

Very truly yours,
J. H. BEALES, JR.

PRINCETON, February 3, 1896.

Dear Prof. White :

In accordance with your request, I send you a résumé of the steps taken by our committee to regulate the participation by our students in the games of outside athletic organizations. In March, 1892, it was resolved that : No student who desires to represent Princeton College in inter-collegiate sports of any kind is permitted to contest in athletic games as a representative of any outside athletic organization, whatsoever.

The immediate purpose of this rule was to put a stop to the student custom, then quite general, of joining city athletic clubs in order to take part in their contests. It was not understood to apply to summer ball playing.

But in 1893 the committee determined to make this application of the rule and forbade students, under penalty of forfeiting the right to represent Princeton in inter-collegiate sports, to become members of such summer ball teams as those representing Cape May and Atlantic City, which made a practice of paying the expenses of their members during a considerable portion of the summer. On the other hand, occasional games with an athletic club in the neighborhood of a student's place of residence were not prohibited, provided the student received no other compensation than his necessary expenses.

Finally, in July of last summer the committee resolved in future to allow no student to represent

Princeton in inter-collegiate sports who, after receiving notice of the committee's action, should represent in its games, any permanent athletic organization which receives gate money, or who should receive for his services in any game, compensation other than his fare to and from the place of the game.

It should be added, however, that the committee did not succeed until fall, in getting notice of this rule to all of the students who may compete for positions on this year's baseball nine.

Very truly yours,

H. B. FINE.

THE CORNELL UNIVERSITY,
ITHACA, N. Y., January 23, 1896. }

Dr. William White, 10 Rittenhouse Square, Philadelphia.

MY DEAR MR. WHITE: In answer to your kind favor of the 20th inst., received yesterday, I am glad to be able to tell you definitely what you want to know.

Your letter was referred to Prof. H. S. White, our advising member of the baseball committee, who has given me the following rules covering the points of inquiry in your letter. These rules have been adopted by our athletic council, our athletic authority, and are absolutely and minutely enforced :

No person shall be qualified to be a member of a University team who comes to the University without the intention of remaining at least one year, or who receives any remuneration or consideration of any sort for his services.

No person shall be eligible to represent Cornell University as an athlete, either individually or as a member of any team, who has been engaged in any branch of athletics for any compensation apart from necessary traveling expenses incurred while a member of any permanent amateur organization in connection with occasional contests away from home.

The application of these rules throws out from our nine this season one of our men who played last summer at Atlantic City where, I think, one or two of your boys played also. We should apply this rule in case

of men who played with such teams as that of Coopers-town, etc.

Under these rules, we are obliged to lose both of our pitchers.

I am glad you have the matter under consideration, and I am sure it will receive at the hands of your Governing Board the treatment from an amateur standpoint, that such matters always do receive at Pennsylvania. Very cordially yours,

E. HITCHCOCK, JR.

NEW HAVEN, Conn.,
315 York Street, January 21, 1896. }

MY DEAR MR. WHITE: In reply to yours of yesterday, duly received, I would say that if a man accepted his expenses to play on a summer nine, he played for his living, and by that act forfeited his title of amateur.

At Yale, I know of no such cases. If there had been any, I think I should have heard of them.

Sincerely yours,

E. L. RICHARDS.

MANAGER MILLER, of the New Haven baseball nine, has arranged the following games for the season :

May 16, Princeton at Princeton; May 25, Princeton at New Haven; May 27, University of Chicago at New Haven; June 3, University of Vermont at New Haven; June 6, Princeton at Princeton; June 13, Princeton at New York; June 23, Princeton at New Haven.

On the Easter trip two games have been arranged with the University of Virginia, and one each with the University of North Carolina and Georgetown University. On May 13 the 'Varsity nine will play a team made up of Yale graduates who formerly played on the regular team.

Manager J. J. Elliott, of the Princeton Baseball Association, gave out the following

schedule of games to be played by the Princeton team during the coming season :

March 28, Rutgers at Princeton ; April 1, Hobart at Princeton ; April 3, University of Virginia at Charlottesville ; April 4, Washington and Jefferson at Richmond ; April 6, University of North Carolina at Charlotte, N. C. ; April 7, Georgetown at Washington ; April 10, Boston at Princeton ; April 11, New York at New York ; April 15, Lafayette at Princeton ; April 18, Pennsylvania State College at Princeton ; April 22, Dickinson College at Princeton ; April 25, Orange Athletic Club at Orange ; April 29, Lehigh at Princeton.

May 2, Cornell at Ithaca ; May 6, Manhattan College at New York ; May 7, Lawrenceville at Princeton ; May 9, Harvard at Princeton ; May 13, Lafayette at Easton ; May 16, Yale at Princeton ; May 20, University of Virginia at Princeton ; May 23, Yale at New Haven ; May 27, Cornell at Princeton ; May 30, Harvard at Cambridge.

June 3, Orange A. C. at Princeton ; June 6, Yale at Princeton ; June 10, Harvard at Princeton ; June 13, Yale at New York ; June 18, Harvard at Cambridge ; June 20, Oritani Field Club at Hackensack ; June 23, Yale at New Haven ; June 27, Harvard at New York in case of a tie.

Manager Sanders of the Harvard University baseball nine has arranged the following schedule :

April 13, at Boston with a picked nine, Harry Wright benefit ; April 16, open ; April 18, Brockton at Brockton ; April 20, Newton A. A. at Newton ; April 21, Bangor at Cambridge ; April 23, Pawtucket at Cambridge ;

April 25, Dartmouth at Hanover; April 28, Dartmouth at Cambridge; April 29, Dartmouth at Cambridge; May 2, Williams at Williamstown; May 5, Brown at Cambridge; May 7, Holy Cross at Worcester; May 9, Princeton at Princeton; May 11, Amherst at Cambridge; May 13, Williams at Cambridge; May 16, Cornell at Ithaca; May 18, Newton A. A. at Cambridge; May 20, Brown at Providence; May 23, Pennsylvania at Philadelphia; May 27, Amherst at Amherst; May 28, Pennsylvania at Cambridge; May 30, Princeton at Cambridge; June 1, Newton A. A. at Newton; June 3, Brown at Providence; June 6, Pennsylvania at Cambridge; June 10, Princeton at Princeton; June 13, Cornell at Cambridge; June 14, Brown at Cambridge; June 18, Princeton at Cambridge; June 20, Cornell neutral grounds; June 23, Pennsylvania at Cambridge; June 27, Princeton neutral grounds.

THE WILLIAMS COLLEGE BASEBALL ASSOCIATION has elected B. F. Whitney, '97, of Waukegan, Ill., scorer, and he will become manager next year. The season's schedule has been adopted as follows:

April 17, Wesleyan at Middletown; April 18, Yale at New Haven; April 22, Holyoke Athletics at Williamstown; April 25, Holy Cross at Worcester; May 2, Harvard at Cambridge; May 16, Holy Cross at Williamstown; May 22 and 23, Dartmouth at Williamstown; May 27, Cuban Giants at Williamstown; May 30, Amherst at Williamstown; May 5 and 6, Dartmouth at Hanover; May 18, Yale at Williamstown; May 20, Amherst at Amherst;

May 25, Amherst at Williamstown. Games with Amherst and Dartmouth will be championship contests.

It is a pleasure to all lovers of football to know that the University Athletic Club have consented, at the request of several of the universities most prominent in the sport, to take up the problem of reconciling the two divergent sets of rules, or rather, making a revision of the rules they recommended two years ago. This is but the beginning, too, we hope, of greater action on the part of this club, whose position in the college athletic world is such as to lead us to look to it for great assistance in simplifying many of the problems that from time to time harass and threaten to upset the college world.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

"If YOU see it in the *Sun* it's so." The *Sun* of March 10 contained a virile, manly editorial a column in length, which began as follows :

A little honest indignation lends additional vigor to Theodore Roosevelt's remarkable article on the Monroe Doctrine in the March number of THE BACHELOR OF ARTS. He has undoubtedly chosen that ably conducted magazine as the vehicle of his remarks, for the reason that it reaches a numerous body of college graduates and undergraduates who have recently been instructed from more than one seat of learning that it is in bad form for educated men to be too distinctly and frankly American in their ideas and utterances.

The *Evening Post* of March 9 says :

Mr. Roosevelt furnishes in an article in the last number of THE BACHELOR OF ARTS an amusing illustration of the muddle-headed way in which they (Messrs. Lodge, Chandler, Morgan, and Roosevelt) did their work.

Here, in two leading New York dailies, are the two opposing views of the Venezuelan question, based on the March leader in THE BACHELOR.

If these editorials will have the effect of bringing THE BACHELOR to the notice of college men as *their mouthpiece*, we shall be more than satisfied. It is our aim not merely to discuss college news, but matters of national import from the standpoint of college men.

* * *

THE NEWSPAPERS have had rather conflicting statements about the way Yale will be treated at Henley. The members of the Leander Club will probably still retain a grudge against an American college crew for the Cornell race. A correspondent writes that

the Leanders and their friends went about Henley last year shouting "Cornell—to Hell, Cornell!" imitating the college cry. Doubtless there will be some opposition for Yale, but, on the whole, England shows a disposition to be friendly to America just now. By July this disposition possibly will have grown into a positive *furor*. If the Yale crew in England preserves its traditions of self-depreciation and modesty (devices doubtless used to court the fickle goddess Fortune), the impression will be favorable, and if they win the English will be delighted. As we have previously pointed out in the *BACHELOR*, an American crew will do well not to have its quarters too near the "Dammed Thames." The report is that their quarters will be near Henley. Mr. Corbin, in the *BACHELOR* for October last [Vol. I., No. 5, pp- 594-5-6], pointed out how the Yale team of 1894 "lost from day to day" while training at Oxford, and how the first effect of the English atmosphere is to kill all nervous energy, a factor in making a plucky finish. Mr. Corbin says: "The great and irretrievable misfortune of the Yale team was that they did not take Mr. Jackson's advice to shun Oxford. Their rivals went to Brighton, which has the most invigorating climate in England, journeying three times a week to London to take their exercise." "Even the crews often leave Henley or Putney to spend the week-end there (at Brighton). . . . The experience of the Cornell crew was almost precisely similar. . . . During the first week at Henley they covered the course in 7 min. 3 sec." The best they could do in the trials after that was 7 min. 14 sec.

The Yale coaches will do well therefore to do nearly all their training here, and not spend more time than absolutely necessary at Henley.

* * *

BY THE fault of the proof-reader Mr. S. McChesney Piper's exquisite poem, "Discouragement," in the March number, appeared signed "S. McChesney Pope." We wish to correct this mistake, and inform our contributors that occasionally, when not typewritten, MSS. will get themselves wrongly translated in type. One of our more amusing blunders (they have luckily been few, so far) was to print in our list of Books Received, "Plain and Solid Geometry." A number of correspondents have had their little joke about this slip. By some, reference was made to the crude, early text-books of their childhood, when the Latin grammars were wholly in Latin, and the notes in Cooper's Virgil were harder to decipher than the text, and contrast pointed out with the modern school books, where, at last, even geometry was made *plain*!

* * *

IN OUR early school days we remember wondering why Latin and Greek were not taught as French was taught in Fasquelle. Why did we not learn to *talk* a language? Those dreadful rules in Andrews and Stoddard's Latin Grammar, like the long definitions in the Shorter Catechism, were our boyhood's *bêtes noires*; committing them to memory did us no good; they conveyed no meaning whatever. The modern school book simplifies the rule and assists the student's reason—and in many schools he does actually learn to talk Latin, with the pronunciation, as far as we know, of

Kikero himself. Professor Lawton's little book, *Art and Humanity in Homer*, would have been an impossibility thirty years ago. We now take up Homer and Dante and Virgil, not for their ingenious grammatical constructions, but for their splendid, heroic power, and their finality of literary form. We read them as we do Shakespeare and the Bible and other "cyclic epics."

* * *

FOR THE benefit of many readers who want to know when the spring baseball games come off, we print the following:

May 2—Princeton-Cornell at Ithaca.

May 6—University of Pennsylvania-Cornell at Ithaca.

May 9.—Harvard at Princeton, University of Pennsylvania-Cornell at Philadelphia.

May 16—Harvard-Cornell at Ithaca. Yale at Princeton.

May 23—Princeton-Yale at New Haven, Harvard-University of Pennsylvania at Philadelphia.

May 27—Cornell at Princeton.

May 30—Princeton-Harvard at Cambridge, University of Pennsylvania-Cornell at Ithaca.

June 2—Cornell-University of Pennsylvania at Philadelphia.

June 6—Yale at Princeton, University of Pennsylvania-Harvard at Cambridge.

June 10—Harvard at Princeton.

June 13—Yale-Princeton at New York, Cornell-Harvard at Cambridge.

June 18—Princeton-Harvard at Cambridge.

June 23—University of Pennsylvania-Harvard at Cambridge, Princeton-Yale at New Haven.

June 27—Harvard-Princeton on neutral grounds in case of tie in series.

* * *

THE YALE Library needs money. Professor Lounsbury asks for \$1,000,000. He said in the *Yale Alumni News*, recently:

“The present position of the Library of the University is very valuable, so far as it goes. I speak in this matter from very full and positive knowledge, for I have been on the Library Committee for a quarter of a century, and a large share of the purchases in the department of English literature have been made at my suggestion. But valuable as the Library is, so far as it goes, it does not go very far. The collection found here, amounting to about 225,000 volumes, is undoubtedly a respectable one. As the works constituting it have been selected by successive generations of scholars, it is a particularly valuable one for its size. It forms indeed a splendid nucleus for a further extension, which might speedily and easily make it take rank among the leading libraries of the world. But in spite of its supreme importance it has been the one department of the University that has received the least attention from the vast majority of its graduates and friends. The gifts to it have been comparatively few, and generally small.

“How does it compare with the libraries of other institutions? It is about half the size of Harvard’s. The rank it still holds is due, however, to the long period in which its volumes have been accumulated. But unless means are speedily taken to strengthen its resources, it will soon fall behind several of its rivals. Many of the libraries of the other col-

leges of the country are growing at a much more rapid rate, adding at times from fifteen to twenty-five thousand volumes a year to their number. Some of them are receiving or forming valuable special collections. To them, in consequence, the best class of students must inevitably be attracted in a steadily increasing ratio.

"One illustration out of many will suffice. The Dante collection at Cornell University brought together by the exertions of my friend, Willard Fiske, is now one of the best and largest in the world. The American scholar, who wishes to make an exhaustive study of Dante and his period, will therefore find it to his interest to go to Ithaca. I could give several other illustrations of the same nature."

* * *

BICYCLING HAS come to be so universal that it would seem the proper thing in railway companies to carry wheels as baggage without charge. A bill is being passed through the legislature fixing a regular rate charge. The railway men say on the question :

Wheelmen throughout the United States have been very active in securing decisions of the courts that bicycles are vehicles, and are entitled to all the privileges of vehicles in the highways.

Now, it would seem, if the bicycle is a vehicle, it could hardly be called a traveling-bag or a trunk, and that, therefore, it could not reasonably be looked upon as baggage, and I think it is unreasonable to ask the railroads to carry bicycles free as baggage.

I find that several railroads are charging a nominal figure for carrying bicycles ; that they issue a regular ticket for them, so as to give the wheelman no trouble whatever in securing the transportation of his bicycle, and that the charge, for instance, for 35 miles or under,

is only 15 cents ; from 40 to 65 miles, 16 to 25 cents ; for 400 miles it is only \$1.

I have lately seen a letter on this subject from an English railway officer, addressed to a friend in New York, which states that the English clearing house, established by act of parliament, has fixed the tariff on bicycles at 12 cents for from 1 to 12 miles ; 18 cents, from 13 to 25 miles ; 24 cents, from 26 to 50 miles ; 36 cents, from 51 to 75 miles ; 48 cents, from 76 to 100 miles, and 84 cents from 201 to 250 miles.

If a bicycle is entitled to the privilege of a carriage, as a vehicle, it certainly is not entitled to the privilege of a trunk, as baggage, and it would seem as probably 90 per cent. of all the trips of wheelmen on the cars will be covered by the fifteen-cent charge now made by the railroads, that this was not an unreasonable rate, and as I am informed that a bicycle will take up the room of four trunks, it impresses me as being a very reasonable charge that the American roads have made, even more reasonable than the charge of the English railways, which charge is fixed by law.

* * *

WE TAKE pleasure in printing the following letter, which explains itself. We shall be very glad to receive from some friend of co-education an article illustrating its real advantages. Our reviewer could only take Mr. Garland's book, *Rose of Dutcher's Coolly*, as a truthful report of affairs as they exist in Wisconsin. We are glad to learn that Mr. Garland is not, in his book, absolutely exact:

To the Editor of THE BACHELOR OF ARTS.

DEAR SIR : In your March issue there is an interesting review of Hamlin Garland's novel, *Rose of Dutcher's Coolly*, which betrays such an ignorance of Western co-educational college life, and draws such alarming conclusions from Mr. Garland's descriptions, that I am moved to protest. I think myself a competent witness, for the reason that I am a Harvard graduate, soaked in New England prejudices, who has taught at the University of Wisconsin, and made a careful study of the intellectual and social life of the place.

In the first place, I want to enter a caveat against Mr. Garland's point of view. His well-known attitude of revolt against convention, his scorn and hatred for the social proprieties of the effete East, and his inability to distinguish between strength and mere coarseness, should render any statement of his, unsupported by other evidence, of doubtful accuracy. With his heroine one cannot quarrel, for an author is at liberty to make any one character as repulsive as he sees fit, but I wish to protest against the reviewer's considering hers a "wild, uncouth Wisconsin nature." Wild and uncouth it may be, but why *Wisconsin* any more than *Massachusetts* or *Tennessee*? *Wisconsin* country girls are no more likely to be barbarians than those of any other thinly-settled region, whatever Mr. Garland may be supposed to imply to the contrary. There is absolutely no excuse for laying the lustful emotions and impure imaginings of this *Wisconsin* girl to the credit of the West, rather than laying them at the door of Mr. Garland.

The point of my protest, however, lies in my objection to the reviewer's conclusions as to co-education at the University of *Wisconsin*. He thinks that "passion is in the air," "cupid omnipresent," that "the picture of co-educated college life bears no evidence of calm, studious effort," but rather of "mad courting," and that "young girls are better off for serious study and real work in a separate establishment." To one at all well acquainted with the daily life of the University of *Wisconsin*, nothing could be more ludicrous; there is not a single feature which is not distorted or actually created in the mind of Hamlin Garland. To begin with, what does the reviewer think the University faculty is doing? Are they content to accept such work only as the erotic undergraduates choose to do in their spare moments? Possibly he thinks that the professors also are cherishing unholy passions, that a hundred "elegant and urbane Dr. Thatchers" purporting to give instruction in all branches of human knowledge do little else than lead the "hugging and kissing." On the contrary the University of *Wisconsin* is one of the leading institutions of the West. It has a capable and energetic president, a faculty filled with holders of degrees from German and the higher Eastern Universi-

ties, a large equipment of buildings and apparatus, and a reputation to sustain against the competition of powerful neighbors in Michigan, Illinois, and Minnesota. To my personal knowledge, the University of Wisconsin exacts from its students work of a character second only to that done at Harvard, Yale, Cornell, Johns Hopkins, and, possibly, one or two others. "Serious study and real work" is done by girls as much there as at any of the separate establishments; it must be done, or the girls will make but a short stay at Madison. As for the young men, the picture of "roaring homespuns merry with generous corn whisky" is calculated to excite unlimited amusement. Nine-tenths of the "homespuns" who attend the University of Wisconsin are there for business, and they work in a way to make the students of many Eastern institutions open their eyes. I have never seen more zealous, persistent efforts to overcome the obstacles of insufficient preparation and a narrow farm horizon than in the ranks of these "roaring farmers." Without dwelling on this point, I can say that college work is well done there, is seriously done and thoroughly enjoyed by both sexes; and it occupies fully as large a proportion of their time as it does in any of the separate institutions of the East.

As to the omnipresence of Cupid, it is undoubtedly true that an Eastern observer at Madison finds at first blush much to astonish, or even, in case he is Boston-bred, to repel him. Everything is done in pairs, there is an immense amount of what looks like violent flirtation, and the girls' fraternity houses are lounging places for scores of apparently enamoured youths. In their behavior toward one and another there is a lack of reserve, and at times a familiarity which, in an Eastern man, would breed contempt. But if the reviewer gains the idea from Mr. Garland that "hugging and kissing" go on openly, he is absurdly in error; nor does this familiarity seem in the slightest hysterical. The fact is, as it gradually dawns upon the observer, these attributes are not confined to co-educational colleges, but belong to all Western society. It is just as unfair to hold co-education responsible for a lack of reserve between the sexes, which is characteristic of the West, as it is to hold Harvard respon-

sible for the doings of a fast set, whose manners were formed in New York or Boston society.

Moreover, inconceivable as it may seem to the Eastern college man, there is much to be said in favor of co-education as it exists with all its imperfections, however caused, at Madison. Mr. Garland is exactly right when he repeatedly uses the word "clean." In all the intercourse between college boys and girls, free as it was, it was impossible to detect a sensual or immoral element. They were entirely without self-consciousness, without hypocrisy or affectation. The "passion," which the reviewer imagines, is conspicuously absent. He cannot conceive that such would be the case, but it is absolutely true. Excitement is the last thing to discover in the daily relations of girls and boys; fun exists—"whirlwinds of fun"—but there is nothing more reprehensible about it than there is in the fun of children. The only thing I have seen in the East which resembles it in the least is the fun of cousins' reunions; it suggests, as Mr. Garland says, "the familiarity of the home circle." The flirtations which amaze the stranger are as innocent as the diversions of twelve-year-olds.

All this may be the mark of half civilization; but it certainly does not merit the treatment it has received in *Rose of Dutcher's Coolly* nor the contempt bestowed upon it by the reviewer. It is simply a form of society with its own standards and conventions; differing from our own, but fully as elevated morally. In fact, the standards at Wisconsin compare favorably in this respect with those of the separate Eastern institutions. I do not hesitate to say that the "co-eds," while not so intellectual as their sisters of Smith or Wellesley, are less self-conscious, less emotional, more healthy in their attitude toward life, and more rational in their relations with the other sex. And I do not hesitate to affirm that the Madison boy, if less refined than his Harvard contemporary, has a much higher moral standard, and a far worthier opinion of women.

There are many things about Western co-education at the University of Wisconsin which an Eastern person will find it hard to accept, but they are the faults of the region not of the system. And whatever objectionable features he may encounter, they will be offset by the

very many attractive things in the university life of which no mention can be made here. Least of all will he find it such a hot-bed of passion and hysterics as Mr. Garland's disagreeable book implies, but rather a healthy, simple, studious, and happy place, child-like in its freedom, and yet mature in its intellectual life.

Very truly yours,

THEODORE CLARKE SMITH,

11 Wadsworth House, Cambridge, Mass.

We think that Mr. Smith has taken some of the ironical remarks of our reviewer too seriously. What he says about the "faults of the region"—the general hearty, innocent, boy and girl relation of young people—is very true. There is a different standard in the West. Perhaps it is practically just as high as ours. There a girl can do all sorts of shocking things, apparently, if her heart is pure. And, of course, the latter is always the case.

* * *

THE HARVARD-PRINCETON debate, at Cambridge, March 18, was attended by a large and enthusiastic attendance, at Sanders theater. We take the following from the *Harvard Crimson*:

"The question was: '*Resolved*, That Congress should take immediate steps toward the retirement of all the legal tenders.' The affirmative was supported by Princeton, her representatives being Herbert Ure '96, of New Jersey, Robert McNutt McElroy '96, of Missouri, and Frederick William Loetscher '96, of Iowa. For Harvard, William S. Youngman, L.S., of Pennsylvania, Joseph P. Warren '96, of Massachusetts, and Fletcher Dobyns '98, of Ohio, supported the negative.

Ex-Governor William E. Russell presided. The judges were Hon. George F. Williams, of Massachusetts; Professor A. T. Hadley, of Yale, and Professor Richmond Mayo-Smith, of Columbia.

Ex-Governor Russell's introductory remarks were received with great applause. He said that his duty was both pleasant and simple; that his position was not one of great responsibility, for he was neither to judge nor to be judged; and that he was to be the time-keeper, to whom not the latitude but the longitude, of the question was entrusted. He spoke of the advantage of debating the great public questions of the day, and of hearing them debated, not with the drifting aimlessness of the politician tied to his party, but with the energy and frankness of men who have as yet no political affiliations. He then explained the question which was to be debated and the rules governing the debate. Each speaker was to have twelve minutes and five minutes for rebuttal.

Harvard was again successful, her series of debating victories being unbroken. The decision of the judges was unanimous.

After the debate a banquet was held in Boston, Mayor Quincy being toast-master. Ex-Governor Long, Professor's Hadley, Mayo-Smith, and Mr. Williams, as well as President Eliot responded to toasts.

* * *

THE BACHELOR suggests that the college debaters hire a hall in New York—say Cooper Union, where a large audience could enjoy the debate, and so afford the public generally an opportunity of hearing sound argument *pro* and *con* on public questions of the day. The same

argument against public athletic games does not hold good it seems to us, in regard to debates. It would tend also to relieve the public mind of the wrong impression that college students are merely athletes.

* * *

THE DEMONSTRATION against Spain, March 5, by the Princeton students, who by procession and bonfire, and by dragging the Spanish flag in the mire, sought to show their love of liberty and free government—has come very near bearing serious fruit in Spain. At Madrid it is said that the universities have been closed because of the incendiary demonstrations against the United States. The lives of American residents in Spain have been actually endangered by the exaggerated reports of the Princeton frolic. Moral: However much we may sympathize with the Cuban belligerents, it is better not to play the fool in matters of international moment. Our esteemed contemporary, *Life*, contained some interesting student portraits last week.

BOOK NOTICES.

The Spinster's Scrip, compiled by CECIL RAYNOR (Macmillan & Co.).

This is a dainty calendar of days, bound in drab spinster cloth, tied with delicate blue ribbons. Each day has a caustic *bon mot* on marriage. So we have 365 bits of wit and wisdom, nearly all showing the evils of mating. After perusing the book, the BACHELOR is well fortified in his celibacy, and still more opposed to co-education than ever! "Marriage is a feast where the grace is oftentimes better than the dinner." "Women marry because they like to be kicked down-stairs." "Have courage, my girl, to say *No*." Yet all the wisdom of the book is not pessimistic; there are a few notes on the happiness of a true-love marriage. For example, we are told (Sept. 10) "Marriage is the outward and visible sign and seal of that most perfect communion of soul with soul after which all real spiritual creatures yearn, to which, between the finite and infinite, we may attain at death, and from which springs up all true life up to the very highest."

The Day of Their Wedding, by W. D. HOWELLS (Harper's). Written by a new author this little exquisite idyl would make a reputation. Written by Howells, we can only thank him for a return to his earlier, simpler manner—the manner of "A Foregone Conclusion," "The Lady of the Aroostuck," etc. Nothing so fresh, so sweet, so spiritual, has appeared in our American literature for years. In these days of discussions of marriage—here is a quaint document! Marriage, these Shaker children conclude, is of the earth, earthy. How, then, is *The Spinster's Scrip*, above quoted, false doctrine?

Here is high art. Lorenzo and Althea live and breathe. Mrs. George Cargate is a wonderful sketch for perfection of detail in so few words. The driver, the minister, the hotel clerk, how plainly one sees them. In Althea, the charm of the pretty young Shakeress lies very close to tears. It is difficult to speak of these two simple field flowers without injuring

them. Althea's rebuke to the flighty Mrs. George Cargate, "'Nay,' she said, icily, '*We don't kiss.*' 'It's against our religion,' said Lorenzo sternly, and his face was the face of an ascetic as he spoke." This young couple had just been married, and the touching *finale* of their day in "the world outside," their return to the peaceful Shaker life is one of the most delicate pieces of art. They return—two homesick children after a day at Saratoga—to the simple separate life of the Shaker farm. That is, they set out for it. Do they arrive? For art's sake, yes. For their own sake we grow so fond of Lorenzo and Althea that we hope they are now united in "that most perfect communion of soul with soul after which all real spiritual creatures yearn."

The illustrations by Thulstrup are very happy, with the exception of Althea. The artist has failed to give to her face the delicacy, the shyness, the *rareness* of her spiritual beauty of soul. That is the trouble with good illustrations—they jar terribly if they just miss perfection. Far better have them absolutely bad—then they may be overlooked.

Stonepastures, by ELEANOR STUART. (D. Appleton & Co., 1895).

This little idyllic story of life in Soot City, Pa.—a city without a street, a city of workmen in the smelting furnace of the Bentleys, by a few artistic touches becomes very real to us. Miss Stuart has builded herself on "Ships that Pass" in reticence of style. The story of Emma Butte, barber, and Jarlson, the Swede workman, is quite new in incident, and appears to be a study of real life. The big Swede is a victim of the "blast" through Quarry's (the villain of the story) failing to warn him. He loses his sight, and, according to the village custom, is "waked" as if dead. Emma remains faithful to him, and nurses him back to life and health. Quarry is shot in a strike, and the story ends well. The characters are carefully drawn, and the story seems to be a real human document of workingman life, told strongly, concisely, and clearly. The literary workmanship is of a high order of merit.

Cape of Storms, by PERCIVAL POLLARD. (The *Echo*,

Chicago). This book has a pleasant style, is thoughtful at times, and preaches the reiterated doctrine that a woman who has sinned, and who does not cling to her folly, may be forgiven, and receive the crown of marriage. Dorothy Ware is the result of Daisy Miller freedom in Europe. *She goes wrong once*. The West seems to be settled in the mind concerning this question, and also concerning the question of divorce in case of incompatibility. Hesitation and doubt no longer obtains. They separate at once. They are certain they are right. This story might have been once an awakener of thought. To-day we feel it is intended to be a contribution of the rational and enlarged views of life now existent in the West.

Miss Tremont, of Boston, is the one astonishing character. She is a fast woman under the guise of a "new" woman. Why she hails from Boston instead of Cincinnati or St. Louis, we know not. She may, perhaps, have lived at the South End of Boston—not on Commonwealth avenue. Lancaster is the hero of to-day—a typical decadent, who enjoys, not the sinful pleasures of the world, but the talking about them, and who delights in the exquisite pangs of his conscience because of them. Tom Jones enjoyed himself in a healthy, uproarious, honest fashion. A fine animal he was! Dick Lancaster moans and groans over the "emptiness" of his debauchery, and goes and sins some more. It is interesting to note how often the modern American novel preaches. Vice is described as a necessity—the sin is ever made to cause suffering. We must say we prefer honest Tom Jones. He had a heart. These modern heroes seem to have a noisy conscience, but no heart. To us they are bores, with their interminable "talky talk" about their worn-out lives, their "dreadful canker sins," their hopelessness. They are made such, doubtless, by their women friends, who offer sympathy and gentle reproof to these interesting sinners. Women dearly love a malefactor, and next to him a repentant sinner. The modern hero conscientiously strives to meet this demand. He breaks all the ten commandments, and cries out in his anguish over his shortcomings. His women friends weep with him, and after a time there is produced a neatly written novel like *Cape of Storms*.

Three Gringos in Venezuela and Central America, by Richard Harding Davis (Harper & Brothers). Mr. Davis, accompanied by two friends, sailed from New Orleans to Belize, and Porto Cortez, where the remnant of the Louisiana State Lottery now holds its drawings, across Honduras to Corinto, then along the west coast of Costa Rica to Panama, to Colon, where he sailed for La Guayra and Caracas. It is common to find the man-servant occupying a conspicuous place in Mr. Davis's later books, and it is a matter of some interest to find him employed in these travels, not by the author, but by "young Somerset." It is some relief, however, to find in the illustration on page 10 that a man-servant stands behind each of the three central figures.

The book is entertaining and, at this time, opportune. It is also a truthful account of things in these "impossible" republics, for the author himself says, page 206: "As a rule it is better to describe things just as you saw them and not as it is the fashion to see them, even though your way be not so picturesque." The situation at Panama, where the machinery for dredging the canal lies rotting, is graphically described. Americans are urged to let the Panama Canal alone, and to devote their money and time to the Nicaragua Canal, under the protection of the United States. Venezuela is very pleasantly described, though it may be that "the most interesting man in it is a dead one." Mr. Davis has the art of making the reader feel he is along too, and that a good time is to be expected. It is a genuine pleasure to travel with him. The Central American republics are naturally rather dull countries. Mr. Davis has made the most of them in his book.

A Lady of Quality. By FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT (Scribners). This is romance laid in England, 1685. It is the story of a strong, unrestrained, passionate nature, subdued and spiritualized by the power of love. Mistress Clorinda kills a man, walls him up in a cellar, strangles a dog, swears like a trooper, dresses in boy's clothes till she is 15, beats her servants over the head, and ultimately marries and settles down to happiness and content. The book is valuable for its exquisite pictures of indoor and outdoor life among the 'quality' of the time. Mrs. Burnett is first of all an artist. Her

word paintings have vivid color and clearness of outline. In this book she has taken a new departure—Clorinda is alive—very much so! In it we see the effect of the modern fad for adventure in stories. Presently we will have Mr. Howells writing of cutthroats and bravoos, and Mr. Warner telling us of buccaneers! (Heaven save the mark!)

Oxford and Her Colleges. By GOLDWIN SMITH, (Macmillan & Co.) Professor Smith has not the art of being interesting. His style is difficult. With the most interesting topic he has written a dull, little book. It is too greatly crammed with facts. Is this Arnold's Oxford, "steeped in sentiment spreading her gardens to the moonlight, and whispering from her towers the last enchantments of the Middle Ages, calling us nearer the true goal of all of us, to the ideal, to perfection, to beauty,—in a word, which is only truth seen from the other side?" Professor Smith's Oxford has a far different purpose than to charm us. It is a compilation of Oxford's history. Facts are poured out upon us. We learn who founded the colleges, how the colleges grew out of convents, what a place for ease and dinners and fat living it was in the eighteenth century. Then we have the systems of college government, and an account of college daily life—from the professional standpoint and little else beside.

An Accidental Romance, and other stories, by WILLIAM SIDNEY ROSSITER (The Republic Press).

This is a book of clever stories in a new vein by a new author—hence, as has been suggested by a critic in a morning paper, they have not previously appeared in any of the magazines. The first story of a lost umbrella, which gives title to the book, is very amusing. If one might suggest a criticism—it would be well to continue the story a little further and restore the umbrella to its owner by having Major D. Pringle Whitehouse himself take it from a stranger on Broadway and be arrested for stealing his own property, and finally have it satisfactorily returned to him. The story should end as it begins—with the umbrella. The book is very amusing and brightly written. The humor is irresistible. We heartily recommend the stories to our readers.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Doctor Warrick's Daughters, by REBECCA HARDING DAVIS. (Harper & Brothers.)

Art and Humanity in Homer, by WILLIAM CRANSTON LAWTON. (Macmillan & Co.)

The Amazing Marriage (2 vols.), by GEORGE MEREDITH. (Scribner's.)

The Love Affairs of a Bibliomaniac, by EUGENE FIELD. (Scribner's.)

The Exploits of Brigadier Gerard, by A. CONAN DOYLE. (D. Appleton & Co.)

The Voice and Spiritual Education, by HIRAM CORSON. (Macmillan & Co.)

Trinity Verse, edited by DEFOREST HICKS and HENRY RUTGERS REMSEN, Hartford, Conn.

Trigonometry, by FREDERICK ANDEREGG and EDWARD DRAKE ROE, Jr. (Ginn & Co.)

Chemical Experiments, General and Analytical, by R. P. WILLIAMS. (Ginn & Co.)

Induction Logic, by W. M. G. BALLANTINE. (Ginn & Co.)



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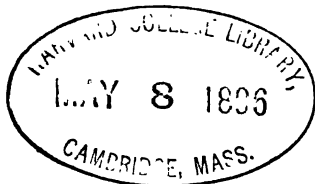
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THE BACHELOR OF ARTS

VOLUME II. *May, 1896.* NUMBER 6.

THE VENEZUELA QUESTION.

A PLEA FOR FREEDOM OF OPINION.

It would hardly be going too far to say that there has existed in the United States for the last four months a species of terrorism in regard to the Venezuela Question. The supporters of the administration have done all that they could to suppress opposition to or criticism of the action of the government in this matter. To read many of our newspapers, one would think that we were in a state of actual war with England, such has been the intolerance with which any exhibition of dissent from the action of Mr. Cleveland has been treated. Those who have not accepted unhesitatingly the policy of the government, who have questioned the validity of the popular view of the Monroe Doctrine, who have ventured to doubt the rightfulness as well as the expediency of committing their country to a war with a friendly power, allied to us in race, language, and institutions, in the event of that country declining to comply with our peremptory demand to adjust by arbitration the disputed boundary-line of one of its colonies, have been assailed as if they were traitors to their country. Among these slanderers of their fellow-citizens Mr. Theodore Roosevelt holds an easy pre-eminence.

In the March number of this magazine those

who oppose the Venezuelan policy of the administration are said to be "blind to the national honor and welfare," to "champion the anti-American side of the question," to be "fond of decrying patriotism," "selfish and timid," and so on. It is, therefore, with sincere gratification that I avail myself of the privilege granted me to state distinctly the position of these much-abused men, and, especially, to say that these attempts at intimidation are not only absolutely futile, but are justly regarded as arrogant, offensive, and insufferable.

Let me very briefly go over the facts of this case.

The boundary-line between British Guiana and Venezuela has never been determined, and has consequently been the subject of negotiations between England and Venezuela for upward of fifty years. These negotiations have always been of a pacific character, and force has never been even threatened, much less resorted to by either party. In fact, inasmuch as the inhabited portions of Venezuela and British Guiana are not contiguous, the matter of the dividing line has never taken a practical shape. This question of boundary has, moreover, been the only cause of quarrel. Great Britain has never interfered in the internal politics of Venezuela, or sought in any way to induce, still less to compel, her to exchange her republican form of government for a monarchical one. One thing more must be noted, and that is that, as Venezuela is not a colony, dependency, or ally of the United States, the question of her boundary concerns us, if at all, only indirectly. Still, our government has en-

deavored for some years to bring about a settlement of the controversy, and has urged both parties to submit their differences to arbitration. These recommendations have not been pressed upon the attention of the British Government on the ground that British subjects were occupying Venezuelan territory, for, in regard to the true location of the boundary-line, our government has never expressed an opinion, but only because the United States desired to see a controversy of long standing brought amicably to an early termination.

Under these circumstances President Cleveland, on the 17th of last December, sent a special message to Congress. He claimed, in the first place, that the case fell under the Monroe Doctrine, on the ground that "if a European power, by an extension of its boundaries, takes possession of the territory of one of our neighboring republics against its will and in derogation of its rights," "such European power," "to that extent," "thereby attempts to extend *its system of government** to that portion of this continent which is thus taken," and that "it can make no difference whether *the European system** is extended by an advance of frontier or otherwise."

The President then went on to say that the government of the United States had been unable to obtain the consent of Great Britain to the proposal that the dispute should be settled by arbitration.

He then said that the dispute had now reached such a stage that it became incumbent on the United States to determine the true di-

*The italics are ours. The reference is to the language of President Monroe, as I shall hereafter show.

visional line between Venezuela and British Guiana, and he suggested the appointment of a commission for that purpose.

He then said that when the report of the commission should have been made and accepted, it would, in his opinion, "be the duty of the United States to resist, by every means in its power, as a wilful aggression upon its rights and interests, the appropriation by Great Britain of any lands, or the exercise of governmental jurisdiction over any territory, which, after investigation, we have determined of right belongs to Venezuela."

The message closed with the statement that the President was "fully alive to the responsibility incurred, and keenly realized all the consequences that might follow," but that no calamity equalled "that which follows a supine submission to wrong and injustice."

Perhaps the first thing that strikes one on reading this extraordinary document is that the statements of opinion and recitals of fact contained in it are all evidently made solely to introduce the threat of war with England and the call upon the patriotic feeling of the country, with which the message closes. This arrangement, naturally enough perhaps, could not but have the effect of concentrating the attention of the public upon the momentous issue of peace or war, thus presented, and of diverting the reader from a careful consideration of the reasons set forth in the message for presenting such an unexpected and terrible alternative to the consideration of the people of the United States.

Subject this message to careful scrutiny, and I venture to say it will not be easy to find

its equal in modern history for utter disregard of the accepted maxims of political morality.

In the first place, the wise rule in regard to war, embodied in the expression that it is the *ultima ratio regum*, is ostentatiously and contemptuously disregarded. The President says that, for all he knows, Great Britain may be claiming nothing that is not lawfully hers, and that he must therefore appoint a Commission to find out the facts; but, if the report of that Commission should be adverse to the contention of Great Britain in regard to any of the territory now occupied by her colonists, and she does not at once abandon her occupation of such territory and her jurisdiction over it, and accept the report of his Commission as conclusive, the United States ought to go to war,—that is, ought actually to set its fleets and armies in motion to enforce the adoption by Great Britain of the line decided on by the Commission. And this even if the relations between Venezuela and British Guiana remained as peaceful as they have always been and Great Britain had taken no step in advance of the territory she has occupied for fifty years. The message, in truth, sounds like a sharp, arrogant, insolent threat from some despotic ruler to an insubordinate dependent. Nothing more utterly unlike the tone which, even if he had determined on war as a last resort, Mr. Cleveland would have adopted had he really intended the labors of the Commission to serve a useful purpose in the adjustment of this boundary dispute, can be imagined. Had this been his object, he could hardly have failed to dwell upon the probability that this impartial board would furnish such information that both

the disputants might very possibly be willing to adopt, at any rate to a certain extent, its results. He would, beyond a question, have abstained from threats of violence. But by his explicit statement that, in case England should not unhesitatingly accept the results of the Commission, the United States would be obliged to resort to arms, he showed clearly that his only object was to raise the note of war and arouse the patriotic feeling of the people of the United States. His real purpose in doing this, I think, I can show later on.

In the next place, Mr. Cleveland states no adequate *casus belli* for an aggressive war on the part of the United States.

Let me put this point clearly, for I know that there are a great many people who have never looked it squarely in the face.

Suppose, then, we are, let us say, in the month of May, and the Commission has reported, and has said that, in its judgment, the true divisional line between Venezuela and British Guiana is a line considerably to the eastward of the Schomburgk line, a line, in fact, the adoption of which by the British Government will involve the abandonment of a considerable tract now occupied by English settlers and governed by English laws. The British Government is at once notified of the conclusions of the Commission; Mr. Olney demands the cession of the territory in question to Venezuela, and Lord Salisbury refuses to accede to our demand. There is, however, no change in the existing relations of the inhabitants of Venezuela with those of British Guiana. Everything is as peaceful there as it is to-day. But the state of affairs contemplated in Mr. Cleveland's message

has actually arisen; the English (to use the language of the message) are in the "exercise of governmental jurisdiction over territory which, after investigation, we have determined of right belongs to Venezuela." This Mr. Cleveland calls "a wilful aggression upon *our* rights and interests," which we ought to resist by every means in our power; that is, we ought at once to declare war against England.*

But have we stated here any *casus belli* against England? Could any jurist or publicist be found anywhere who would justify the United States in going to war with England on this state of facts? Just think of it; we are called upon to go to war with England because she will not comply with our demand for the cession of territory which she has peacefully occupied under a claim of right for fifty years. Is there a nation on earth which would tamely obey such an order as this? Would a refusal to obey constitute evidence of that "*wilful aggression upon our rights and interests*" of which Mr. Cleveland speaks? How any sane man could regard the decision of the English government to continue to retain what England has held for fifty years as belonging to British Guiana as, in any intelligible or real sense, an "aggression" upon the "rights and interests" of the United States, I cannot see. Nothing but a sort of epidemic of senseless patriotic excitement can account for such a preposterous view of this question.

* Of the consequences of such action on our part to Venezuela, dragging her, as it necessarily would, into a war with England, in which she would assuredly be worsted, and in which the United States, not having the command of the sea, would be powerless to help her, I shall speak later on.

But it is time that we asked of Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Olney to tell us what business it is of ours, anyway,—this unsettled boundary between Venezuela and British Guiana. How are the “rights and interests” of the United States affected in this controversy?

People generally would answer this question by saying that the “Monroe Doctrine” supplies in some way the *nexus* which connects this obscure boundary question with the “rights and interests” of the United States. Mr. Cleveland, as has been intimated above, gives his sanction to this view. But what is the “Monroe Doctrine”?

The Monroe Doctrine was a solemn and deliberate assertion, made by President Monroe in his message to Congress in December, 1823, that the United States would thereafter oppose any attempts of the European powers to subvert the liberties of the newly established Spanish republics in either North or South America. It was a declaration of the determination of this Government to stand by and defend republican principles and republican institutions against the assaults of Spain, and of the other continental monarchies—Russia, Austria, Prussia, and France—at that time called “the Allied Powers.” The United States stepped forth as the champion and defender of free institutions in America, at that time threatened by the “Allied Powers.” “The *political system** of the Allied Powers,” said President Monroe, “is essentially different . . . from that of America.” . . . “We should consider any attempt on their part to *extend their system* to any portion of

* The italics are mine.

this hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety. With the existing colonies or dependencies of any European power we have not interfered, and shall not interfere; but with the governments who have declared their independence and maintained it, and whose independence we have on great consideration and on just principles acknowledged, we could not view any interposition *for the purpose of oppressing them, or controlling in any other manner their destiny*, by any European power, in any other light than as the manifestation of an unfriendly disposition toward the United States. . . . It is impossible that the Allied Powers should *extend their political system* to any portion of either continent without endangering our peace and happiness."

The policy, thus clearly defined, had reference solely to the great political struggle, which was then being waged, between rival systems of government—between the monarchical system and the republican system. Wherever, in any part of the Western Continent, in either North or South America, an attempt should be made to subvert the republican system and to substitute in its place the monarchical system, the United States would take the side of the republic which was attacked. This would be done, no matter where the scene of the conflict might be; the interposition of the United States would be exerted whether or not its own material interests were concerned; for this declaration was not based on any local considerations, but on the determination of this country to stand up, on all occasions, and everywhere, for popular, as distinguished from monarchical, government. And, by parity of

reasoning, this declaration of policy cannot be extended so as to be the equivalent of a general protectorate over these new republics ; on the contrary, it was an emphatic recognition of the fact that they had attained their majority, and that, though the United States, as the champion of democratic institutions, would protect them against any attempts to compel them to change their free system for a monarchical system, yet in all other respects they were now expected to take care of themselves like any other nations.

Mr. Cleveland undertook to bring the case of the boundary quarrel between Venezuela and British Guiana within the Monroe Doctrine by urging that the acquisition by a European Monarchy in a boundary dispute of any territory which did not properly belong to it was, "*to that extent*," an attempt "*to extend its system of government* to that portion of the continent which is taken."

It is not easy to believe that Mr. Cleveland could have been convinced by such a flimsy argument as this,—that he could possibly have seen the triumph of the monarchical system over the republican system in the acquisition by England of any part of the disputed territory. For it is not denied that the controversy which has been carried on for fifty years between Venezuela and British Guiana has no more to do with the political systems of government of the two contending parties than it has to do with their diverse religious beliefs. You might as well see a triumph of Protestantism over Catholicism in British aggression in Venezuela as a triumph of monarchical over republican government. In fact, there is a controversy of just the same character—a boundary dispute—

now existing between the republic of Brazil and French Guiana, a colony of the republic of France.

There is really no room for difference of opinion as to the contents of the Monroe Doctrine. It has never been more clearly summed up than by Mr. Olney in his letter to Mr. Bayard of July 20, 1895. After referring to a portion of President Monroe's message in which he states that "the American continents . . . are henceforth not to be considered as subjects for future colonization by any European powers," Mr. Olney proceeds as follows:

"That America is in no part open to colonization . . . has long been universally conceded. We are now concerned, therefore, only with that other practical application of the Monroe Doctrine, the disregard of which by any European power is to be deemed an act of unfriendliness toward the United States. The precise scope and limitations of this rule cannot be too clearly apprehended. It does not establish any general protectorate by the United States over other American states. It does not relieve any American state from its obligations as fixed by international law, nor prevent any European power directly interested from enforcing such obligations, or from inflicting merited punishment for the breach of them. It does not contemplate any interference in the internal affairs of any American state, or in the relations between it and other American states. It does not justify any attempt on our part to change the established form of government of any American state, or to prevent the people of such state from altering that form according to their own will and pleasure. *The rule in question has but a single purpose and object. It is that no European power or combination of European powers shall forcibly deprive an American state of the right and power of self-government, and of shaping for itself its own political fortunes and destinies.*"*

* The italics are mine.

Here is a distinct repudiation of the "colonization theory," favored by Mr. Lodge, and of the "territorial-extension theory," on which Mr. Cleveland bases his message. And at first sight it would certainly seem that the Monroe Doctrine can be of no possible use to Mr. Olney, if his definition of it be, as I for one believe it to be, strictly correct. But let us see how he proceeds in his argument.

Mr. Olney goes on to show how the Monroe Doctrine was applied in the case of the intervention of France with the Republic of Mexico, and speaks of one or two other incidents, which illustrate, in his judgment, the application of the rule. He then indulges in a long and fulsome eulogy of American institutions, wholly uncalled for in this letter to a foreign government, although not unsuitable, perhaps, for a Fourth of July oration. He returns, however, to the work in hand, in this sentence, in which he sums up his position:

"There is then a doctrine of American public law, well founded in principle and abundantly sanctioned by precedent, which entitles and requires the United States to treat as an injury to itself *the forcible assumption by a European power of political control over an American state*. The application of this doctrine to the boundary dispute between Great Britain and Venezuela remains to be made, and presents no real difficulty. Though the dispute relates to a boundary-line, yet, as it is between states, it necessarily imports political control to be lost by one party and gained by the other."

Every boundary dispute, then, according to Mr. Olney, involves necessarily the attempt of each of the states which are parties to it to exercise *political control* over the other! But what a preposterous position is this! Would even Mr. Olney maintain that this was true of

the Northeastern boundary dispute in 1840? or that it is true to-day of the dispute about the Alaskan boundary? In what real sense can it be said that the United States was, or is, seeking to exercise "political control" over Great Britain, or Great Britain over the United States, in these controversies? Can it be seriously maintained that in such cases the quarrel is between rival systems or theories of government? or that the parties to such controversies are aiming at exercising "political control" over each other? Is it not clear that each party is intent only upon getting as large a portion of the disputed territory as possible?

To proceed with Mr. Olney's argument. The Secretary of State is far too wise a man to dwell upon this last suggestion; he knows it will not bear an instant's examination. He proceeds, therefore, immediately to remark that the territory in dispute is of very considerable extent, and may involve the command of the mouth of the Orinoco River. But surely this may be true, and yet the dispute between British Guiana and Venezuela may be entirely outside of the scope of the "Monroe Doctrine." For the essential thing in the "Monroe Doctrine" is not the territory in dispute in an ordinary boundary quarrel, or its importance, whether greater or less; and unless it is pretended that Great Britain is seeking to upset republican government in Venezuela, or that, in endeavoring to get all the territory to which her colony is entitled, she is engaged in extending, by force or in any other way, "the monarchical system," the Monroe Doctrine has no application.

If we are entitled at all to interfere in this

quarrel between Great Britain and Venezuela, it must be on the ground that the matter in controversy affects our own interests. The distinction between the application of the Monroe Doctrine and the enforcement of the much more comprehensive right of interference in transactions between other nations was well brought out by Mr. Webster in his speech in the Senate on the Panama Mission in 1826, three years after the enunciation of the Monroe Doctrine by President Monroe. After explaining the Monroe Doctrine, and giving expression to his cordial assent to it, he proceeds to speak of the interest which the United States has in the island of Cuba, and discusses the question of our right to interfere in case it should be proposed by Spain to sell the island to England or France.

In speaking of the Monroe Doctrine Mr. Webster had said that "it met with the entire concurrence and the hearty approbation of the country. The tone which it uttered found a corresponding response in the breasts of the free people of the United States. That people saw, and they rejoiced to see, that, on a fit occasion our weight had been thrown into the right scale, and that, without departing from our duty, we had done something useful and something effectual for the cause of civil liberty." * All this commendation, it may be remarked in passing, is applicable solely to the Monroe Doctrine, strictly so called—as it has been defined in this paper—and would be wholly inapplicable to a declaration that the United States ought to go to war with England, unless she would consent to submit to arbitration a boundary dispute of over fifty years' standing.

But when Mr. Webster came to the Cuban question, he took up an altogether different position. That question was, whether this country could rightfully interfere to prevent the transfer of the island, either by conquest or cession, from the control of Spain to that of a great maritime power, like England or France. On this point Mr. Webster contended for the affirmative of the proposition with his accustomed force and lucidity. He said:

* "An honorable member from Kentucky argues that although we might rightfully prevent another power from taking Cuba from Spain by force, yet, if Spain should choose to make the voluntary transfer, we should have no right whatever to interfere. Sir, this is a distinction without a difference. If we are likely to have contention about Cuba, let us first well consider what our rights are, and not commit ourselves. And, sir, if we have any right to interfere at all, it applies as well to the case of a peaceable as to that of a forcible transfer. If nations be at war, we are not judges of the question of right in that war; we must acknowledge in both parties the mutual right of attack and the mutual right of conquest. It is not for us to set bounds to their belligerent operations so long as they do not affect ourselves. Our right to interfere in any such case is but the exercise of the right of reasonable and necessary self-defence. It is a high and delicate exercise of that right; one not to be made but on grounds of strong and manifest reason, justice, and necessity. The real question is, whether the possession of Cuba by a great maritime power of Europe *would seriously endanger our own immediate security or our essential interests.*" †

And, where the acquisition of the territory of one nation by another, whether that acquisition be made by force or by peaceful cession,

* Webster's Works, vol. III, p. 208.

† Webster's Works, vol. III, p. 208.

does "seriously endanger our own immediate security or our essential interests," there, according to Mr. Webster, we have the right to interfere.

Now, one would imagine that President Cleveland and Mr. Olney would be as averse as any public men in the United States could be to any surrender or even modification of this position, so clearly and positively laid down by Mr. Webster. For it is not a doctrine of limited application like the Monroe Doctrine, which concerns only attempts by monarchical nations against republican institutions in other countries, but it is a principle of universal scope—it is the principle of self-defence. It is a principle which has been accepted and continually acted on in all history. Yet Mr. Cleveland has in his Message either abandoned the principle, or else he has officially stated that the ownership of the territory in dispute between British Guiana and Venezuela does not in any way concern the United States. For he has distinctly said that "any adjustment of the boundary, which that country (Venezuela) may deem for her advantage, and may enter into of own free will, cannot, of course, be objected to by the United States." Now we cannot believe that Mr. Cleveland has abandoned the principle of interference in such cases where the interests of this country are affected; we must, therefore, regard him as declaring that the interests of this country are not affected by any disposition of the territory in dispute to which Venezuela may consent.

What, then, becomes of our case against Great Britain? We cannot maintain it on the "Monroe Doctrine," because the cause of

republican government, of democratic institutions, of the rights of the people, is not menaced by the claim of British Guiana to the territory in dispute. The controversy about forms of government is assuredly not in issue here. Nor can we base our right to interfere on the ground that the territory in dispute is so situated in reference to the United States that its acquisition by a great power like England constitutes a menace to our security; for the President has, in so many words, declared that it does not matter to us to whom the disputed territory is finally determined to belong. We are, in fact, left without a leg to stand on.

And this brings us to see the real truth about the Venezuela business.

There never has been any ground of quarrel with England in this whole matter. There never has been any intention on the part of our government to go to war with England. The whole thing has been a swindle from first to last,—a huge political trick,—designed to arouse the patriotic feelings of the American people, to take advantage of the restlessness which always prevails when “times are hard,” and to draw to the support of the administration the large class of people, especially young people, who are naturally attracted more by a rumor of a foreign war than by the dry topics of tariff and currency, who are conscious of a glad willingness to fight for their country whenever she may call upon them, who are proud of their strength and manliness, and who are incapable of imagining that their rulers could be so unprincipled as to get up a cry for war with Great Britain, merely to serve their own political ends in the approaching Presi-

dential election. This I believe to be the exact truth. The Democratic party, it was expected, would be regarded as representing the patriotic feeling of the country. The public was to be diverted from attention to domestic questions to the vital and all-absorbing interest which the possibility of a great foreign war always requires. And Mr. Cleveland was to be the indispensable pilot of the ship of state.

Let me state a few reasons for this belief.

In the first place, can we imagine ourselves going to war with England about this territory, when Venezuela herself is not going to fight about it?

Look at the supposition for a moment. Here are two nations having a controversy about the boundary between their respective territories. It is a controversy which has lasted for more than fifty years. During all this time no lives have been lost; no force has been used. For all that appears, the controversy may last fifty years longer. Neither party has the remotest intention of resorting to arms. Now, however, there appears on the scene a third party, a nation which has no earthly interest in the disputed territory, and she undertakes to say that unless the stronger of the two contestants is willing to arbitrate the whole controversy she, the third party, will fight her. To the question whether, in the event of war, Venezuela will be expected to take part, our statesmen seem to have given no thought at all. Yet that the United States should go to war with England about Venezuelan territory, and Venezuela herself remain at peace, seems almost a ludicrous supposition. But why should Venezuela go to war? She would certainly be outmatched, and

the worst of it would be that we could not help her, for we have not the command of the sea. In fact, if we went to war with England, our fighting navy would have all it could do to protect our own coasts. We should be obliged to leave Venezuela to the fate to which in our recklessness and folly we had seduced her. Truly a pleasant position should we occupy before the world, having undertaken to see our trans-Caribbean friend in possession of her rightful boundary, and having, therefore, induced her to fight with the greatest maritime power in the world, and we ourselves unable to spare a vessel of war, or to send a regiment of soldiers, for her defense!

Secondly, it has been tolerably plain, from the time that the President sent his Message to Congress, that our Government never expected war to be the result. People living in Washington were from the first unanimous in that belief. Visitors to Washington in December and January from New York and Boston, where people had to a large extent taken the matter seriously, returned to laugh at our fears, and to insist that there would be no war. And, assuredly, it would have been strange enough if the President of the United States had cherished the deliberate intention of going to war with England at this time, in view of the relative naval armaments of the two powers, not to speak of the terrible consequences to our business affairs which would most certainly have followed the rupture of the peace. There was, therefore, to be talk of war, and there were to be threats of war, and high and deep patriotic emotions were to be excited in the breasts of the youth of the United States, but

these were to be all, for these would answer the temporary requirements of the administration. Then, as soon as the political crisis should be ended, the atmosphere was to be allowed to cool.

There is, however, one thing which calls for severe reprobation, and that is the conduct of our Government in so recklessly exposing the country to the bloodshed and cost of a wholly unnecessary war. For, that the large Conservative majority in Parliament would sustain Lord Salisbury in the position he had taken was certainly very probable. He had in his letter to Sir Julian Pauncefote of November 26, 1895, stated that the British Government had always been willing to waive a portion of the claim altogether; that "in regard to another portion they have been and continue to be perfectly ready to submit the question of their title to arbitration." It was mainly as regarded the title to the territory lying within the Schomburgk line, which was laid down in 1841, and has not been materially altered since that time, and within which British settlements have been made, that the British Government refused to arbitrate. But, considering the fifty-five years which have elapsed since that line was traced, considering that England was willing to leave to arbitration her right to any territory outside of it, and that a permanent settlement of the whole question was thus placed within sight, it was hardly to be expected that public opinion in England would not sustain the Government in an attitude so moderate and reasonable.

But foreign complications, which our Government certainly cannot be credited with foresee-

ing, seemed to have operated to induce the British Government to escape, if possible, the necessity of bringing the Venezuela question to a sharp issue, and to make every effort to avoid an open rupture with the United States. Whether, however, we shall find England ever willing to submit to our extreme demands, may well be doubted. But our Government will, no doubt, find some way of avoiding the abrupt and categorical presentation of the issue of peace or war, which, though threatened in the President's message, was never really intended to be seriously carried out. We may indeed hear again from this Venezuela question. The supposed needs of the Democratic party and of the candidacy of Mr. Cleveland for another term may, in the judgment of the Administration, call for further appeals to the warlike impulses of the people. But, in all probability, we shall have no war.

I cannot close this paper without recurring again to the state of things in this country during the pendency of this Venezuela controversy. If it be true, as I believe, that this question has been raised solely to produce a certain political result, the administration has done the country a grievous wrong. It is not possible to acquit our rulers of the charge of having dishonestly adduced the Monroe Doctrine to justify their arrogant demand on the English Government. It was, in fact, the only way in which a threat of war with England arising out of the rival claims of Venezuela and British Guiana to the basin of the Essequibo River could obtain a hearing in the United States. Hence it was used as a cloak to conceal the weakness of our contention, for, as the Presi-

dent admitted, the disposition of the territory in dispute is a matter wholly immaterial to us.

Then the administration, in sounding the war trumpet, and calling upon the willing patriotism of our young men and upon that of their families, when there was no intention whatever of fighting, did a most contemptible thing. Most of the war feeling, as it is called, that was elicited by the call of the President was genuinely patriotic, and the administration, in thus insincerely calling it forth, acted in a most reprehensible fashion. Such emotions should not be stirred unless there is an imperative necessity for so doing. What the President has done is to trifle with the most serious and earnest feelings of our people.

Then look at the way in which Mr. Olney speaks to the passions and prejudices of the people of the United States in his letter to Lord Salisbury. He is supposed to be endeavoring to persuade the English Secretary of State to accede to our request to submit to arbitration the boundary dispute between a British colony and Venezuela, in which the colony is backed up by the home government. But he does not hesitate to leave his argument in the middle of his letter, and to descant, in language which must sound almost insulting in the ears of his correspondent, on the political condition of the European colonies in America. "Any permanent political union between a European and an American State," he says, is "unnatural and inexpedient." Why does he say this? Is the union between England and Guiana burdensome to the colony? Is he arguing the case of the colony against the mother country? By no means. His remarks

on this head have nothing whatever to do with his argument in favor of the arbitration of the boundary dispute. They are intended solely to rouse our national pride; and, inconsequential as they are, and utterly irrelevant as they are to the matter in hand, they have fired the inflammable patriotism of Mr. Theodore Roosevelt to expatiate in the same line of declamation. "At best," says Mr. Roosevelt, "the inhabitants of a colony are in a cramped and unnatural state. . . . No English colony now stands on a footing of genuine equality with the parent state. . . . The American regards the Canadian with the good-natured condescension always felt by the freeman for the man who is not free." But even if these observations were true, why are they introduced into this Venezuelan controversy? Why, indeed, except to rouse that arrogant and overbearing spirit which, if once excited, will seek an appeal to arms on the slightest provocation? Mr. Olney has indeed found a ready follower in Mr. Roosevelt in his mischievous work of exciting the war spirit of the people.

Again, what other purpose could Mr. Olney have had in mind in the following passage than to induce the people of the United States to consider themselves above all considerations of political morality? He says:

"To-day the United States is practically sovereign on this continent, and its fiat is law upon the subjects to which it confines its interposition. Why? It is not because of the pure friendship or good-will felt for it. It is not simply by reason of its high character as a civilized state, nor because wisdom and justice and equity are the invariable characteristics of the dealings of the United States. It is because, in addition to all other grounds, its infinite resources, combined with its

isolated position, render it master of the situation, and practically invulnerable as against any or all other powers."

Was there ever such an unblushing, cynical declaration of the superiority of might to right as this?

And how did such a statement happen to find its way into the letter to Lord Salisbury, where anybody can see, if he takes the trouble to reflect a moment, it has no legitimate place? Merely because it was suited to fire the patriotic imagination of those among our people who care nothing for political morality, and who are more desirous of success in war than that their country should never go to war without a just and sufficient cause.

The evidence, in fact, seems overwhelming that our Government has done its best to arouse the passions of the people and to foster deliberately their hostility against England; not, we repeat, because the Government wanted a war at this time, but because it desired that the war-spirit should be roused, and that Mr. Cleveland and his party should stand as the exponents of the patriotic feeling of the nation, and should reap in the coming election the political success which, under ordinary circumstances, they could not expect would be theirs.

That this unprincipled scheme should have had such success, that the nation should have believed so suddenly and so generally that there was a good cause of complaint against England, and should so cheerfully have contemplated the possibility of war, cannot but awaken surprise and alarm. It is due, I suppose, in the first place, to the unwillingness of people to believe that Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Olney

could be guilty of concocting a scheme of the kind—they had hitherto stood so high in the esteem of the public. The enthusiastic reception which the Republicans in Congress accorded to the recommendations of the President, due, I imagine, to their fear lest they should be thought unpatriotic when there was a question of a foreign war, also helped to deceive the people. Then the fact that thirty years had passed since the war of the rebellion had ended, and that the young men of the present generation knew nothing of the uncertainties and miseries of war, and were besides quite willing to fight at their country's call, as their fathers had fought before them, accounts in great measure for the widespread acceptance of Mr. Cleveland's unexpected threat of war. But it must be admitted that this threat, directed as it was against a friendly power, to which the United States is attached by the ties of race, and which alone of all the nations of the earth holds the same fundamental ideas of law and government with ourselves, has certainly not awakened the regret and surprise with which such a startling message should have been received.

In short, this has been a painful and mortifying experience for the United States. How greedily we have swallowed the charge that England had acted unfairly and aggressively in regard to Venezuela! We knew nothing about the matter at all until we read Mr. Olney's letter, and there was nothing in his letter to show anything of the sort except that he had heard of new geographies and recent maps which placed the boundary-line from year to year nearer and nearer the Orinoco.

No one in this country except myself has, so far as I know, called attention to the fact that, in all the fifty-five years since the controversy has existed, not a drop of blood has been shed. How different has been our own conduct! The United States once had a boundary dispute with one of these Spanish-American republics—Mexico—in regard to the territory lying between the Rio Nueces and the Rio Grande, which Texas claimed to belong to her. Our government did not trouble itself to employ the services of Sir Robert Schomburgk, though it was only five years since he had endeavored to draw the line between Venezuela and British Guiana. President Polk without hesitation ordered General Taylor to occupy the territory in dispute. He at once marched in, fought and won the battles of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma, and the Mexican war began. It ended by Mexico ceding half her territory to the United States.

But the worst thing about all this trouble, as it seems to me, is the intolerance exhibited towards all opposition to the policy of the Government. The very suddenness and unexpectedness of the action of the Government seems to have made most people feel and act as they would think they ought to feel and act if they were (let us say) passengers on board a ship and in presence of some great danger, where absolute obedience was the duty of the hour, and criticism of the ship's officers inopportune and unwise. There was, however, in this Venezuela matter not the slightest justification for this attitude. If the foreign relations of Venezuela concerned us at all, it was admitted that they did so indirectly. As for

England, she certainly had no thought of injuring us in any way. Yet the violence with which men like Mr. Roosevelt attacked those who denied that the Monroe Doctrine covered this case was most noticeable. The universities and colleges throughout the United States—so far as I know without an exception—and noticeably Harvard, Yale, Columbia, Chicago, and Dartmouth, raised their voices in protest. The clergy throughout the land, without distinction of creed, strongly opposed the action of Mr. Cleveland. But both the church and the universities were roundly abused by Mr. Roosevelt and his friends, who attributed to feebleness and cowardice all efforts to controvert the misstatements of Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Olney. Mr. Roosevelt, in fact, attributes all dissent from his views to contemptible motives. It certainly has been an extraordinary and painful spectacle to see how widely such views as his and such language as his have been tolerated, submitted to, not to say accepted. In fact, the attitude of a very large part of our people during the last few months has been that which one sometimes sees in a boys' school under some passing excitement against a neighboring school, for instance; there has been the same intolerant, despotic, public opinion—no boy permitted to differ from the prevalent tone without being vilified or set upon. Certain arbitrary standards have been set up—certain catch-words put in circulation—and not to conform to these standards and not to adopt these catch-words is to become for the time being an alien and an outcast. The interest we are manifesting in the South Americans, for instance, is certainly utterly baseless. That a

South American state is on this side of the Atlantic outweighs evidently in the mind of an Olney or a Roosevelt all differences of race, condition, education, language, and political ideas. We are told we ought to take a great interest in Venezuela, for instance, when pretty much all we know about her is that she has been for most of the time since she separated from Spain under a dictator, and that in the year 1848, according to Mr. Olney, she "entered upon a period of civil commotions which lasted for more than a quarter of a century."

It is, in truth, quite time that our nation should recover its reason. It is quite time that people who refused to be carried away by the excitement attending a war-message from the President should be allowed to point out, without being stigmatized as un-American, that the great power against which this sudden burst of ill-feeling was manifested was utterly innocent of any unfriendly designs toward us or our interests; that we were entirely ignorant of the merits of the controversy in which she was engaged, and had no business even to talk about going to war with her in the present state of our relations to her. The United States, it cannot be denied, in thus springing the terrible threat of war upon a friendly nation, with which we have no cause certainly of direct quarrel, has gravely shaken the confidence of foreign nations and of its own citizens in its intention of pursuing a reasonable, considerate, and just policy in its treatment of other powers. What President Cleveland and Mr. Olney may do next no one can foresee. They may, for all we know, be contemplating some other *coup d'état*—adopting the A. P. A.

position, for instance, or any other plan likely to tide them over their difficulties. The only thing that we can do now is to subject every proposition they may make to the most careful scrutiny and to the fullest public discussion.

Therefore let no one be afraid to raise his voice and to say what he thinks, even if Mr. Roosevelt should call him un-American and anti-American. A man cannot render any greater service to his country at this juncture than to speak his mind about our foreign policy. Let the abuse and intimidation which have hitherto prevailed cease at once. Let us see clearly what is ahead of us. We are in a crisis of considerable danger. May we have the courage to use the reason which God has given us to direct the course of this great people in the path of justice toward the ends of humanity and civilization.

JOHN CODMAN ROPES.

"THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH."

"Years are hurrying by, Love!"

Let them go!

"Age is drawing nigh, Love!"

Sayst thou so?

Tell me, what is age?

Years, in truth,

Thinkest thou can gauge

Passing youth?

Lifeless time we measure

In dead years—

Time, that knows not pleasure—

Knows not tears—

Knows not battles fought,
Lost and won—
Good or evil wrought
'Neath the sun—

Scorching blast of passion,
When desire
From its embers ashen
Leaps in fire.

Threescore years and ten,
Or fourscore,
And we sons of men
Are no more.

Yet, as life is reckoned
Years are naught
To one awful second
In our thought.

Say not, "We grow old,
Youth is fled,"
Till our hearts are cold,
Our love dead;

Till the bowl is broken,
Loosed the cord,
And pale lips have spoken
Love's last word;

*When Death, at the end,
Bids us come,
Then shall Youth, the Friend,
Lead us home.*

J. WEST ROOSEVELT.

NOTE.—Dr. J. West Roosevelt died April 10, after an illness of only two days. The verses which appear in the BACHELOR OF ARTS were sent to us a few weeks before his death, and seem to carry a premonition of the end, so soon to happen. He was a representative type of college graduate, thoughtful, sincere, a student, and a poet for whom a great future, had he lived, awaited.—ED.

SOME ASPECTS OF AMERICAN BARBARISM.

In spite of Burke's warning that "it is an unwise thing to draw an indictment against a whole people," Professor Norton has done it and has published his charge in the *Forum* for February.

He entitles his article "Some Aspects of American Civilization," but it soon becomes evident that the word civilization is used in a generic sense, and means simply social state or condition, and that while it may be admitted that there are among us some civilized individuals, still the United States is not to be considered a civilized country, for he speaks even of New England and New York as being simply "that part of the country supposed to be most civilized." It would appear, then, that, as Professor Norton sees it, part of the country is half civilized, part more civilized, but none of it in a state of true civilization.

It is very gratifying to find this view so clearly expressed, for it is undoubtedly the view that is taken of us by Europeans, and one is saved the trouble of proving it out of the mouths of foreigners, a thing which it might be a little difficult to do, for the appreciative foreigner often falls into a panegyric strain in writing about the aborigines of a country, as was notably the case with Tacitus in his account of the Germans and with Bourget and Bentzon in some of their writings about the inhabitants of the United States.

According, however, to Professor Norton, The average American is unquestionably good natured ; the easy conditions of life tend to promote

his good humor and self-satisfaction ; he is generally kind-hearted, and not indisposed to render service to others when it can be done without much personal trouble. . . . But such manners as have their root in general unselfishness ; in principles of conduct strong enough to control temper and resist the wear and tear of familiar fretting circumstance ; in the desire to be pleasant, such manners as are considerate of minor needs, and give sweetness, elegance, and grace to life, can hardly be said to be characteristic of the American people.

There are also indications that we have in the United States "a people with few mental interests, of shallow disposition, of dull lives, and devoid of intellectual or moral education of a high order," and among whom "general courtesy and refinement are rare."

"Thus," says Professor Norton, "we are brought face to face with the grave problem, which the next century is to solve—whether our civilization can maintain itself and make advance against the pressure of ignorant and barbaric multitudes ; whether the civilized part of the community is eventually to master the barbaric, or whether it is to be overcome in the struggle."

One might of course take up the counts of this indictment in detail, and endeavor in one way or another to plead to them. One might, for instance, insist that "genuine refinement" and "high moral education" are vague terms that need to be defined ; that "high intellectual education" is a thing that the mass of no people has ever had, one which they will in all probability never attain, and one, too, which might be extremely inconvenient for them if they should wake up some morning and find that they had it. We might go further and

claim that our moral and criminal record does not show that we are much worse than the people of any other country on this side of the Ural Mountains. We might also appeal to one of Professor Norton's own authorities for a somewhat different conclusion. For Mr. Owen Wister, whom Professor Norton quotes to show the lawlessness of the "unthinking son of the sagebush," says that, for the sake of making the acquaintance of his country, he has journeyed in all the States of the Union, in most of them many times. "With no spread-eagle brag," he continues, "do I gather conviction each year that we Americans, judged not hastily, are sound at heart, kind, courageous, often of truest delicacy, and always, ultimately, of excellent good sense."*

Lowell, too, thought well of the American character, "People," he says, "are continually saying that America is in the air, and I am glad to think it is, since this means only that a clearer conception of human claims and human duties is beginning to be prevalent."† But none of this will do at all, for what have Mr. Wister's notions of "true delicacy" or Mr. Lowell's ideas of "human claims and human duties" to do with this indictment, in view of the fact, that of these gentlemen, the former is, and the latter was, truly American in thought and feeling, and that either of them might very easily admire and believe in traits or characteristics which the foreign tribunal of European tradition, in which we are arraigned by Professor Norton, would at once accept as evidence of barbarity?

* *Red Men and White*, by Owen Wister. Preface, p. vii.

† "Democracy."

We might, of course, demur to the entire charge, on the ground that this court has no jurisdiction in the premises, but, on the whole, the better way seems to be to plead guilty, and admit that, measured by the standard of European culture, we are barbarians, but that our barbarism has aspects which prevent it from being entirely distressing to ourselves.

Huxley always objected to being called an infidel, though it is not clear why people who do not believe in the same thing should not call one another infidels, nor is it clear why Europeans should not call us barbarians if they like, since the word expresses in many respects the exact relation in which we stand to them. For what is a barbarian if not an outsider, an unregenerate creature found beyond the limits of some established civilization, who does not know its laws, acknowledge its forms, or respect its traditions? "When I was caught," said Eugene Field to an English lady, "I was living in a tree"; and it is not stated that she did not believe him. To Europeans, our civilization certainly seems somewhat arboreal, and they resent it when we refuse to be caught or to descend to what appears to us an old-fashioned, terrestrial existence.

The true relationship between the United States and Europe is disguised by outward resemblances. We speak, or, at all events, we write, practically the same language. We wear substantially the same kind of dress. We live, do business, and amuse ourselves in very much the same way. By these and other external resemblances our true barbarity is somewhat concealed. Wherein, then, does it consist?

To answer this question we must first settle

the point as to what constitutes in these days a difference in civilization. It is very easy to see that the civilization of Egypt was not that of Assyria, nor the civilization of Greece that of Rome. Manners, customs, dress, language, architecture, and institutions differed in every case, and the sum in each instance made up a very different whole. Still, even then, there were certain common factors, for the purple made in Tyre was worn the world over. We can start from some such point, and, increasing the common elements, ask at what stage do different civilizations become one?

There can be but one answer: Two forms of civilization cannot become one until the institutions and intellectual attitude of the peoples become substantially identical. These are the essentials; the rest is incidental. So, too, if the process be reversed, two civilizations which have once been one cannot be considered as having remained identical when they have proceeded for a considerable period upon institutions and intellectual attitudes that are essentially different. It is because our whole mental attitude toward the affairs of men differs from the attitude of Europe, that, in spite of outward resemblances, we are considered barbarians.

It is only lately that we have risen to the dignity of possessing a barbarity of our own. Colonials have no such distinction. Canadians and Australians are provincial British only, not outsiders. So long as the colonial state exists, differences are condoned; when it ceases, all past divergence changes character, and is seen in its true light. So at least it has been with us.

It is not to be expected that the divergence at present should be very great. Even had there been little intercourse between ourselves and the Old World, we could not, in four centuries, have separated very far: but under existing circumstances the interaction has been considerable. We have continuously taken dress, customs, comforts, amusements, and scholarship from them; they have continuously taken ideas from us—ideas not necessarily acknowledged or acknowledgable, but suggested and solidified, by the great concrete fact of our existence, the existence, in the fact, of all theoretical revolt against privilege.

Privilege is the key to the puzzle of European civilization; our problem is quite different. The mistake that Professor Norton makes is in imagining that the state of affairs in this country represents a phase in European civilization. Naturally, on any such theory as that it must appear very bad. In reality, however, what is going on over here is the seething and boiling of old European rags, out of which the new white sheet will be made with which humanity is going, some day, to turn over a new leaf.

"In America," says Prof. Norton, "we have been living under conditions which have admitted of no check upon this spirit of independence; and the result is seen in every class, in the enfeebled sense of the virtue of obedience and the necessity of discipline, in the unrestraint of expression, and in the readiness to question and resist the exercise of authority. Even in the most civilized parts of the country the sentiment of the independence of the individual is often misdirected and depraved, while in the vast half-civilized and half-settled regions it becomes the very manifestation of barbarism and of a relapse toward savagery."

This statement contains a large amount of truth. There can be no doubt but that there has been in America a relapse from the European traditions of "control," "obedience," "authority," "discipline," "check," "subordination," and "regulation," all of which are spoken of by Professor Norton in the space of seven lines in praise of European institutions.

The cure for this relapse he seeks in a contest, in which the remnant of the old tradition that survives in this country is to subjugate the body of the new. We must decline to enlist on the European side of this contest on the ground that the problem cannot be solved in that way.

Those of us who have been brought up largely upon the basis of the old order, and who are yet in feeling and in fact a part of the new, can form a kind of notion of our position. We are barbarians who have been educated on the outskirts of the metropolis, and who yet have failed to become imbued with her spirit. We are in a measure tamed by her influence, but we do not propose to adopt her ethics, her morals, or her views of life. Our sympathies and beliefs are with the half-civilized savages and barbarians we left behind us. Like young Gauls or Britons come to Rome, we gaze on the institutions and monuments of the ancient civilization, and allow ourselves to become imbued with the esthetic beauty of the sight and we go away to dream, not of a time when those institutions shall be extended to our distant homes, but of a time when, out of our barbarity, some better civilization shall arise.

Mr. Brooks Adams, in his book on "The Law of Civilization and Decay," comes, after

some study, to the conclusion that we of the present day have arrived at a point in our civilization corresponding to that of Rome under the Cæsars. He believes, in other words, that we have before us a balance of life, which, whatever may be its actual duration, is represented by the last two hundred years of the Roman Empire. He gives his evidence on these points, and indicates the causes by which, in his opinion, the ruin of our modern civilization is to be brought about.

If by civilization Mr. Adams means the body of laws, manners, customs, conventions, ethical notions, and intellectual views that go to make up that ensemble of existence which began with the Crusades, and is still to be found on the other side of the Atlantic, I shall not make any too strenuous objection to the theory that it is slowly falling to pieces. It is a part of Mr. Adams's theory, however, that when a civilization disintegrates a new civilization may take its place, if fresh energy is supplied by the infusion of barbarian blood. (P. viii.) To Europe, after the fall of the Roman Empire, this new energy was supplied by the intermixture of every kind of blood, in the disintegrated and heterogeneous population that seethed in the caldron of the Middle Ages.

Consider, now, that to the people who live in it, no period seems cataclasmic, and that the birth of Europe on the ruins of Rome must, to those who lived in the Middle Ages, have been almost imperceptible. Consider, too, that no people think of themselves as barbarians, and cannot without an effort realize that they are so considered by others, and we shall have removed the chief obstacles that now stand in our way of

imagining that the fear which we and our ways of thinking inspire in the powers that be in Europe, and the horror that we and our manners provoke in the civilized European, are indications that we may, at this moment, be playing for Europe, the part that Europe played for Rome.

"The barbarians," says Mr. Adams, "were not animated by hate; on the contrary, they readily amalgamated with the old population, among whom the materialism of Rome lay like a rock in the rising tide, sometimes submerged, but never obliterated."

Say that "the tradition of Europe lies like a rock in the rising tide of American democracy," and we shall have a fair working analogy. On this rock stands Professor Norton calling to us, "Mend your manners and be European," as a magistrate of Constantine might have called to the Britons, "Be Romans"; but Britain was already lost forever.

While we are working out our political experiment, we must also work out our experiments in manners and social amenities. No one can deny that we are at present in a very mixed condition. It is a fair wager that the "future historian" will regard the period between 1865 and the date when international civilization shall begin to rise, as a second Middle Age. In actual crime, barbarians are often well behind civilization, and even with the *hoards* that come by peaceful migration from the East, our record in this respect is not particularly bad. It is in manners that we show up in our most barbaric light, and there seems to be no hope of improving this side of

our nature, except by evolving a new social manner of our own. We cannot, like the Russians, veneer ourselves with a civilization that we have not produced. With the European traditions of feudalism and privilege, with the polish of long-inherited wealth, with the restraints of a great social system of dignities—princes at the top and “professional gentlemen” at the bottom—we have discarded the particular kind of “sweetness, elegance, and grace” which those institutions produced.

Our task is to produce, if you like, a new elegance of our own. If we may believe Mr. Wister’s account, there seems to be a good basis of character to begin on. Even as it is one can perceive among Americans, if one does not put on European airs, a distinctly American manner. If we have little deference, we have little subserviency; if we have scant courtesy, we have little deliberate rudeness. Our plan is rather to be direct toward all, than servile to some and insolent to others. So far as foreign sweetness and elegance are concerned, we are well rid of them if we are rid at the same time of the brutality and insolence of the high-born toward social inferiors of their own country. For the refinement of Europe is a matter of taste and convenience, and does not in the least bar out either gross immorality or cruelty, or a fundamental disregard of other people’s rights and feelings, and indeed the ordinary behavior of foreign gentlemen and ladies often strikes an American as thoroughly ill bred. The refinement of the New World, where manner and form do not count for so much, is, so far as it goes, genuine. Whatever there is of it is real. Whatever there is of it repre-

sents how its possessors feel ; not how they have been taught to behave.

Professor Norton finds in this country among other things "pioneers and adventurers who have shared in small measure the advantages of civilization and hardly felt its restraints." He tells us that in America gross exhibitions of boorishness occur ; that children are not well brought up, but are allowed to become self-sufficient and impertinent. He finds corrupt public officials, a corrupt Senate, corrupt local legislators, political swaggerers, and men who can conceive of a war with England. He finds too, he says, some in whose hearts "the barbaric lust of conquest has not yet been extirpated by the progress of civilization," and men devoted to self-interest and the accumulation of wealth.

All these evils, when brought together and marshaled before us in their shameless nakedness, make an array of abominations such as one cannot believe have ever before existed simultaneously in any one unfortunate community. Yet one may question whether this way of dealing with the subject does not give an erroneous impression—whether it is not essentially unjust. If we wish "to see life steadily and see it whole," as Professor Norton professes to show it to us, we must not altogether forget the past, nor remember it in part only.

To one who has spent much time in dwelling upon those rare points in human history where, for short periods and among small groups of people, life by virtue of some system founded on slavery or oppression has become an art, and has taken on a grace and dignity that have

lifted it almost into the region of the beautiful, our steam-driven existences, founded upon a hypothetical equality, must seem sadly awkward and unlovely. Nevertheless, we have, it would appear, our compensations. Suppose for a moment that, in disgust of our own perfected living machine, the city of New York, where life has become a science or a commodity, or anything that life ought not to be, we should decide to go and live for a while in Babylon or at Tyre, at Carthage, Athens, Rome, or Florence, or anywhere in France or England, in the great days. What should we find? We should leave the land where "the foreign boss of Tammany Hall, who rules the city of New York, who has assumed the garb of civilization and sits at rich men's feasts, is still a semi-barbarian," and where "he and his fellows sell justice, commit daily barratry, practice blackmail, and make a scoff and by-word of the law," and take up our abode in some beautiful city of the past where we should find—what? We have a right seriously to compare the conditions here indicated with those of the great days of old.

The modern boss is indeed a very objectionable and dangerous person. He is fundamentally and intrinsically corrupt. So patently and ingenuously dishonest is he that one hesitates to attribute to him any great moral obliquity; but he must be exterminated, and in New York there are those who are trying to do it. Still, dangerous as he is, and good to avoid, what is his power to injure compared with that of some of his predecessors? Suppose to escape him we fly to Greece? What do his machinations amount to compared with

the doings of the Athenians in the time of Pericles or Cimon? Mr. Platt, for instance, may make up his mind to rid himself of Mr. Roosevelt, and he may be able to do it. But how? By having him quietly legislated out of office. Unpleasant as this would be for Mr. Roosevelt, were Mr. Platt to succeed, yet it would not be fatal. Mr. Roosevelt might live to fight another day; but had he been "the friend of Pericles," instead of "the friend of Lodge," he would probably have suffered the fate of Ephialtes. Debs, too, instead of receiving a nominal punishment for his fulminations, would long since have gone the way of Androcles at the hands of a Pullman Oligarchy or a Chicago Four Hundred.

At Carthage we should probably find our selves more at home, for we are very Punic in our immersion in commercial affairs; but there we should have had to deal with that powerful merchant Barca, before whose political methods even such men as Grace or Strong would tremble. Rome, too, was a beautiful city, but at the height of its fame we should have had there for neighbors Julius Cæsar or Augustus, Marc Antony or Tiberius; and who would not rather bargain for his neck with Mr. Quay than with any one of these celebrities? Cesare Borgia, at a very attractive moment of the world's history, "assumed the garb of civilization and sat at rich men's feasts," yet who would not rather dine with Mr. Croker, disguised as a gentleman, than with that devil masquerading as a man? What sort of people have been the kings of France? What sort of human beings have been the kings of England, except Victoria, the most virtuous

sovereign that ever reigned? What sort of a body, so far as buying seats is concerned, has the House of Commons been till recently? Did not Morris say to Jay, "What a lot of damned scoundrels we had in that first Congress!"

I mention these facts simply to indicate that it is quite possible to believe that public affairs are improving, though at any given time they may look very black, and that if we see no improvement, it is probably because we do not know or do not realize how bad things were before.

We have without doubt made progress in this, that no great criminals can go very far among us. Tweed gave us our Boulevard, and a great steal it was, but what a small matter compared with the cost of the Champs Elysées! We have finished with Napoleons and unscrupulous men of the first order. We are now struggling with senators who have great financial interests at stake; presently we shall take moral notice of bosses who will flourish only so long as their stealings do not seriously affect people's pockets.

And now as to the "political swaggerers who seek to breed suspicion and ill will between friendly nations, to cultivate a spirit of animosity and to stimulate evil passions, who disparage the virtue of peace and good will among men"; "the harm done by the defection of the President and Secretary of State from the path of good sense and national dignity" and the doctrines that "encourage that spirit of hostility to England, which to their shame prevails in a large contingent of foreign and native voters."

It has been suggested that the Venezuela message was merely a disingenuous political device invented to distract the attention of the people. This is a very serious charge and one which when made should be accompanied by proof of its truth.

It is not the opinion of Mr. Henry Norman, an English authority, who came to this country for the express purpose of looking into the matter and who concluded after examining all the correspondence that Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Olney had acted in the only way that was consistent with the dignity and importance of the interests committed to their charge.*

Until this theory is disproved, let us accept it, and let us not accuse our chief executive of an abominable and useless fraud while any other explanation seems possible.

Incidentally the results of the message have been in many respects beneficial. It has brought about a very general discussion of our relations to foreign nations, and has cleared up our ideas as to the character of English diplomacy and our relations toward that country.

Professor Norton alludes to England as a friendly nation. What is a friendly nation? Not one that is willing to grant favors, for nations are not at liberty to sacrifice their interests in favor of one another, but one that is willing in political matters to be accurately just, in criticism fair,† and in social matters to

* *Commonpolls*, March, 1896.

† Mr. Lecky is fair. His last book ("Democracy and Liberty," Longmans, 1896), which I did not see till after this was written, contains a passage which goes far to atone for the severity of his countrymen, for while he finds, as he politely puts it, that "The feature of American civilization which has most struck European observers is its extremely one-sided character," he does not despair of us altogether.

assume equality. Can it be said that England has ever done any of these things? Has she not always insisted on a lion's share? Has she not, as a nation, and through her press, misjudged and belittled our institutions, and has not her attitude been uniformly insolent toward us? †

The cause of this is patent. Lord Salisbury has said that we could never be England's true friends, because we were her rivals politically and commercially, and because both aspired to the government of the seas.

The fact seems to be that England is looking to her own interests, and that we should do well to look to ours, without relying on any friendliness on her part. When she sees that we mean to do this, she will become sufficiently friendly to adopt just methods.

And now, returning for a moment to the charming game of prophecy that Mr. Adams has introduced, let us pit a guess against his; let us hazard the suggestion that the new civilization, which according to him will soon have a chance to appear, if it can gather energy

"In spite," he says, "of all retarding influences, America will no doubt one day occupy a far higher position than at present in the intellectual guidance of the world. . . . There are clear signs that a school of very serious scholarship and very excellent writing is arising among them (*i.e.*, American authors). Many of the peccant humors of the body politic will no doubt be ultimately dispersed. The crudest, most ignorant, most disorderly elements of European life have been poured into America as into a great alembic, and are gradually being transformed into a new type. . . . A people supremely endowed with energy and intelligence, and among whom moral and religious influences are very strong, can scarcely fail, sooner or later, to mould their destinies to high and honorable ends." (Vol. I, p. 127.)

† Professor Mendenhall (*Atlantic Monthly*, April, 1896) says of England that her "diplomatic policy as a nation is, and has long been, characterized by aggressiveness, greed, absolute indifference to the rights of others, and a splendid faculty of ignoring every principle of justice or international law whenever commercial interests are at stake."

enough to put in an appearance, has already begun, and that if we do not see it, it is because we do not look for it in the right place. Any civilization which can be reasonably compared to that of Rome must be more or less national or local, and if we look at the world from a broad standpoint, local civilization would seem to be a thing of the past. The first step toward the centralization of scattered communities, takes place, according to Mr. Adams, when the mechanical arts have reached a point where the attack is superior to the defence, when it becomes possible for some individual or set of men to establish a central power and coerce the rest. If, then, local and national civilizations depend for their point of departure on the mechanical arts, as represented by the movable tower and the battering-ram, is it not reasonable to look to those arts for the point of departure of a civilization of a higher order? What military power was unable to accomplish,—the defining of national territories, and the compulsion of great states,—commerce, under the steam-engine and the telegraph, has begun to effect. Even now the notion of war between England and the United States encounters great opposition on both sides of the Atlantic, and a permanent board of arbitration is suggested. It is the first step of the new consolidation, a consolidation not of petty barons, not of minor kingdoms, but of nations, a federation of civilizations bound together, not by arms, but by interests.

This new condition has been hastened by an eighty-years' peace between the United States and Europe—the two important factors of

* *The Sun*, April 14, 1896.

commerce to-day. If no great war takes place within the next quarter of a century, the great nations will practically be compelled to arbitrate their claims against one another, as citizens are compelled to settle their quarrels in court. The peace of the world will have become too important to be broken by the private troubles of any two given states. It is still necessary for the United States to admit the idea of war with the old nation, to wake it up to the new state of affairs, and to prevent proceedings on the old basis of bullying and insolence, but there will be no war. Local civilization is dead, and, with the twentieth century, international civilization begins. Such a civilization will inevitably tend to bring the active peoples of the world into uniformity and each will take what is best in the other, whether it be the dress coat or the Australian record, the pyjama or the single standard, the bicycle or the ballot.

Whether socialistic devices will supersede unrestricted competition is beside the inquiry, for the proximate progress of mankind is to be the gradual spread, through this international civilization, of the essential elements of American barbarism, and this is the reason why the physical integrity of American institutions on the American continent is of so much importance to mankind.

HENRY G. CHAPMAN.

NOCTURNE.

How cool, how spacious, how serene the night !
How the great transports and wide destinies
Of that unbounded life to which we tend
Now show themselves in glimpses ! Piercing bright
Those quick looks of the stars between the boughs,—
Flashes of prophecy. The somber trees
Are massed in denser dark against the void,—
Vast spheres of shadow, where all mysteries blend,
With subtle movement and with deep-drawn sighing.

My soul, thou sleeping Titan, prostrate lying,
Lulled by the day,—now stir as if to rise ;
Push back the hair from slumber-weighted brows,
And gaze awhile, with bright bewildered eyes,
Upon thy kindred stars. O blinding gleam !
O quickening breath of Night ! that clears my dream.

Love, in a prison-house thou holdest me,
Of narrow longings and enthralling woe.
For once I'll say : Unbar, and let me go,
To breathe a larger air ! This hour sets free
The slave of light and time—but yet to-morrow
I would steal back to the old love and sorrow !

MARION COUTHOUY SMITH.

WHISKY IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

Inasmuch as the Ainsworth law, which directs that the children in the public schools of New York State shall be instructed "as to the nature of alcoholic drinks and other narcotics, and their effects on the human system," has necessitated the introduction of textbooks of physiology which contain the information which the law prescribes, it is unnecessary to exaggerate the importance of providing, if possible, such textbooks as, while satisfying the law, may gain the approval of the teachers (most of whom are hostile to the law), and at the same time contain some useful knowledge which the children may grasp and remember. The text books prepared so far do not seem to meet all the requirements. They satisfy the law, but not the teachers nor the parents of the more intelligent children. Take for instance the item of whisky: the law directs that the children shall be taught something about the nature and effects of whisky. The textbooks prepared in fulfillment of the law contain information about the distilling business and pictures of the human liver, together with some sweeping statements that are hard to substantiate, and a good many assertions as to the verity of which the doctors dispute. To the present writer a less ambitious method of instruction seems preferable. To his mind, if it is desirable to interest the young idea at all in whisky, its attention should be enlisted by information imparted somewhat as follows:

WHISKY.

I.

The greatest recommendation of whisky as a beverage is that it is cheap. It costs ordinarily from one to ten dollars a gallon. Part of this money represents the cost of the whisky, and the rest the cost of hiring leave from Uncle Sam to make it. Usually the permission costs a great deal more than the whisky. The most valuable ingredient that goes into good whisky is age. Any fair whisky that is kept a good while gains in character and reputation. The longer you don't drink it the better it is, but it is found that the exercise of the self-restraint necessary to leave available whisky undrunk is irksome and expensive, so that whisky that is old enough to be truly good can be sold for a high price. A good way to make some money is to buy a whole barrel of whisky in early life and put it in some safe place and then go without drinking any for a great many years. This method is good for the whisky, and it is also almost always good for the experimenter.

American whisky is made of corn or rye, and sometimes of other grains. It is said Catholic whisky is made of potatoes and peat smoke. Scotch Presbyterian whisky also has smoke in it, but its principal ingredient is oats.

Don't let anybody mislead you into thinking that, ordinarily, any kind of whisky will do you good. If it would, Uncle Sam wouldn't charge so high for permission to make it. If you get badly hurt, and are in great pain, and are going to faint, if somebody gives you a big drink of whisky it will make you feel cheerfuller, and will help you bear the pain. If you are cold and wet and chilled, a gulp of whisky will sometimes warm you up, and sometimes when you are sick the doctor will give it to you. But, commonly speaking, when you are in fair health the best that you can hope for about whisky is that what you drink of it won't do you much harm. If you are grown up, and a sound man, and know how to drink whisky, and mix a good deal of water with it, and eat something when you drink, and never drink to please any one but yourself, and never any more than you want, you may pos-

sibly drink quite a lot of whisky in the course of your life without being perceptibly the worse for it.

Don't try to drink up all the whisky there is, and don't try to drink it all at once. If you drink it at all, drink only a little at a time, and spread the times fairly wide apart. Never drink it to save it. The way to save whisky is not to drink it.

II.

Savages very rarely know how to drink whisky. As a rule they take to it kindly and like it very much. They find that to drink it makes them feel happy, so they drink all they can get. It makes them feel very wretched the next morning, just as it would you or me if we drank all we could get. But the savage rarely has anything important to do the next morning, so that it doesn't inconvenience him so much to have his coppers hot as if he were a civilized person or even a business man.

Do you know what hot coppers are? If you drink a lot of whisky or some other kind of liquor over night, you will have a great thirst the next morning and will drink a vast amount of water. The thirst is the symptom of hot coppers. The physiology and chemistry of it is said to be that the fire in the whisky heats the coppers—fastenings of the entrails—and you drink the water to cool them, but no doubt the doctors give some other explanation. One remedy for hot coppers is a hair of the dog that bit you. Your teacher can explain to you about that.

The savage seems very hardy. He can go barefoot all day if necessary and can do with very few clothes and run very fast and ride bareback and sleep out of doors at night. The outside of him is tougher than the outside of the civilized man, but the inside of the civilized man must be a great deal tougher than his outside, for when it comes to drinking whisky the savage is no match for the civilized man. Whisky often uses up the civilized man, but it almost always uses up the savage. If you ever come to drink whisky you may possibly find that you will have the advantage of the savage in that if you are careful you can drink a little of it without finding it necessary to go on and drink all you can find. If you don't find it

so, on no account drink any whisky at all, since however much or little harm it may do other people, it will certainly be ruinous to you.

It is unnecessary to continue. If the example given may lead to the fabrication of textbooks which shall meet the requirements of the law without doing violence to the feelings of the teachers, the capacities of the children, or the truth, the writer's purpose will have been fully accomplished.

E. S. MARTIN.

HEINRICH HEINE.

If the oft-quoted title the "German Zeus" be none too strong for the calm, clear-souled "Sage of Weimar," what shall we say of the comparison suggested by it, and too often applied, in which that brilliant and original spirit, Heine, is likened to Hermes, conveyor of messages and purveyor of property not his own? For Heine was essentially a creative genius and could only be called herald in the sense of Hermes Psychopompos, a leader of souls into another world, a land of shadows, it is true, but peopled by poetic creations diffusing a nebulous light peculiarly their own. Such are the fantastic characters of his *Florentine Nights*, Monsieur Turlutu and Mademoiselle Laurence; such the divinities of *Atta Troll*, whom Havelock Ellis, in his introduction to *Heine's Prose Writings* of the *Camelot Series*, represents as "the three angels who danced forever in his brain, and guided him, singly or together, always: the Greek Diana, grown wanton, but with the noble marble limbs of old; Abunde, the blonde and gay fairy of France; Herodias, the dark Jewess, like a palm of the oasis, and with all the fragrance of the East between her breasts; 'O you dead Jewess, I love you most, more than the Greek goddess, more than that fairy of the North.'"

To these must be added the immortal goddess of Love, shining with new light since his genius illumined her altar. Ellis thus describes his adoration:

He went out for the last time in May, 1848. Half blind and half lame, he slowly made his way out of the streets, filled with the noise of revolution, into the

silent Louvre, to the shrine dedicated to "the goddess of beauty, our dear lady of Milo." There he sat long at her feet; he was bidding farewell to his old gods; he had become reconciled to the religion of sorrow; tears streamed from his eyes, and she looked down at him compassionate but helpless: "Dost thou not see, then, that I have no arms, and cannot help thee?"

But creatures of passing fancy and ancient faith are not alone in this realm of shadows to which he leads his entranced followers. Great contemporaries, such as Bonaparte and Goethe and Paganini, mingled with the other dusky phantoms. To him there was an especial glamour of unreality about Napoleon, so recently dead. The great emperor, "who was as classic as Alexander or Cæsar," already walks with his compeers in the dim Elysian Fields. Heine's visions of him are half fancy and half reality. We have lost much in that Heine did not live in an epic age. Evoked by the drum of Monsieur Le Grand, the Sterne-like creation of the *Reisebilder*, there arise to his boyhood's fancy confused memories of that fateful figure, now surrounded at the passage over the Simplon by thundering avalanches and screaming eagles, now with flag in hand at Lodi, in coat of gray at Marengo, or, mounted, at the Pyramids, with a background of battle-smoke, in the rifts of which may be dimly descried the hurrying Mamelukes; or, again, amid the whistling bullets and uproar of Austerlitz and Jena, of Eylau and Wagram. And these pictures of the imagination were scarcely less real to him than was his real vision of the emperor ideal:

The trembling trees bowed toward him as he advanced, the sunbeams quivered frightened, yet curious, through the green leaves, and in the blue heaven above there swam visibly a golden star. . . .

It was a sunny, marble hand, a mighty hand—one of those two hands which bound fast the many-headed monster of anarchy, and ordered the war of races—and it good-naturedly patted the horse's neck. Even the face had that hue which we find in the marble of Greek and Roman busts; the traits were as nobly cut as in the antique, and on that face was written, "Thou shalt have no other gods before me." . . . Those lips needed but to whistle, and the entire Holy Roman Empire would have danced. . . . It was an eye clear as heaven; it could read the hearts of men. . . . The brow was not so clear; the phantoms of future battles were resting there; there was a quiver which swept over that brow, and those were the creative thoughts, the great seven-league-boot thoughts, where-with the spirit of the emperor strode invisibly over the world.

Later, in *Wellington*, he says:

That figure never disappears from my memory. I still see him, high on his horse, with eternal eyes in his marble, imperial face, gazing down, calm as Destiny, on the Guards defiling past—he was then sending them to Russia, and the old grenadiers glanced up at him, so terribly devoted, so consciously serious, so proud in death—

"Te, Cæsar, morituri salutant!"

There often steals over me a secret doubt whether I really saw him, if we were really his contemporaries, and then it seems to me as if his portrait, torn away from the little frame of the present, vanished away more proudly and imperiously in the twilight of the past. His name, even now, sounds to us like a word of the early world, as antique and heroic as those of Alexander and Cæsar. It has become a rallying word among races, and when the East and the West meet they fraternize through that single name.

And then he illustrates the last sentiment by a characteristic incident of his visit to the India Docks of London. Desiring to express his friendly feelings to the Moslem crew of an East Indiaman, he "stretched forth his hands

reverently, and cried the name 'Mahomed!'" Then, he says, "Joy suddenly flashed over the dark faces of the foreigners; they folded their arms reverently in turn, and greeted me back with the exclamation, 'Bonaparte!'"

His idealizing tendency is still better shown in his description of one of his equals, with whom he had even been on terms of intimacy, the poet Goethe. In the year after Goethe's death, Heine writes:

His eyes had a godlike steadfastness, for it is in general the distinctive mark of a god that his look is unmoved. . . . Napoleon's eyes possessed this peculiarity, and hence I am convinced that he was also a god. Goethe's eyes, even at an advanced age, remained just as godlike as in his youth, and although time could whiten, it could not bow, that noble head. He always bore himself proudly and majestically, and when he spoke he seemed to grow statelier still, and when he stretched out his hand it seemed as though he could prescribe to the stars the paths they should traverse. It is said that a cold, egotistic twitching could be observed around the corners of his mouth. But this trait is also peculiar to the eternal gods, and especially to the father of gods, great Jupiter, to whom I have already likened Goethe. When I visited him at Weimar I involuntarily glanced around to see if I might not behold at his side the eagle with the thunderbolt in its beak. I was about to address him in Greek . . . And Goethe smiled. He smiled with the same lips with which he had once kissed the beautiful Leda, Europa, Danae, Semele, and many another princess or ordinary nymph.

And in a similar manner, although with more reason, because of the undefinable emotion of their art, does Heine characterize the musicians, especially Paganini, of his day. They are rendered as ideal as his own creation, Monsieur Le Grand, or that of Cervantes, Don Quixote, recreated in his pages. His method

is more than an artist's trick of composition—it is an inherent trait of his character. From the time when, as a boy, unwilling to wait until matter-of-fact daytime, he stole out from his bed into the moon-lit garden, to where a fallen statue, his “marble goddess with pure lovely features and that noble deep-cleft bosom, . . . glowed out of the grass like a Greek revelation,” to “kiss . . . the pretty corner of its mouth where the lips melt into such a sweet dimple,” to the time when he united himself to an unlettered grisette, that he might be sure of a love that was for himself and not his accomplishments, he idealized all objects of his regard, grand and simple, and made them subjects of pure and profound worship, to be revered only in mystic dusk and moonlight, with secret rites of adoration. Herein was he Greek. It was the generic Eros, pure passion itself, no matter what its form or occasion, that was his delight.

“ All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
All are but ministers of Love,
And feed his sacred flame.”

Therefore Heine, as far as he is a teacher in art, is a master of idealization. He ought, possibly, to be distinguished from the Romanticists, whom in his earlier years he combated; yet in his latest work, *Confessions*, he acknowledges the title “An Unfrothed Romanticist,” and says:

Notwithstanding the war of extermination that I had waged against Romanticism, I always remained a Romanticist at heart, and that in a higher degree than I myself realized. After I had delivered the most deadly blows against the taste for Romantic poetry in Germany, there stole over me an inexpressible yearn-

ing for the blue flower in the fairyland of Romanticism, and I grasped the magic lyre and sang a song (*Aua Troll*), wherein I gave full sway to all the sweet extravagances, to all the intoxication of moonlight, to all the blooming nightingale-like fancies once so fondly loved. I know it was "the last free forest-song of Romanticism," and I am its last poet. With me the old German lyric school ends; while with me, at the same time, the modern lyric school of Germany begins.

The first part of this last statement is true, undoubtedly; the truth of the second part is not so apparent. It is rather to the Parisian school—for Heine, at the last, became, in artistic sympathy at least, a thorough Frenchman—that we should look for his successors.

The art-theory of Théophile Gautier,

With ever-burning flame the shrine of art illumine,

Yet with an alabaster vase its luence half conceal,
And, like a glowing lamp that is set within a tomb,

Deep through thy sculptured forms shall glimmer
the Ideal,

is very correspondent to Heine's own. There is more humanity in the German. Put for alabaster the clay of which human mortality is fashioned, and, for the lamp, the dying spark of life, and the tomb and the eternal forms of art may remain in even better concord with the scene. Add to these the weird shades of moonlight, the strange fragrance of flowers, and the love-compelling strains of the nightingale, all on a summer's night, and you have the stock materials necessary to his "school," but while others have caught suggestions from him, he was its only true member. In the *Florentine Nights*, where Maximilian contemplates the beauty of the sleeping consumptive, he shows himself to be almost of the

morbidezza faction, and in stray passages he ranges himself for the time with the poets of the Chamber of Horrors. Thus he writes in *The Romantic School* :

The history of literature is a great morgue wherein each seeks the dead who are near or dear to him. And when, among the corpses of so many petty men, I behold the noble features of a Lessing or a Herder, my heart throbs with emotion. How could I pass you without pressing a hasty kiss on your pale lips ?

But Heine has a peculiar office in the circle of mourners of mortality. He belongs to the ancient Greek cult of Adonis-worshippers, those who mourned with Bion and Moschus the loveliness of Life in Death. There is to him an especial fascination in his idea of the highest type of suggestive beauty, "a little dead child in its coffin." It is with this thought that he dedicates the pretty ornamented edition of his *Book of Songs* :

With roses, yew, and tinsel-gold
My little book I would enfold,
And cherish all these songs of mine
As in the dead's beloved shrine.

In the Preface to the Third Edition, this idea is further elaborated into a sort of artistic creed.

On its constructive side, the humor of Heine is much like his poetry. Marion Crawford, in his *With the Immortals*, has described Heine's method of building up a joke. Given certain materials and stock relations, and one variety of his humor can always be anticipated. This wit is in substance German, and in effect American. Asses and professors, apes and tailors, devils and pawnbrokers, humorous in themselves to the Teutonic mind, are correlated in the calculated though seemingly spontaneous

manner of our newspaper paragraphers. Here Heine is inferior to Artemus Ward in so far as personal satire is beneath a humor of ever-glowing geniality.

But the very cosmopolitanism which renders him less than the American in this one regard, makes him the typical humorist of the nineteenth century. With German stock materials and American effect, the epigrammatic form in which his humor is often cast, is typically French; the humanity exhibited by his half-comic, half-pathetic characters, thoroughly English; and the broad, ethical purpose of the whole, even when commingled with the fiercest satire, as universal and exalted as the prophetic cry of Elijah among the priests of Baal, or of Carlyle against the modern shrine of Mammon.

Read chapters VII, VIII, and IX of the *Reisebilder*; notice the Sterne-like pathos of the sketch of Monsieur Le Grand; hear in its ever-rolling drum-beat a summons to a higher thought that only the Scotch seer Carlyle can equal,—and taking these in combination with the pure wit of the beginning and the sharp satire of the close, you will agree that here is the union of all that is intellectual and emotional and ethical in modern humor.

If the comparison of Heine to Hermes is but a half-truth, owing to the inferiority of the god, that to Aristophanes is commonplace, because of the absence of divinity in the latter. Rather is our German-Greek poet like the god on whom he calls in his *Preface*, Phoebus Apollo.

No mysterious dusk is about his criticism. In the clear light of day, merciless as the sun-

god, he flays his daring competitor, Ludwig Tieck, piping, with the self-satisfied air of an inventor, his thin and childish melodies on the new-grown reeds of the ancient root of Romanticism. But as just as he was merciless, in the twilight of the gods, like the Titan Hyperion, he recognized the enduring reign of the Olympian Goethe, confessing that he himself was but the poet of his age, the child of his century.

It is as such that we must consider him. Passing over the artistic lessons of such magnificent criticisms as *The Romantic School* and *Religion and Philosophy*, much needed models for the modern reviewer, combining, as they do, exposition that is not pedantic and comment that does not rely on paradox alone for its *raison d'être*, let us look at their ethical import. What abiding thoughts has this his century to learn from him?

The age has been marked by two social tendencies—the cosmopolitan and its reactionary one, the national. Heine lived at the first great period of reaction, and, by his protest against its spirit, placed himself, with all his radicalism, among the restraining or conservative influences of his time. England was to him the type of all that was staunchly insular, and he hated her instinctively and bitterly, because he could fabricate no just reason why he should not admire her. Germany was apostate, and he mourned for her with filial grief. France was to him the true father-land; Palestine separated from Philistia by the river Rhine. In all this, the world does not blame Heine. He is the greatest of the Germans in the liberal French Pantheon and the sole

Parisian in the strict Valhalla of the Germans. The explanation is simple. Heine, on his ethical side, was a Jew, and the Jew is the only national cosmopolitan. In all so-called patriotic periods, from the time when Pharaoh raised the cry of "Egypt for the Egyptians," to these latter days of pan-Slavic and Teutonic unity, the Jew has been the first to suffer. He is not in sympathy with the centralizing spirit in government. His is the patriotism of commerce. The alien Jew in the United States, importer and trader, cares nothing for the patriotic side of the American system of protection, and sees nothing in it but a tax on trade that bears with especial weight upon his class. In the holy courts of the temple of British patriotism, the Jew, unconscious of his desecration, carries on his political chafferings. In Germany, Frederick III. was the more "Noble" to the Jews than is William II. in so far as he was the less Prussian and in Russia the Czar is to them more inexorably and inexplicably cruel than famine and frost, only because he is, if possible, still more typically Russian.

The logic of events seems to be against the Jew. Heine's prophecies have the ring, but not the realization, of an Isaiah's. Napoleon, representing Heine's incarnation of the ideas of the French Revolution—Liberty, Fraternity, Equality—has not been accepted as the political Messiah, and St. Helena is *not* "the Holy Grave, whither the races of the East and of the West will make their pilgrimage in ships with flags of many a color, and where their hearts will grow strong with great memories of the deeds of the worldly Savior."

But only let this prophecy be regarded as a protest, and its conservative effect will be seen. It gives the authors of "patriotic movements" fair warning, and so reins in a break-neck race toward an unattainable goal. It suggests that the rainbow of "national unity" leads only to fairy gold after all. This is what Heine says:

The patriotism of the Germans, on the contrary (i.e., compared to that of the French), consists in narrowing and contracting the heart, just as leather contracts in the cold; in hating foreigners; in ceasing to be European and cosmopolitan; and in adopting a narrow-minded and exclusive Germanism. We beheld this ideal empire of churlishness organized into a system by Herr Jahn; with it began the crusade of the vulgar, the coarse, the great unwashed—against the grandest and holiest idea ever brought forth in Germany, the idea of humanitarianism. . . . After God, the snow, and the Cossacks had destroyed the best portion of Napoleon's forces, we Germans received the command from those highest in authority to free ourselves from the foreign yoke, and we straightway flamed with manly wrath at the bondage too long endured; and we let ourselves be excited to enthusiasm by the fine melodies, but bad verses, of Koerner's ballads, and we fought until we won our freedom—for we always do what our princes command.

So in religion is Heine a protestant merely, rather than an active reformer. He came out from the camp of Hegel with the warning cry, "Everything is not God, but God is everything." It is true that he did little to turn back the onrush of "advanced" speculative thought toward Pantheism, but it was with regard to doubts such as that voiced in the above caveat that many of its currents have "turned awry and lost the name of action" in non-committal Agnosticism.

It is, however, in the sphere of social reform,

that Heine has probably had his greatest, though least apparent, influence. That Heine is esteemed by Socialists as the poet of revolt against established social institutions, is unknown to most. His fierce protests against injustice in Church and State are not found in the dainty blue and gold gift-editions of his *Book of Songs*; they live rather in the red tablets of the hearts of the struggling masses. Expatriated and excommunicated and isolated, largely by his own fault and choice, from an unlovely country and society and age, this pagan Jew could yet accuse with a great deal of justice the unloveliness that compelled his loneliness. In the year of the Paris Exposition I went to the Cemetery of Montmartre to visit the grave of Heine. I saw it covered with a pyramid of red wreaths, bound together with crimson ribbons. Over these decorations lay the legend "From the Socialists of Paris." Then I recalled that fact that, on the night before he was hanged, Engel, the Chicago Anarchist, base-born son of a member of the class against which he conspired, vented his enmity by the recitation of these terrible lines from Heine:

THE WEAVERS.

With thirsty eyes, darkened by grieving,
Gnashing their teeth, a web they are weaving:

"Thy shroud are we shaping, O Germany old,
And into it weaving a curse, three-fold,—
Weaving, a-weaving!

"A curse on God! In vain supplication
We prayed him in horrors of cold and starvation,
All bootless we waited and hoped and believed,—
Us has he bemocked and befooled and deceived,—
Weaving, a-weaving!

"A curse on Kaiser, the rich man's Kaiser !
 For woes of the poor no kinder nor wiser ;
 He lets us, when from us our last groat is wrung,
 As though we were dogs, be shot at, and hung,—
 Weaving, a-weaving !

"A curse on country, the father-land rotten,
 Where shame and disgrace flaunt, and truth is forgot-
 ten,
 Where every bloom fades untimely away
 And royally battens the worm on decay,—
 Weaving, a-weaving !

"The loom is a-creaking, in ceaseless flight
 The shuttle is glancing by day and by night.
 Thy shroud are we shaping, O Germany old !
 Yes, into it weaving the curse, three-fold,—
 Weaving, a-weaving !"

MARION MILLS MILLER.

HAZARD.

One step 'twixt loss and gain !
 The summit to attain
 So near the brink of Pain
 Hath joy to go.

So steep the precipice,
 So frail the footing is,
 'Twere death to panting Bliss
 To look below.

JOHN B. TABB.

REV. JOHN B. TABB, A.M.

As a poet, Father Tabb is too well known, too widely read, too generally admired to gain additional laurels from my humble pen. By the sea, on the mountains, in the midst of the heated city, I have found his poems in every hand, his name on every tongue. In a selection from a recent English review I find him ranked as one of the two writers of purest English in this age, so that his cup of praise is, "Without overflowing, full." However, as I have seen poem after poem come from his pen; as I have re-perused his work in the little volume recently published by Copeland & Day, and kindly presented to me with the author's compliments,—I have always paused to wonder what idea the public, the reading world, must have formed of the man himself, for, in our own minds, we all paint pictures of our loved authors, and we often place in our sacred nooks portraits which are portraits in imagination only. Especially must this be the case with Father Tabb, as the retirement and modesty of his life have become the more emphasized by the fame which has been his portion.

Not long since I was approached by a literary friend from New York, who requested me to write a sketch of Father Tabb for publication, urging, as his reason for making the suggestion, my long and pleasant friendship with the author. I confess I hesitated no little, for it seemed rather a presumptuous undertaking, and the subject deserves so much broader and higher treatment than I am able to give; at the same time, I realize that few have known

him under such delightful conditions as have been my fortune, writer, and thus I have been tempted to this sketch—a sketch more of my friend than of the poet. .

Rev. John B. Tabb was born at "The Forest," Amelia county, Virginia, March 22, 1845. He is a son of Thomas Yelverton Tabb, and a descendant of one of those old Virginia families whose gentleness, refinement, and generous hospitality have made them proverbial. His life on the farm was that of every Virginia boy before the war, with this exception: that he hated horses, a prejudice which has clung to his maturer years, for many a time I have known him to start off to the depot to avoid having a carriage brought to the door for his accommodation. There was another motive beneath this conduct, however, which I discovered only recently. He has an unconquerable objection to saying "good-bye." At the close of the school session, when professors and students are clustered in groups, he will excuse himself, one thinks for the moment, but he is not seen again till roll-call in September.

His earliest education was obtained at an old "field-school"; he states that he was distinguished only by his aversion to games, but we may be allowed to accept this with many grains of salt. It is more than probable, however, that he spent his hours of recreation in finding sweet companionship in birds and flowers and dreaming day-dreams as he watched the ever-changing skies. In those days must he have stored his mind with those beauties which in the poet of maturer years entrance and delight his hearers.

Again, it is certain that, like all Southern boys, he spent many an hour in his Mammy's cabin. Any one who has ever visited a Virginia plantation in the olden days knows what "Mammy's cabin" means: a house built of logs, mud-chinked to keep it tight and warm, with a huge chimney on the outside. We enter by log steps, and find ourselves in a large, bright room; the floor neatly swept, perhaps scoured and sanded. The comfortable-looking bed is covered with a patchwork quilt, sewed by Mammy as she watched over the nursery, and quilted by "Ole Miss" when brought to the proper dimensions. In the corner we perceive a safe or cupboard, or maybe shelves with a curtain drawn across, where there is always stored away some toothsome morsel for Mammy's darling. A glorious wood-fire crackles on the hearth, and before it sits the presiding genius of this establishment, the very embodiment of comfort and good humor—Mammy, with her homespun dress, white apron, bandanna turban, and kerchief. She is smoking calmly as she watches the corn-cake baking in the ashes beside the immense kettle which sings and bubbles and sends good cheer to the farthest corner of the room. Here in stormy weather the children always find a delightful refuge; here the boy in disgrace at the mansion is sure of a hearty welcome, and here his chagrin is soon forgotten in the delight of roasting apples before the glowing coals, in burning chestnuts in beds of ashes, to have them pop out presently, creamy, rich, and of a delicious fragrance. As the children cluster round the leaping flames the old woman fills their ears with tales of her race, legends, superstitions, local traditions, sometimes "haunts,"

as she mends her "honey's" pinafore or replaces the buttons her boy has ruthlessly shed during the day.

In Mammy's cabin, then, "Marse Johnny" undoubtedly spent some very happy hours, and to this day he never fails to pay one of his first visits to his old nurse when he returns to Amelia for his summer vacation. Here he must have acquired the command of the negro dialect, which he occasionally exercises, to the delight and amusement of his hearers. His darkey stories are a treat.*

In his seventeenth year John B. Tabb was appointed captain's clerk to the blockade-runner *Robert E. Lee*, in which he passed the enemy between Wilmington, N. C., and the islands of Nassau and Bermuda some twenty-odd times. Caught at last, he was taken to Point Lookout, Md., where, as a prisoner, he remained for seven months. It was here that he met and loved Sidney Lanier, with a love which finds expression here and there throughout his poems. To him he dedicates his book, with this Ave:

Ere Time's horizon line was set,
Somewhere in space our spirits met,
Then o'er the starry parapet
Came wandering here.
And now, that thou art gone again
Beyond the verge, I haste amain
(Lost echo of a loftier strain)
To greet thee there.

* Since the above was written Mammy has been called to her last reward; and the following tribute from Father Tabb's pen to her memory, which appeared in the daily papers at the time, shows that the affections of boyhood have not been dimmed by the lapse of years:

Died at "The Forest," Amelia County—Jennie Thompson.

To Jinny, whose faithful service to our household ended only with her life.

"To her, O Tenderness Divine,
Be Thou, as she to me and mine."

JNO. B. TABB.

The war ended, Father Tabb took up the study of music in Baltimore, where, his means suddenly failing, he taught school for some time. He then began the study of Greek with a view to becoming a clergyman in the Episcopal Church. Just at this critical period of his life a desperate illness prostrated him and interrupted his work, which he never resumed. He was confined to his bed from September, 1869, to January, 1870, after which he spent some months in Mississippi, going thence to Racine College, Michigan, to teach a class of English. He was soon after called to his home in Virginia, where he remained until the time of his conversion.

What passes in the communings of man with his Maker must defy even the all-daring press of to-day, and reverently must we leave him for a time in the solitude of his country home, joining him again as he presents himself for admission into the Roman Catholic Church.

He was baptized by Rt. Rev. James Gibbons (at that time Bishop of Richmond) on the 8th of September, 1872. To my knowledge Father Tabb has written nothing on the controversial order, but, as Lanier has been his friend in the realm of poetry, music, and art, so Cardinal Newman has been his master in the spiritual world, and he pays him a most beautiful tribute in his first collection of poems, published some years ago and circulated only among his personal friends.

In November, 1872, Father Tabb entered St. Charles College, Ellicott City, Md., to study for the Catholic priesthood. This is the only college in which he ever studied, and he remained there three years. At the completion

of that term he was stationed for two years at St. Peter's Boys' School, in Richmond, where he taught the ordinary branches. While he was teaching at this school my sister sent him a Christmas box, which he acknowledged as follows:

I hardly know what thanks to make,
Kind lady, for your Xmas cake :
But may the pains that you, miss, take
In this life for a stranger's sake,
In that next world, where some must bake,
Save you the pains of their mistake.

He once wrote me, "I have been called on to teach a class in mathematics, but—ask my fellow-teacher." I have never had an opportunity to ask the fellow-teacher, and so do not know in how much the reverend gentleman underrated himself, but he may well rest content with the *music* of the spheres which he enjoys in so great a measure.

After leaving Richmond, Father Tabb returned to St. Charles, where he again taught for three years. After this he studied for three years at St. Mary's Seminary, in Baltimore, taught another year at St. Charles, and was finally ordained by His Grace James Gibbons, Archbishop of Baltimore, since raised to the dignity of Cardinal and Prince of the Church, who twelve years before had received him into the Church. Since that time Father Tabb has occupied a chair at St. Charles College. At first he had classes of Latin and Greek, but for these he had no taste, and he exchanged by preference to the beginners' class in English; and this, he tells me, he loves, and it goes without saying that he is idolized by his boys. He seems to possess the "open sesame" to their little hearts; he is their friend, companion, and

confidant. Let Father Tabb find a boy who is delicate, timid, and sensitive, in a twinkling he is brought out of himself, interested, cheered, encouraged, and in time led on to accomplish all that in him lies. The study of character is Father Tabb's greatest delight, and he finds intense interest in teaching the young idea, and in shaping the ends of the many lads who come within his jurisdiction.

This, in brief, is an outline of Father Tabb's life. When I come to write of Father Tabb himself, the task grows more difficult; the view is kaleidoscopic. My acquaintance with him began with the winter of '78, when he came to Richmond to teach, and it has ripened into a friendship as strong as years can make it, as warm as the summer days which fostered it, for, since he left the school at Richmond, our intercourse has been confined to the vacations which he always spends in Virginia.

Father Tabb's poems breathe piety and beauty always, but the reader would never picture the author as a humorist; and yet he possesses the keenest sense of the ridiculous, the quickest wit imaginable. Time and again I have returned from the day's toil, to hear sounds of mirth, even before entering the door; I am never surprised to find my friend on these occasions, and it is very refreshing to hear joke follow pun, and *bon mot* chase anecdote in quick succession. An instance of his power to carry his audience was given one night when there were gathered together what might have been expected to represent a most dignified assembly; we were all enjoying Father Tabb's irresistible spirits, when a superior dignitary came in and joined us, with :

"Gentlemen, are you aware that your laughter can be heard on the street?"

He received no direct reply, but was given a cordial greeting and the seat of honor by the window, and in a few moments his voice led all the rest. Father Tabb's unique style is even more marked in his comic poems than in the esthetic. These he has dashed off from time to time, and they form the text for many a byword among his friends; they come often as a flash of light, and are forgotten. I remember one day he wrote a very clever squib on the sailor's religion, and I placed it in my pocketbook. A year later I quoted it to some friends, who taxed him with it. He had no recollection of the verses and declared he had never seen them, until I showed him the original manuscript. The ludicrous side of a question seems to suggest itself to him at once, and words flow at his command.

Unlike Pope, he cannot say of himself,

"I lisped in numbers, for the numbers came"

as he tells me he was never able to write verse until after he became a Roman Catholic. His first poem was "The Cloud," beginning,

Far on the brink of day

Thou standest as the herald of the dawn,
Where fades the night's last, flickering spark away,
Ere the first dewdrop's gone.

This was written in Richmond in the spring of '77, and appeared in *Harper's Monthly*. For this gem he received the small sum of fifteen dollars. I met him on the street some days subsequent to this, and he greeted me with:

"I am walking on a cloud to-day."

I replied that I was glad he had such good news.

"Oh, no; not that. I have sold my first poem, and I have invested in a pair of shoes."

Father Tabb's love for children is very wonderful and very beautiful; all through his book we find this spirit manifested. How lovely the lines:

Baby in her slumber smiling,
Doth a captive take :
Whispers Love, "from dreams beguiling,
May she never wake !"

When the lids, like mist retreating,
Flee the azure deep,
Wakes a newborn Joy, repeating,
"May she never sleep !"

and how charming :

Love goes playing hide-and-seek
Mid the roses on her cheek,
With a little imp of Laughter,
Who, the while he follows after,
Leaves the footprints that we trace
All about the kissing place !

How sublime "The Christmas Babe" :

So *small* that lesser lowliness
Must bow to worship or caress ;
So *great* that heaven itself to know
Love's majesty must look below.

My first boy was born on the first of January, and I received from Father Tabb "The New Year Babe," written on the occasion, beginning :

Two together, Babe and Year,
At the midnight chime,
Through the darkness drifted here
To the coast of Time.

A year later came a postal with a lovely little cherub drawn thereon by the poet, and inscribed beneath :

The rosy mouth and rosy toe
Of little baby brother
Until about a month ago
Had never met each other ;
But nowadays, the neighbors sweet,
In every sort of weather,
Half way with rosy fingers meet,
To kiss and play together.

Often in the summer evenings does he gather the children around him and keep them entranced with the stories he weaves ; then he will lead them to the piano where he can sing lullabies and baby songs and funny songs which delight the little ones, and, Presto ! change ! they hear weird, uncanny lays which fix them with open mouths and shining eyes, and which, ending abruptly with a start or a boo ! send them flying under piano and tables. I remember so well one night when the children were snug in their beds Father Tabb came in rather late ; soon I heard the patter of little feet and a rosy face with aureole of golden curls presently appeared at Father Tabb's knee. We adults were soon forgotten, and the child was at once full of excitement over a big bull-frog supposed to be hidden in the bosom of his night-dress, while he listened with delight to the croaking which the reverend gentleman was able to imitate very perfectly.

This little incident brought me no small discomfiture, as, the following Sunday, when I was walking with my family, and Father Tabb appeared on the opposite side of the street, without a word of warning, one boy stepped away and, with a bound, was in Father Tabb's arms with, "Hello, Bullfrog !" Father Tabb considered not the offense to his dignity which so concerned me, but was pleased with the en-

thusiasm of the child. His humility and simplicity are only equaled by his sanctity and tenderness.

Though Father Tabb's musical education was cut short, he retains his love for the piano and plays with a depth of feeling and a yearning touch which render his selections very charming. He is exceedingly fond of those little folk-songs, those tone-poems of Schumann, which are nearly in touch with his own genius, and, mayhap, for this reason is he able to interpret them so beautifully. Beethoven alone, he mentions in his poems; and of him he says that he

Made the surging sea of tone
Subservient to his rod.

Last, but not least, Father Tabb's pencil is as facile as his pen, as suggested by the little sketch on the postal-card. His drawings are also peculiarly epigrammatic, if I may use such a term, for, with a line here and a shade there, his portraits are perfect, his figures living. All these talents, however, he seems to consider only as by-paths, if he has given them any thought whatever. His chosen road is toward the Infinite, and the few poems he has published come forth as the ebullitions of a genius which will not be quelled.

And now, in conclusion, if I have written principally of minor details, it is because my purpose has been to show my friend as I have known him, to give the world some glimpse of the sunshine his presence infuses. His poems speak to each heart in its own language, and would need no comment from me had they remained thus far uncriticised; but when I find, pinned in my own copy, clipping after clipping

containing notices from two continents, I realize that abler, if not more appreciative, minds have been before me. One of these notices, while showing a high and sympathetic estimate of the grace of his poetry and the charm of his character, is at fault in the sentence passed upon the poet's personal appearance. The Rev. John W. Chadwick, a Protestant divine, writes:

My poet's name is John B. Tabb. I have never seen him face to face, but none the less he is my friend; and the way of it I might put in Browning's words, varying them a little here and there to suit my purpose, thus:

I have a friend over the sea,
I like him and he likes me.
It all grows out of the verse he writes.

.

Though I have not seen my friend in the flesh, I cherish many of his letters, etc., etc.

Mr. Chadwick quotes many of Father Tabb's poems, and lingers over their "quaintness and their marvelous playing upon words and ideas." He suggests that everywhere the nature of his fancy is sacramental, but he goes on to raise the doubt as to whether Father Tabb is a close observer of natural objects. Has Mr. Chadwick read "Goldenrod," "The Dandelion," "Fern Song," and many others, which tell his "pleasure in the pathless woods," and of his intimate communings with nature?

Further on Mr. Chadwick states "The picture of my friend's face is not attractive." Though he has not met his friend in the flesh, he has his photograph, on which is written,

My sister Sunshine smiled on me,
And of my visage wrought a shade.

"A shade" conveys very little meaning, and a photograph is so rarely a pleasing presentation of the individual that it is not matter of surprise when an unfavorable conclusion is reached. To those, however, who have the pleasure of knowing Father Tabb, and of meeting him in the freedom of social intercourse, the genial character of the man, and the quick play of expression, render him, if not handsome, certainly *most attractive*.

This recalls to mind a very amusing encounter between Father Tabb and one of his fellow-priests which aptly illustrates the former's quickness at repartee. Father B., meeting Father Tabb on the street, exclaimed:

"Well, Father, I think you are the ugliest man I ever saw."

"Father B.," was the rejoinder, "I think you must have made that remark without *reflection*."

M. GORDON HALE.

MONTAIGNE, THE SATIRIST.

In all ages thinking men have been divided into two classes, whom I call, respectively, the "Verticals" and the "Horizontals." A vertical line, psychology tells us, requires from the eye closer attention than a horizontal line. A vertical line is ascetic, a horizontal line sensuous. A man vertically inclined, then, believes that virtue consists of duty; a man horizontally inclined believes that virtue consists of pleasure. The Verticals, who define pleasure as sin, compensate for their rigor by their noble ideal of *ought* and *must*. The Horizontals, who define duty as a hypocrite's catch-word for pleasure, compensate for their moral laxity by "molding the world nearer to the heart's desire"; for it is man's instinct to pluck the sweet fruits of life and to leave the bitter untasted.

Three hundred years ago, when Catharine de Medici was planning to keep the feast of St. Bartholomew, there dwelt in Perigord, in the province of Gascony, a Horizontal philosopher called Michael De Montaigne. In his "Essays," which have gained in savor with the lapse of centuries, he discusses how most nobly a man may live a life of pleasure. Unsatisfied with the moral codes of his time, he bases his system on human instinct. "Observe the poor peasants," he writes, "who know neither precept nor example. From them, every day, nature gets models of patience and firmness far purer and nobler than those the moralists analyze so curiously." And from the data of instinct he reasons that the aim of life is to

live well and easily—meaning by “living well” that we should make the most of every hour, and by “living easily” that we should practice temperance, as the only means of gaining health and happiness; because these latter, alone, as Walter Pater would say, make us fit to “pluck the heart out of each passing moment.”

In his *Essays*, then, Montaigne describes the path, often so crooked and uneven, whereby he reaches his convictions. At first he gathers his facts topsy-turvy, interspersing them with classical quotations and questionable anecdotes. He begins and ends his essays with a jolt, dumping one down with the brusqueness of a herdic-driver ejecting a passenger from a cab. Toward the middle of his second volume, however, he begins to attend not so much to facts proper as to their relations. He shows more skill in choosing his words and in weaving the texture of his sentences. He emerges from this volume with a style formed, and thence passes from effort to achievement in the art of the essay.

A comparison of two essays in particular—one in the first volume entitled, “*Philosophy a Lesson in Dying*”; the other, in the third, entitled “*Physiognomy*”—will show Montaigne’s improvement in method. From the two, he shapes an apparent contradiction, arguing, in the former, that we should always keep death before our eyes; and, in the latter, that we should never think of it at all. In changing thus the substance of his belief, Montaigne selects certain facts and applies them to his own emotions. He makes special use of three examples. In *Socrates*, he typifies human wisdom on the eve of death; in *Cato*, he typi-

fies human knowledge; in "Pyrrho's Pig," who, in a storm at sea, was not afraid of drowning, he typifies, in a rather uncomplimentary manner, human instinct.

In "Philosophy a Leeson in Dying," Montaigne tries to harmonize his types with some theories from the Stoics. Starting with the proposition that "A philosopher's business is to teach us how to die," he states his case with uncompromising crudity. "We live for pleasure," he writes; "we never can attain it if we fear death, which we know to be inevitable;" but we should avoid the "remedy of the vulgar," never to think of death at all, for this remedy is worse than the disease. We should fearlessly look death in the face. Sometimes, indeed, one may catch a glimpse of Montaigne himself under his Stoic mask; he is cheery and wise when he tells us that he "wishes death to find him planting cabbages, but still in an unfinished garden," or that "in the pageant-tries of death lie all his terrors"; but by these words he refutes, unawares, his borrowed arguments, for only a man believing in the "remedy of the vulgar" would allow death to find him with his task half done; and moreover, if our fear of death is due to mere ceremonial, we hardly need so weighty an argument to free us from so trivial a terror. Here, we are troubled by a discord between the feelings and the theories of Montaigne,—a discord he tries to obviate by ungraceful self-suppression, by making even Mother Nature reason like a Stoic, and by covering his contradictions with that famous maxim, "The end of our career is death." Without that vigorous inconsequence of style peculiar to Montaigne,

this essay might have been written by any dabbler in the classics. The hand of Montaigne is here, but not his heart.

Very differently Montaigne reasons in "Physiognomy," for, during the interval between these essays, he has actually looked death square in the face. He has seen enemies and hired assassins at his gate ; he has seen the pestilence lurking at his fireside ; he has seen stricken men and women dig their own graves in his fields, and the actual face of death in no way resembles its portrayal on the pages of Cicero or Seneca. "Socrates teaches what lies within us, and how to profit by it. All erudition above this simple, human teaching is very nearly futile." Thus Montaigne changes his tone. He sees the folly of arguing against a fear of death created by such argument alone. As a remedy for this mental delirium, engendered by too much sophistry, he recommends that very "remedy of the vulgar," which formerly he has called "brutal" and "stupid," appealing thereby to our instinct where "Pyrrho's Pig" is our type. "If we know how to live," he tells us, "we shall know how to die when the time comes ; but, if we keep death before our eyes, if we 'measure beforehand its exact dimensions,' we conflict with our instinct and therefore with our happiness." Very differently Montaigne summarizes this latter essay from the former. "The end of our career," he said then, "is death." "It is the necessary object of vision." "I believe," he says now, "that death is the end, but not the aim, of life ; its bourne, its boundary, but not its goal,"—the expression of a feeling so deeply imbedded in human nature

that Montaigne took twenty years to unearth it

Thus Montaigne cancels the quibbles of logic and makes his equation : that, for us, here below, the finite is as important as the infinite. It is by a sort of lifelong conversation that he forms this opinion. At first, perhaps, he is only partially, temporally true ; but borne on the deviating current of his thought, he reaches harbor at last. After weighing human dogmas in the balance of his experience, he returns, enriched by knowledge, to human instinct. Man's love for fire and food, for wife and child—these forces he uses as the fundamentals of his system. In the instincts, bone of his bone, and flesh of his flesh, he finds a surer guide than in all the creeds.

He surpasses the writer of syllogisms in two ways—by the charm of a rambling style, and by the thoroughness of an impartial discussion. A formal debater omits much that he thinks unnecessary or prejudicial to his proof. Montaigne states every little quibble, pro or con. "Whoever adopts my fancies as rules," he writes, "to the prejudice of even the pettiest law of his village, wrongs himself, and me also." Through this spirit of tolerance, if not always convincing, he is sympathetic. He beguiles one's convictions, but he never violates them. Tolerance and temperance—these, perhaps, are the qualities which make Montaigne such good company. He never induces a hysterical enthusiasm ; but he refreshes a weary brain. He can be opened or closed—anywhere ; and his sentences, with their soothing cadences, lull one to pleasant dreams, or, better still, to no dreams at all. To understand all Montaigne says, however, one must be wide awake

and in a straight-backed chair. Within his essays lurk many nice distinctions, many wise little epigrams which one passes over if one's head be on a feather pillow. Moreover, a careful reader will find that Montaigne's definite theories are sketched on a dim background of implied ideas. "When I have gone as far as I can in expressing my thought," he writes, "I still see regions beyond me; but with an uncertain and cloudy vision." By placing a different emphasis on certain clauses, one often changes the meaning of a whole paragraph, and at such times Montaigne seems like an elfish creature—"vague et flottant," to use his own words.

In spite of his capriciousness, however, Montaigne has really no mysticism about him, and therefore his meaning can generally be traced either to fact or fallacy. Desiring to see things as they really are, he may, at times, become a bit subtle; but since he bases all knowledge on the senses, which change from moment to moment, he is naturally unstable.

I always observe how indefinite and variable a medium human reason is, for I see that when people hear an assertion they are very willing to discuss its causes and effects, but they never try to find whether, in itself, it be true or false . . . ; wherefore, we are conversant with the causes and effects of things that never existed, and we cumber the world with arguments whereof both the pro and con are equally untrue.

Therefore Montaigne adopts the alternative,—of taking nothing on trust; and he is consistent, at least, when he tells us that the more he knows the more he doubts. This indeterminate method of thought in the old Gascon is the out-

come of two qualities, skepticism and egoism : qualities complementary to each other, like the obverse and reverse faces of a medal. For a man of such temper, positive creeds have little meaning. Of metaphysics he disposes shrewdly and curtly, telling us that "Philosophy is only a sophisticated sort of poetry," and that "curiosity is the cause of metaphysics, inquiry the process, ignorance the result." Of religion he seems afraid to express his unbelief, covering his agnosticism with cant phrases.

The sight of our crucifixes, the delineations of that piteous martyrdom, the ornaments and ceremonials of our churches, the music harmonizing with our devout thoughts,—such sensuous emotions fire the souls of the populace with a religious fervor very useful in its effect.

Beyond its earthly value, the value of wax tapers and altar-cloths and daily usage, religion has no message for him.

When we say that the infinity of cycles, past and present, is to God but as an instant, that his goodness, wisdom, and power are identical with his essence, our lips speak what our minds cannot understand. Our faith, at all times, tries to look at the Divinity by the light of its own experience, and thence come all those fantasies and errors which make the world blind ; for people try to define in their own terms something impossible of such a definition.

Now, if we cannot understand one jot or tittle of the divine goodness, wisdom, and power, if God have nothing in common with us, then, as far as we are concerned, He does not exist. Montaigne practically defines religion as a pathetic fallacy. He practically tells us that our creed consists in rejoicing when the sun shines, because we think God smiles, and in mourning when the rain falls, because we think

God frowns; that, in reasoning about the existence of God, we are trying to lift ourselves to the skies by pulling our own hair. His own faith is strictly according to ritual. He calls himself a Catholic, because, in his time, every French gentleman went to mass and confessional.

Montaigne, as a rule, lets abstract questions alone, and deals only with concrete human experience—and herein his skeptical criticism gives him what Walter Pater calls his "satanic" knowledge of mankind. He takes pleasure in detecting those petty faults—jealousy, malice, deceit, and the like—which we too often conceal under the names of virtues. "Really," he says, "when I figure to myself a naked human being (even of that sex which appears most beautiful), when I consider its flaws and blemishes, I find that we have more reason than any other animal to cover ourselves with clothes." And yet he loves to strip off the garments wherewith we try to conceal our defects, and to show us naked, in the glaring light of his criticism.

"You certainly are ridiculous and a trifle indecent," he seems to say, "but you are fools to deck out your bodies with such flimsy gewgaws. Rub off your rouge, madam, it cannot hide your crow's-feet. Take off your wig, sir; even your baldness becomes you better. You boast that your reason places you above the brutes, and you do not know your own mind for an hour together. You boast that your virtue puts you on a level with the angels, and a headache or a colic will make you beat your servants or turn your children out-of-doors. You can only save yourselves from foolishness

by means of moderation, and you are incapable of self-restraint. Socrates, a truly wise person, is further above you than you are above the brutes. Ah! man, man! You are the observer without knowledge; the ruler without power; and, after all, the clown of the farce."

In this manner, Montaigne plies his trade of moral satirist. He never, like hearty old Rabelais, bursts into laughter at the idea of existing at all. But the little "ironies of life" which drove Dean Swift, for example, into a black fury, furnished Montaigne with a kind of pensive amusement. "In my dreams I have hallucinations, but rather ridiculous than terrible." Well this sentence typifies a healthy view of the seamy side of life. His satire tickles; sometimes it may prick through the skin and sting, but it does more good than harm, for one cannot help laughing at it, and laughing is good—and laughing at one's self, still better.

Despite his "satanic" knowledge, Montaigne is too sturdy and genuine, to scorn his own species. Toleration,—that is the stuff he is made of; toleration for all human failings. "Publishing my own imperfections," he writes, "I may teach other people to avoid them." Through his essays there runs a strain of regret at his inability to enter the hurly-burly of life, and of admiration for those men who are successful in worldly affairs. But by this very power of acquiescence, he shows himself outside the superficial interests of his time. He could have adapted himself as well to the nineteenth century as to the sixteenth. He could have lived in Concord, as well as in Perigord. Although, in our times, he might have

purged his essays of much coarseness and have analyzed the shortcomings of Hegel and Schopenhauer, besides those of Aristotle and Plato, yet he would have reasoned from the same premises to the same conclusions.

Of the old Gascon's personality—his whims, his shrewdness, his relative treatment of fact—all modern literature bears an impression. It often happens, in an age where the intellectual insight of a nation is darkened by political turbulence, that some thinker, sequestered from the toil and moil of life, will collect the old doctrines and philosophies, and remold them in a more modern cast of opinion. Thus, Montaigne's task is to remodel old habits of thought, and to him succeeding writers have turned as to a mental guide-book, as a statement of what human thought has accomplished, and what it has left undone.

Possessed of that facile susceptibility to causes and effects which we call "cleverness," Montaigne had a habit of jumping at conclusions,—"*Faisant sauts et gambards*,"—after the manner of a modern-magazine writer. This facility, however, he corrects by a shrewdness which most clever persons lack. His tentative guesses, therefore, have often been worked out into schemes of philosophy or practical science. For instance, we find mention, in his *Essays*, of the modern theory of education—that of cultivating judgment rather than memory. Moreover, the following sentences, written haphazard, bear a strange resemblance to a certain modern theory of philosophy: "Human eyes can only perceive objects through the medium of human experience. If you ask Philosophy about the sun, she will answer that it is

made of stone or iron or some other familiar substance ; ” “ The participation which we have in the knowledge of truth, whatever it be, we have not gained by our own strength. ” Here we have the kernel of Kant’s theory on “ things in themselves ” and “ *a-priori* ideas ”—careless hints, indeed, but definite enough to aid materially a careful reasoner. Although not a creator, Montaigne is sharp enough to see, in the chaos of intellectual darkness overspreading his century, the rough ore of truth, and to point out this crude material to modern thinkers.

Beneath the surface of his cleverness, moreover, one finds in Montaigne the motive power of that humanism which has molded modern literature. Before his time men relied for their culture on Barbara and Felapton, placing memory at a premium and judgment at discount. The dogmatic criticism, typical of the despotism of Louis XIV., had already set up its standard of artistic excellence, so cleverly ridiculed by an English lover of Montaigne, Lawrence Sterne:

And what of this new book the whole world makes such a rout about ? Oh ! it is out of all plumb, my lord ; quite an irregular thing ; not one of the angles at the four corners was a right angle. I had my rule and compasses, etc., my lord, in my pocket. Excellent critics !

And for the epic poem your lordship bid me look at : upon taking the length and breadth, height and depth, of it, and trying them at home upon an exact scale of Bossu’s, ’tis out, my lord, in every one of its dimensions. Admirable connoisseur !

And did you step in to take a look at the grand picture on your way back ? It is a melancholy daub, my lord ; not one principle of the pyramid in any one group. Grant me patience, just Heaven ! Though

the cant of hypocrites may be the worst, the cant of criticism is the most tormenting.

Montaigne, on the contrary, regarding values as essential, and facts as but the implements to carve a judgment from a mass of crude sensation, is the first champion of that relative manner of thought so characteristic of modern times. I can best make clear my meaning by glancing for a moment at his methods.

“Why should I not consider Alexander at table,” he writes, “planning his campaigns and drinking wine at the same time? Even were he playing chess, what chord of his spirit does he not touch in that foolish, puerile game? (I myself dislike it and avoid it, because I am ashamed to use up, in such a manner, enough brain-power to produce something really worth while.) Alexander is as much absorbed in his play as he was in preparing his glorious expedition to India. . . . Consider how that silly game rouses one’s passions, if one does not keep a tight rein on them. Consider how ample the knowledge it affords of one’s virtues and vices. I cannot see through myself more clearly at any other occupation. What passion leaves me undisturbed? Neither anger nor malice nor hate nor impatience nor a vehement desire to win in something where wisdom would be ambitious for defeat—for rare and extraordinary excellence in a small matter does not befit a man of honor. What I say in this connection might be said anywhere else. Every amusement, every occupation, in which a man engages throws an equally clear light upon his character.”

Such investigation inspires all modern criticism, dealing, as it does, rather with the

interest which we take in a subject than with the mere form of the subject itself. This manner of treating facts is typified, for example, in Shakespeare's English kings, of whom Walter Pater speaks as follows :

"Shakespeare's kings are not, nor are meant to be, great men—rather little or quite ordinary humanity, thrust upon greatness with those pathetic results, the natural self-pity of the weak heightened in them into an irresistible appeal to others, as the net result of their royal prerogative." Montaigne says much the same thing about kingship in general : "The hardest and most difficult trade in the world is to be a king. I excuse their faults more readily than most men, in consideration of the horrible weight of responsibility which they bear and which amazes me." One might add in this connection that the British Museum holds a copy of Florio's translation of Montaigne, with "William Shakespeare" written on the fly-leaf.

A more definite influence Montaigne exerts upon an author of our own time,—an author who seems like a Montaigne made of fire and dew. Indeed, were I a believer in the doctrines of Buddha and Pythagoras, I should hold that after death the soul of Montaigne was condemned to take the forms of animals and genii, to wander over other spheres than ours, and thus to purge his sins, but that, when 800 years had gone by, his spirit, purified of iniquity, was ready to come back to earth and there to lead a life worthy of Heaven. Wherefore, I should hold that he returned and dwelt in our land and led a life which, in its freedom from human imperfection, was almost divine ;

that he wrote essays wherein were mirrored so beautifully the rainbow colors of eternal truth that men shall read them forever, and that, while he sojourned with us, we called him Ralph Waldo Emerson.

The grain of talent possessed both by Montaigne and by Emerson is defined cursorily by the former in many of his Essays, and is described at some length by the latter in his "Compensation." Montaigne touches on this matter when he tells us that "God never sends us a good unmixed with evil, or an evil unmixed with good"; that "We taste nothing pure"; that "We laugh and cry at the same thing." Emerson touches on this matter when he tells us that "Every excess causes a defect; every defect an excess; every sweet hath its sour; every good its evil . . . ; for everything you have missed, you have gained something else; for everything you gain, you lose something." Somehow this thought is expressed with entire clearness and coherence by neither the Gascon nor the New Englander. Emerson seems to have hardly enough of earth about him to translate his inspiration into human speech—

"grimy and rough-cast still from
Babel's bricklayers."

Montaigne, by his very earthiness, lacks clear, poetic vision. The former tries to depict his theory with his eyes blinded from looking at the sun; the latter tries to mold his facts with hands clotted by the mire of a somewhat cynical human experience. The idea, however, which is a staple factor in the thoughts of either, becomes clear enough if one reads the writings of both. Between them they manage

to give it a tangible form. Montaigne being purely Horizontal, and Emerson purely Vertical, they define very clearly the limit of the ground which both pass over.

The theory of Montaigne, founded rather on the laws of instinct than on the laws of morality, has borne fruit in the relative spirit which distinguishes modern literature. Moreover, it has broadened our humanity by its tolerance of every human emotion. Moralists, like Calvin, inform you that if you are not with them in every dogma of their system, you are against them in all. Montaigne appeals to all the children of earth, to Christian and infidel alike: for, if a man believe that the soul dies with the body, he has the more reason to live to the full a life which escapes him all too soon; and if a man believe the soul immortal, he has the more reason to fill with noble experience his life here below; because, by so doing, he may most worthily prepare himself for the life hereafter. Despite these benefits, however, the Horizontal doctrine, lacking, as it does, the salt of morality, tends to become, in our hands, a mass of corruption. The very toleration which despises no human emotion,—a touch of which, being a touch of nature, makes the whole world kin,—tends, if we use it too freely, to sap our moral vitality. It puts me in mind of that Eastern perfume called attar of roses, a whiff of which embalms the air about us, many whiffs of which will stupefy us. A soul thoroughly saturated with it puts me in mind of a tropical forest, luxuriant, but sensuous and listless, through whose groves rove lions and panthers, and amid whose palms lurk scorpions and tarantulas and poisonous serpents. “To live among the living

and to let the stream of life flow by unheeded"—that is the watchword of Montaigne, and of all Horizontals. It has one drawback—it is not founded on duty, and a man professing it may be, so far as syllogisms go, a drunkard or a voluptuary. It finds a place not only for the salutary humanism of Walter Pater, but also for the poisonous hedonism of Oscar Wilde. It may come to you in the guise of a Sybil, telling you to "pluck the heart out of each passing moment." It may woo you in the guise of a Thais, telling you to make the earth beautiful with your sin.

If we examine the garment of life, fold by fold, and thread by thread, we find that it is spun from the fiber of morality, and woven on the loom of duty. The voice of instinct may give us good counsel against that solemn priggishness which is the curse of a too rigid morality; but the voice of duty, even if it be harsh, is a deal more stimulating. If we follow this latter voice, we shall be far more sure of success both in a practical and in a spiritual life; for the Vertical system spurs a man to action, the Horizontal to contemplation; and action, in itself, brings achievement, and contemplation in itself brings nothing.

In practical life we cannot spend our time in listening to the music of the spheres; we must join our voices with those of the great world choir; we must sing our allotted part in the universal harmony. If we keep silent, we are doing our worst to silence God's music; sometimes, indeed, we may rest a little while; but we should never take our fingers from the harp-strings. Every poet or painter or musician, that ever fashioned a poem or a picture

or a song, has obeyed the moral law, whether he knew it or not. If we follow the mistaken precept of an artist whose life has been unconsciously useful—if we spend all our time in idle contemplation, we have not read his work aright.

The difference between the Horizontal and the Vertical is, after all, a difference of *meum* and *tuum*; a man practicing the former works for himself; a man practicing the latter works for others. For this reason, perhaps, in the spiritual life of a man, the former is intolerant of vice in any form, and the latter tolerant of vice in every form. For this reason, perhaps, Emerson, the Vertical, dwells in a higher sphere than Montaigne, the Horizontal—for the Horizontal keeps close to earth, and the Vertical rises to the skies. Lowly though it be, however, the Horizontal doctrine will help the altruist in his work, reminding him that all human beings are of one kin; that their vices should receive pity as well as condemnation, and that

There is no straight and certain road
To pack and label men for God
And save them by the barrel-load.

I gladly turn from the faults of Montaigne to his virtues. Even though he preaches self-indulgence, he bore without complaint the tortures of a terrible disease. Even though he poses as a cynic, he formed two noble friendships—one in the flesh, with Etienne de la Boetie, the other in the spirit, with Socrates. I like to fancy that I am sitting by him, in his tower library, perhaps, listening to his comments on Plutarch and Seneca; or else that I am riding about his estate with him, laughing at him as he jokes with his tenants or helps a

pretty girl to fill her pitcher at a well, and chucks her under the chin, too, like a roguish old Gascon as he is. Somehow his essays conjure up before me that peaceful province where he dwelt, sleeping a sunny, southern sleep. It is a land where ruined Roman fortresses, standing out dimly against a background of vine-clad hills, seem like the dreams of an activity long passed. But a man journeying through this lazy region will sometimes feel in his face a whiff of mountain air, reminding him of a more rugged country, where he may purify his brain by cold winds, and where, in toiling up the side of a steep mountain, he will get nearer to the sky. Montaigne gives "sweetness and light," but, as he himself suggests, he cannot "arm, and plenish, and restrain."

HENRY HARMON CHAMBERLIN.

HJALMAR HJORTH BOYESEN, THE TEACHER.

It was in the winter of 1881-82 that I first enjoyed the privilege of attending one of Professor Boyesen's courses of lectures at Columbia College, the subject being that to which he had devoted the closest study and in which he had achieved the greatest success—Goethe's "Faust." To me, as I imagine to the rest of the fourteen or fifteen composing the class, those lectures were a revelation; they opened my eyes to the true meaning of the word culture. As poet, scholar, and man of the world himself, Professor Boyesen understood the man Goethe as few have understood him. He offered to the interpretation of the German masterpiece a variety and breadth of scholarship that were truly marvelous. Everything was brought into requisition, from the poems of Homer, which were recited with true Hellenic enjoyment, to the delicate sonnets of the lecturer himself.

The discussion of the second part of "Faust" offered special opportunity for displaying the varied reading of the lecturer. There was very little textual criticism and a minimum of grammatical and philological explanation. But this exclusion gave so much the more time for following the manifold directions of the poet's thought and applying these to the intellectual and social conditions of the present time. We were brought face to face with the great questions of life, and if we failed to grasp these firmly then, many of us undoubtedly owe much of what maturity of thought we may now possess to those classroom interpretations.

The lectures on Lessing's Laocöon formed another educational feature at Columbia of a different, though no less valuable and interesting, character. They introduced us to a new world of criticism, both literary and artistic. They opened up for us the beauties of the ancient Greek life, which our earlier reading of the classics had never led us to suspect. Boyesen had the same Hellenic delight in the statues of Greece that he showed in the reading of Homer. In this he reminded one continually of Keats.

Still another course of lectures, or rather talks—that on modern Norwegian literature—stands out clearly in my mind. It had an added personal charm from the double fact that the class consisted of only two, and that the majority of the authors discussed were personal friends of the lecturer. These were, so far as I know, the only lectures delivered by Professor Boyesen in Danish, or, as he would have called it, in Norwegian. And it may be of interest to note in this connection that his use of his native tongue was far less fluent than that of the acquired English.

Professor Boyesen's manner of lecturing was informal in the extreme, though the informality was never at the expense of personal dignity or class discipline. We accepted everything as part of the man's personality, considering it right and proper because it was done by Boyesen. I can recall him now, as if it was but yesterday, throwing one leg over the arm of an unoccupied chair and swinging his foot in time to the verse he was reciting. Another favorite attitude was to stand with his legs slightly apart and his hands deep down in his

pockets. Again, in the excitement of a close discussion of Spinoza, or the Earth Spirit, he would pace rapidly from one side of the room to the other, gesticulating vigorously the while, the beautifully chosen words pouring forth with an eloquence such as I had never heard the equal of then and have seldom heard equalled since. His excitement would communicate itself to his hearers, and we often almost forgot to take notes of what was said for very interest in the manner of its saying. If the principal object of all teaching is to arouse enthusiasm in the pupil, then Professor Boyesen in his Faust lectures came very near realizing the pedagogical ideal.

It must not be supposed, however, from what has just been said, that the instruction was in the least superficial or dilettante. Any student that drew this conclusion discovered his mistake to his cost when the day of reckoning in the shape of the term examination came around. Professor Boyesen's examinations were always exceedingly difficult and searching, and the marking, though close, was absolutely fair. On this latter point he was very sensitive, regarding any questioning of his marks as a reflection on his honor. The only time I ever saw him lose patience with a student was in connection with this very matter. An undergraduate fancied that he was entitled to a higher credit than he had received and started to tell the professor so in rather an offensive way. But he had not got beyond the first few words before he was interrupted by Professor Boyesen, who told him the case had been finally settled on the reading of the paper, and that it

was a great act of impertinence for any student to question the correctness of his marks.

Many an evening have I spent, sometimes alone with Professor Boyesen, sometimes with one or two other members of the Faust class, discussing literary matters with him, or rather, listening to his discussion, looking over views of Rome, of which he had a small but very choice collection, or tracing the beauties of an antique statuette or molding. He was particularly happy in his stories of Paris literary life, which included anecdotes of Victor Hugo, Daudet and Tourguineff, and in reminiscences of Hans Christian Andersen and Björnson. In spite of his intense Americanism there was a cosmopolitan charm to his talk that was immensely attractive to a young junior or senior.

But, in spite of the wide range of his thought and the variety of his interests, Professor Boyesen, as teacher, will always be associated in my mind with his favorite poem, Faust. Both as teacher and writer his ripest and most original thought found its expression in the interpretation of this world poem. His former students can give no worthier expression to their gratitude and appreciation than in the opening words of the sonnet addressed to Bayard Taylor in dedication of the statuette,

Unto those altitudes of thought where Day
Reigns e'er serene, where unrelenting law
Guides circling worlds and growth of tiniest straw,
Thou led'st with prescient step my doubting way.
And from those radiant heights where naught could
stay
The daring eye, there burst upon my view,
Uplooming 'gainst eternity's vast blue,
The image of the mighty sage. . . .

DANIEL KILHAM DODGE.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Science.—After all this interest in the X-rays, and all this study and investigation the world over, the question still remains, What are they? Increasing knowledge of their properties and effects does not yet suffice to harmonize the theories of physicists. A profound suspicion is universal that the solution of this problem will result in better knowledge of the nature of matter and of force; the great mystery of gravitation may perhaps be solved, and the correlation of all the forces of nature may be effected, all being in reality but different forms and manifestations of one force which pervades all nature.

Röntgen supposed these rays to be longitudinal vibrations of ether, basing that theory on the fact that he could neither reflect nor refract them. Careful observers in America, however, claim that they have reflected the rays. Prof. Ogden N. Rood, of Columbia, has published the statement that he has reflected from platinum $\frac{1}{1000}$ part of the incident rays at an angle of 45° , and a sensitive plate showing the actinic effect of these reflected rays was among the exhibits at the reception of the New York Academy of Sciences this spring. Nikola Tesla has gone much further, and claims to have reflected three per cent. from zinc at the same angle, which means a much larger reflection at increased angles. By using a zinc funnel to reflect and concentrate the rays he has achieved some wonderful results, such as taking a picture of the ribs in the body four feet distant from the vacuum bulb. Tesla has also

found that the reflecting power of metals accords very nearly with the Volta electric contact series, so that zinc is the most powerful reflector of the common metals; lead, tin, copper, silver, and several other metals examined falling below it as nearly in the order of the Volta series as the limits of accuracy of the experiments will admit, platinum being lowest of all and aluminum giving no reflection whatever. According to the theory, then, magnesium and sodium should reflect better than zinc, which theory was confirmed by experiment in the case of magnesium, while sodium, theoretically the best reflector of all, had not yet been tested at the time of my recent visit to Tesla's laboratory, owing to the great difficulty of manipulating it. Tesla's theory is that the X-rays are streams of radiant matter, part of which is caught by the glass and retained inside the bulb, but part passes through. The bombarded end of bulbs that have been used does show a blackening inside it, and Crookes's radiometer by the revolution of its vanes indicates a bombardment of material particles. Whether it streams through the glass is not proved by this, however. Salvioni also, who has made careful observations at Perugia, Italy, concurs in this theory, which he thinks is confirmed by the fact that the velocity of the X-rays is not at all comparable with that of light. He uses an ingenious apparatus of revolving disks with apertures so arranged as to cut off the rays at each revolution, and by regulating the speed of revolution he ascertains the speed with which his apparatus must revolve so as to intercept the ray which passes through the aperture of one disk as it falls

upon the next one. He also notes an absence of anything similar to the phenomena of color in the X-rays, which should exist if they are really waves of light or analogous to light. Professor Rood, on the other hand, conjectures that these rays are vibrations similar to those of light, but so short as to approach in length the intermolecular vibrations of matter, and that for these reasons they do not obey the usual laws of reflection and refraction. No authentic case of refraction has yet been reported.

The latest and most paradoxical theory is that attributed to Edison, that the X-rays are sound waves or analogous to the waves of sound. The proof adduced for this theory is that when a large screen of steel was placed before the vacuum bulb, sensitive plates placed behind the screen and near the middle of it were not affected, while those near the edge were, as if the waves, like those of sound, bent round the interposing screen. This information comes to me at second hand, but is apparently correct; for I called at Edison's laboratory recently and was told that he was asleep, but that the reporter of the paper from which I get the statement had been there the day previous.

Edison has rendered important service in his thorough investigation of the fluorescence of substances, in order to select the material best adapted for use in a fluorescent screen. Fluorescence to light and fluorescence to the X-rays are not identical, and about eighteen hundred chemicals were tested by these rays, of which number seventy-two fluoresced before calcium tungstate was selected. This fluoresces

about eight times as much as barium platino-cyanide, which is the chemical used by Röntgen in making his discovery. The use of the improved screen enables an observer to see clearly and instantaneously the bones in the hand or other objects of investigation, rendering it feasible for surgeons to locate shot or other extraneous substances better than by taking a picture, as well as much more easily. The fluorescent screen also is a great aid in taking pictures, as the X-rays converted into light upon this screen, placed close to the sensitive plate, increase the rapidity of actinic action upon it. Strontium tungstate was found to be next to calcium tungstate in fluorescing to the X-rays.

The pictures taken by this new process are shadowy and vague in outline, indicating a diffused source. What is the source of the X-rays is another new problem for physicists. Apparently this has been already solved in America, by observers working independently of each other. Elihu Thomson observed the vacuum bulb through a metal tube having a small fluorescent patch near the middle. One end of the tube had a small slit for the rays to enter, the other end was put to the eye, and the tube directed successively to all parts of the bulb. It was found that whenever it was directed toward the portion of the tube bombarded by the cathode rays or radiant matter of Crookes, the patch lighted up, showing that the X-rays proceed neither from the anode nor from the cathode, but from the entire inner surface of the glass wherever it is bombarded; and that the rays proceed in every direction from that inner surface. Meanwhile C. E.

Scribner and F. R. McBerty were conducting a series of experiments with sensitive plates which led them independently to the same conclusion. Pictures were taken on these plates by means of X-rays passing through pinholes in screens which were so arranged that no rays could come direct from the cathode plate, and several ingenious arrangements of screens and plates showed that the effect of these rays on photographic plates was in exact proportion to the intensity of bombardment of the inner surface of glass from which the rays proceeded.

* * *

THE RAPID progress of therapeutics on scientific lines is one of the most gratifying features of the age. Especially is this noticeable in regard to germ diseases. Even from Japan comes intelligence of the identification of the bacterium of leprosy, and of the discovery of a germicidal remedy which cures this disease. Consumption also is now pronounced curable, and from both sides of the Atlantic come reports of the discovery of different remedies, but both pronounced efficacious. Dr. Cyrus Edson has invented a new chemical compound, somewhat resembling carbolic acid, and has generously given the formula to the world. This compound, which he calls aseptolin, is administered by hypodermic injections; and it kills the *bacillus tuberculosis*, which is the germ of consumption, without injury to the patient. Many cures are already attributed to the new practice. The remedy is regularly used in the State's prisons at Sing Sing, Dannemora, and Auburn, and in the latter place there was not one death from consumption in the month of

March, the first time in the history of the prison when that was the case. Now comes a dispatch from Germany stating that Dr. Erich Langheld has discovered a means of combining ozone and cod-liver oil in such manner that the compound, which he names antimicrobia, can be administered by hypodermic injections, and is a cure for consumption. The difficulty heretofore in thus administering ozone has been that it would cause abscesses. Diphtheria is curable by the new remedy antitoxin. Much has been expected from the X-rays as germicides, but experiments have not yet succeeded in justifying this expectation. W. C. H.

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Of course President Eliot does not believe that vivisection is to be used, except on rare occasions by competent biologists, in the retirement of laboratories. We have spoken heretofore of vivisection as a spectacle for young students, and we have expressed regret that otherwise competent professors should practice vivisection before student audiences. President Eliot, as all rational biologists to-day, believes in vivisection where it is useful or necessary for the benefit of mankind, not otherwise. The following remarks were made by him a few days ago at a hearing on the bill introduced by the S. P. C. A. to regulate experimental work in laboratories:

I want to testify that, while for the last twenty years vivisection has been conducted at Harvard University, not a single student has ever complained to any of the overseers of the university that he has seen or known of any cruelty or abuse of vivisection. I wish to add this to the testimony already given here as a proof of the fact that there is no abuse of vivisection in Massachusetts. The opposition to these experi-

ments comes from a very useful society. I am not a medical man, nor a professor of physiology, and so I feel able to say for those men something which they could not say for themselves.

They are the most humane, the most merciful men in the whole country. They work for the prevention of diseases which affect not only men, but animals.

I would like to say a word for the thousands and hundreds of thousands of persons who cannot come here to speak for themselves. The president of the Humane Society has said that he came here to represent dumb animals. I would like to represent the million of dumb people, the great numbers of people who cannot come here to make themselves heard as they can. They are laboring people, whose children die so cruelly as the hot weather of summer comes on, the people whose children go to the diphtheria hospital, the agricultural people, who live away from the cities, and who cannot send for the specialist when their children are ill. It is for these, to save these children from dying, that these biologists are at work. They are at work to deliver us not from disease, but from the apprehension of disease, often more terrible than disease itself.

You ought to have before you the picture of the merciful work done by the men who are assailed by this bill. It does not seem to me that the liberty which the human race takes with animals in this respect begins to compare with that which is taken in other respects. We kill animals in great numbers. We treat them in many ways with vastly more cruelty than is ever the case in the experimenting-room.

Politics.—It is to be hoped that every one in this country who took exception to President Cleveland's message on the Venezuelan controversy will read Mr. Henry Norman's article in *Cosmopolis* for March, and consider.

Mr. Norman describes how he set out on "a peace mission to America," determined that every mite of influence he possessed should be used to prevent war. When he got here he

began to investigate the feeling and position of the country. The conclusions to which he came are interesting, and, in view of the fact that *Cosmopolis* is so expensive, we give several paragraphs in full:

Nobody in authority cared even to discuss the question; England, their attitude implied, had had about half a century to consider the matter and bring it to an amicable conclusion; she had been invited in the most courteous and kindly manner to recognize the difficult and responsible position of the United States; and she had haughtily refused to do so, relying upon her conviction that, if she only held out long enough, everybody would give way. At last the United States had changed its attitude. . . . The time for palaver was over. Such was the feeling in Washington. The pluck of this position, I may as well frankly confess, won my sympathy.

Professors of history and law sprang to the front with arguments to show that the doctrine enunciated by President Monroe did not apply in this instance. Their labor was wasted. If the doctrine of 1823 did not apply, then the doctrine of 1895 did. If not the Monroe doctrine, then the Olney doctrine.

Such, then, was the situation. In spite of years of American appeals the British case had never been given to the world, and Great Britain refused to arbitrate. Now Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Olney are both very strong men. They had inherited this difficulty from their predecessors. Should they go on "fingering idly the old Gordian knot," or should they take the only step that would bring matters to a crisis, a step alone consistent with the dignity of the interests committed to their charge? To anybody who knows the two men, and who realizes also what pressure had been put upon successive administrations to take strong action, the answer was obvious. They decided to conclude the matter.

He concludes:

There is but one way out. Let us face the fact. And if we will not take that way we must fight. . . . We have too bad a position. We have already offered

Venezuela too many compromises. The stake is too trivial. The repeated requests of the United States have been too reasonable. They are perfectly willing to see us take every inch of Venezuela that we are entitled to. Their attitude at Corinto, and now over the Yuruan outrage, is one of absolute correctness.

To arbitration over such a matter, in some manner, and along some road we must come.

Thus it seems that to see the strong points of one's own position is sometimes a virtue, even in the eyes of an opponent.

Athletics.—The Americans were so successful in the Olympian games that the English newspapers had hardly anything to say concerning them. We quote from Mr. A. C. Tyler's letter, printed in the *World*, April 14, giving an account of the first day's performances:

Crowds of people swarmed through the gates of the Stadion when they were opened. Such a rush for seats has never been seen, even at a big football match. At three o'clock the royal family arrived, slowly paraded the full length of the course, and took their seats in the center of the amphitheater. So soon as they were seated the combined bands played and the male chorus sang music specially written for the opening of the Stadion. At about four o'clock the twenty-one competitors for the 100-meter race appeared, and were divided into three heats.

F. A. Lane (Princeton), Thomas P. Curtis (Boston), and Thomas F. Burke (Boston) won their heats easily. Amid the handclaps there were cries of "Bravo, Americans!" over the vast arena, which made us very joyful. The hop, step, and jump followed. J. B. Connolly (Suffolk A. C., Boston) was the only American competitor. He placed his sweater on the mark to take off, but the games officials would not permit it to remain there. The applause was deafening when, at the last jump, he was the first victor of the new

Olympic games. The crowds strained to catch a glimpse of him, the artists wanted to sketch him, and the reporters flocked to discover his history. Thomas E. Burke, Boston, was entered for the 800-meter race, but he did not compete. Throwing the discus followed. The Greeks were very confident of winning this event. A discus is a circular of wood, lens shape, rimmed with iron, and has a brass plate on each side. It weighs two kilograms. Every one except Prince George, who superintended the games, and a few officials were removed from the arena. Then, in turn, the strong men of Greece, France, and England, and then Robert Garrett (Princeton's captain), hurled the discus. The efforts of the English novices were ludicrous. Garrett had practiced a little during the forenoon, but he had not even seen a discus before to-day. Consequently, you may imagine our joy when the American competitor's first hurl was 27 meters 53 centimeters. The Greeks almost tied themselves in knots in preparing for a throw, and then suddenly stretched out and the discus sailed through the air. The best Greek throw was 28 meters 51 centimeters. Garrett's second and third tries were unfortunate, the discus first flying crooked, and the other time dropping from his hand as he pitched. But Garrett's first effort was sufficient to secure him a place in the finals. His two opponents were native Greeks, and one of them was the champion for many years at discus-throwing. The other Greek was a weight-lifter. Both were men of magnificent physique. The Greek champion, in the finals, threw first and scored 28 meters 88 centimeters. Our champion, Garrett, followed with 28 meters 72 centimeters. The third man was so provoked at Garrett's success that he was only able to throw 27 meters 48 centimeters. The champion of Greece then threw the discus 28 meters 95 1-2 centimeters, and the other Greek hurled it 28 meters.

Then came the final effort on the part of America, and we all held our breath as Garrett carefully prepared for the throw. By this time he had caught the knack of hurling the discus and had complete confidence in himself. He put all his energy into the last cast, and as the discus flew through the air the vast concourse of people was as silent as if the structure was

empty. It was a case of America against Greece, the new land against the old, at the favorite pastime of the older country, and the Greeks were painfully eager to see their champion win. When the discus struck there was a tremendous burst of applause from all sides and we joined in it with right good will. The Greek champions, however, did not applaud as strongly as they might. In fact, their applause was decidedly feeble. Then the throw was measured and the announcement was made that Garrett, of America, had thrown 29 meters 15 centimeters, and had beaten the Greeks at their own game. At this the Americans gave three hearty cheers, and the college cry of Princeton startled all present with the intensity and shrillness of the "Rah! Rah! Rah! Siss! Boom! Ah! Princeton!" The Greeks did not know what to make of the college cry, although they seemed to understand that they were defeated and that we were overjoyed at the fact. There is no doubt that the Greeks were greatly disappointed, but they took their defeat in a highly creditable manner.

In the first heat of the 400-meters run two competitors started before the pistol was fired, and were put back two meters. H. H. Jamison (Princeton) was placed the furthest from the pole; but, owing to the others having been put back, he was enabled to jump inside and directly behind Poleman, a German, who tried to foul the American. But the only result of Poleman's tactics was that he allowed Jamison to gain the lead, and the Princeton man maintained it to the end. He was heartily cheered as he crossed the line. Burke won the second heat. He had a walk-over, trotted the whole straight, and won by ten yards.

This closed the sports for the day. The royal family and suite again paraded the course, and the 50,000 spectators present sought their homes, filled with wonder and admiration at the skill of the Americans.

On Tuesday, Ellery H. Clark, of Harvard, representing the Boston A. A., won the broad jump, covering 6.35 meters, or 20 feet 10 inches. Robert Garrett, of Princeton, was second. The 400-meters race was won by T. E. Burke, B. A. A., in 54 1-5 seconds. H. B. Jamison, of Princeton, won the next event, that of putting the weight. His distance was 11.22 meters,

or 36 feet 10 inches. The Greek champion, Gonslros, was second.

On Wednesday and Thursday no Americans competed and the Greeks carried off most of the honors.

The final heats of the unfinished events of the first and second days were continued on Friday. The 100-meters race, equal to about 109 yards, was won by T. E. Burke, B. A. A., in 12 seconds. Hoffman, the German champion, was second. The high jump was won by Ellery H. Clark, B. A. A., who jumped 181 centimeters, or 5 feet 11 inches.

Thomas P. Curtis, of the B. A. A., won the hurdle race of 110 meters in 17 3-5 seconds. Goulding, the English champion, was second. The pole vault was won by W. W. Hoyt, of Harvard, who scored 3.30 meters, or 10 feet 1 inch. The Payne brothers, Americans, won the rifle and revolver contests. On this day there were at least 150,000 people present.

Says Mr. Whitney in *Harper's Weekly*:

The only remarkable performance of the games was the 26-mile run from Marathon to Athens (perpetuated to the memory of the courier who brought the tidings of Miltiades's victory over Darius), won by a Greek peasant named Louis in 2 hours 48 minutes. How exceptional this time is may be appreciated by saying that the best amateur time for 26 miles is 2 hours 47 minutes 14 seconds, and that was run on a cinder track. It is quite the notable performance of the year thus far.

In regard to this wonderful time, 2 h. 48 min., we must say we are apt to feel incredulous. The course was a rough one over hills and dales, and we cannot accept it as accurate.

The Olympian games were completed April 15. Mr. Robertson, an American, read a Pindaric ode on the games. The king then personally handed to each winner of a first prize a wreath of wild olives plucked from the trees at Olympia, and to the winners of second prizes a laurel wreath. The total number of athletes who received wreaths was forty-four,

of whom eleven were Americans, ten Greeks, seven Germans, two Hungarians, two Austrians, one Dane, and one Swiss.

* * *

THE PRINCETON baseball men who are off on the Southern trip include fifteen men, from whom the final selection will be made. They are as follows: Titus, Smith, and Graham, catchers; Altman, Easton, Jayne, and Wilson, pitchers; Kelly, first base; Sankey, second base; Ward, short stop; Gunster, third base; Bradley, left field; Wayave, substitute infielder; Suter, right field. Center field will be filled by one of the pitchers.

* * *

YALE HAS two nines this year, a Law School team having been organized under Manager Sladden, as well as the University team. Both made a trip south during the Easter vacation. Their schedule was as follows: Three games—with Columbia College on the 27th, with Georgetown University the 28th, with the Catholic University the 30th; the Johns Hopkins University in Baltimore on the 31st; with Franklin and Marshall College at Lancaster on April 2; with University of Western Pennsylvania at Pittsburg, April 3 and 4.

* * *

THERE IS a rumor on foot that three of our crack tennis-players will enter the English championship at Wimbledon next July. They are Larned, Chase, and Foote. If so, we shall have an opportunity of getting fairer ideas of the comparison between the American and English players than when Campbell went over in 1890 for the same championship.

THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA has unanimously re-elected Carl S. Williams as captain for next season. A dispatch from Philadelphia regarding this is as follows :

This action would seem to indicate that Harvard has withdrawn her demands upon Pennsylvania not to play Williams and Brooke this year, because both had played at other colleges before coming here, or that Pennsylvania has finally determined not to be dictated to by Harvard in the premises.

As Pennsylvania has retained Coach Woodruff, who expected to leave for the practice of law, and has re-elected Williams, one of the best captains they ever had, it looks as though they were going to make a hard pull to bring their team into good shape next season. Their close match with Harvard last fall, in which they won through Harvard's inability to kick goals, they feel should be atoned for by a more decisive victory next season.

* * *

THE HARVARD crew by the time of this writing will be on the water. In the last few days there has been considerable shifting, and many changes have been made since Mr. Watson started for England. Moulton has been tried at No. 7, in place of Jennings, and Hayes has been tried at stroke, and is said to be an improvement over Hollister.

* * *

THE CANDIDATES for the Harvard nine have been selected from a large number, and the following are the lucky ones who will have a chance to fight it out on the diamond :

Pitchers, Cozzens and Paine ; catchers, Morton, Brown, and Scannell ; first base, G. L. Paine and O'Malley ; second base, Dean and

Wrenn; third base, Clarkson and Stevenson; short-stop, McVey and Dean; outfield, Burgess, Rand, Dayton, Edmands, and Selfridge.

* * *

THE COLUMBIA crew are out on the Harlem rowing and waiting for the new boathouse on the Hudson to be finished. The popular order of seating is, up to date, as follows:

Stroke, Pierrepont; No. 7, Longacre; No. 6, Carter; No. 5, Hall; No. 4, Prentice; No. 3, McDonald; No. 2, McLeod and Campbell; bow, Pressprich.

* * *

THE RECORDS of the men who participated in the successful Olympic games are as follows:

Robert Garrett, Jr., shot-putting, 40 feet 2 inches; Albert C. Tyler, pole vault, 11 feet $2\frac{3}{4}$ inches; Francis A. Lane, 100-meter run. He has as yet shown no championship form in public. H. B. Jaminson, 100-meter and 440-meter runs—100 yards in 11 1-5, and, for the 440, 58 seconds.

The Bostonian combination consists of F. E. Burke, Arthur Blake, Ellery H. Clark, and J. P. Curtis. President Sloan has done everything possible to make the matter a success in America, but it has been hard work. An honorary committee for America was organized by him, of which President Cleveland was the chairman. But the fact does not seem to have stimulated an interest among the athletes.

* * *

WILLIAMS HAS some good men as a nucleus for next year's nine in Captain Lewis, Ashton, Drysdale, Goodrich, Street, Dewey, and Corey. Among the new men there are Durfee, Cavedy,

Wright, Roy, Corey, Davis, Mainard, Holbrooke, and Ross.

* * *

HARVARD AND PRINCETON seem to be unable to come to an arrangement on the question of eligibility rules for baseball. Probably before this is in type an agreement will have been reached, but if what the Princeton men say is true, it is likely to be that each shall make and interpret its own eligibility rules, and that each captain shall then send to his rival captain a list of the men, with a statement that they are, according to his rule, eligible. The men in authority, both at Princeton and Cornell, have expressed themselves as believing in the adoption of strict eligibility rules, letting each university make its own and not endeavor to—by means of a convention or otherwise—secure uniform eligibility rules for all the universities.

* * *

THE YALE freshmen crew have a race on their hands now that makes them feel almost as big as their 'Varsity brethren, who are going to Henley. The Yale faculty met last month, and voted to allow the request of the freshmen, that they have a rowing contest with the University of Wisconsin. At first it was planned to have this race on June 22, but with the consent of the faculty it will now be rowed at Lake Saltonstall on the 18th of June. The Wisconsin crew will probably arrive some days before this date, and as the guests of the Yale navy will put in some training work in New Haven.

* * *

It is evident from a report of the Graduate Treasurer of Harvard's athletics that the re-

ceipts of the football association continue to augment. They now reach the tidy sum of \$40,000. The expenses were something over \$15,000. The boat club spent over \$10,000, and had only \$4,000 for receipts. The baseball was practically self-supporting, although coming out \$100 or so behind. The Athletic Association spent \$2,000 more than they received.

* * *

THE RELAY races to be contested at Franklin Field, University of Pennsylvania, while this is in press, promise to be attractive in the extreme. Some forty of the principal colleges and schools have sent entries, and with the increasing interest that is coming in relay races this will be a sight worth seeing.

Relay racing promises to be a feature of track athletics, both in and out of doors in the near future, and it is certainly far more exciting than the ordinary individual race, unless the latter happens to be, as is unusual, very closely contested. In the relay race one never becomes convinced that the race is hopeless for the side that is behind, because some of their relay men may easily cut down quite a commanding lead. A man in the third quarter of a race, when he has run the first two quarters, is usually so extended that he cannot alter the existing positions of himself and his opponent by any great amount, but in the relay race a fresh fast man coming in the third quarter will cut down a very commanding lead if his opponent be only average. It is these ups and downs which add so much to the contest.

* * *

COLUMBIA HAS a new trainer in the person

of Tom Chrystie, who has taken charge of their athletic team. F. W. Stone, their former trainer, has been called to the position of Gymnasium Director to the Chicago Athletic Club, and Mr. Chrystie has been secured to take his place. Chrystie trained the Barnard School team one year, and is said to have developed Patterson, of Williams.

* * *

THE FOLLOWING dispatches from Berkeley, Cal., and from Cambridge speak for themselves :

Capt. J. L. Bremer, of the Harvard track team received a telegram to-day from the Captain of the University of California team, asking if Harvard would meet the Berkeley boys in dual games on May 23. Bremer telegraphed back a provisional acceptance. The games will be held on the Harvard track at Cambridge. No arrangements have been made regarding the list of events.

If the Western team come on again this year we shall all be glad to see them and hope they will create as favorable an impression as they did last year.

WALTER CAMP.

* * *

BESIDES WISCONSIN and Yale, there are only four universities in the country which support crews. These are Harvard, Cornell, Columbia, and Pennsylvania.

* * *

THE HARVARD crew is as yet rowing in rather poor form. A. A. Sprague, No. 6, has left the boat, and no one has been selected to fill his place. George Faulkner, the professional, is now coaching the crew in company with Mr. Mumford. The crew prefer to row at Saratoga or at New London and do not favor the Poughkeepsie course. If they consult old

Harvard oars they will not find any liking for Saratoga. Why should there not be a compromise—and the New London course favored?

* * *

CONCERNING THE quadrangular boat-race the *Yale News* has this to say :

At the recent meeting of the Regatta Committee in New York to discuss the choice of a course for the Harvard-Columbia-Cornell-University of Pennsylvania race, although no vote was taken, a canvass showed that Pennsylvania, Harvard, and Cornell were favorable to Saratoga, and that Columbia held out for Poughkeepsie. It was agreed that if Columbia could make arrangements to have the river kept entirely clear of excursion-boats, the other colleges would vote for Poughkeepsie instead of Saratoga.

Accordingly the Columbia authorities had Senator Hill introduce a bill in Congress providing that United States revenue cutters should afford protection to spectators and contestants at regattas and college boat-races. No action has as yet been taken by Congress on this bill. If passed, Poughkeepsie will undoubtedly get the big race, otherwise the contest will go to Saratoga.

The *Columbia Spectator* voices Columbia sentiment in wanting the race rowed at Poughkeepsie. The other colleges, Cornell, Harvard, and Pennsylvania, prefer Saratoga Lake, on account of the danger of passing steamboats. Naturally the New Yorkers prefer a course near their own city.

THE BACHELOR suggests New London as a compromise. New London is generally cool, bracing, and, as far as the crowd go, easily reached. The three-mile course is first class. Why not New London?

* * *

COLLEGE BASEBALL games to date resulted as follows : Princeton 23, Hobart 4 ; Princeton

11, Georgetown 5; University of Virginia 25, Lehigh 3; Pennsylvania 18, Hobart 16; Columbian University 9, Johns Hopkins 6; Princeton 10; University of North Carolina 8; Johns Hopkins 13, Princeton 1; Virginia 18, Johns Hopkins 5; Yale 11, Wesleyan 7; vs. Hampton, 32-5; vs. Virginia, 12-4, 8-7; vs. North Carolina, 4-8; vs. Georgetown, 16-12; vs. New York League team, 0-4. This last was a well-fought game. The *Sun* said of the game: "The Yale team played fully as well in the field as the New Yorks, and perhaps a little more brilliantly."

* * *

THE OXFORD-CAMBRIDGE boat-race Saturday, March 28, was probably the grandest eight-oared 'varsity race ever rowed. The finish by Oxford was unsurpassed—winning by two-fifths of a length; that is, by about 25 feet, after a splendid spurt. Twice before the race was won by half a length, in 1867, and again in 1891, by Oxford, who always has had more "blood and wind" in the last quarter-mile. In 1886 Cambridge won by two-thirds of a length, after Oxford had gained two lengths at Barnes's Bridge; Mr. F. Pitman (who writes in the current *Badminton* of the 'varsity boat-races) making up to that time the most famous finish spurt on record. To-day Mr. H. G. Gold, the Oxford stroke, is the most distinguished oarsman in England. The time, 20 minutes 4 seconds, was very fast, considering the rain and wind, and the tide was not a strong one, according to the English papers. The Cambridge men tried a new idea—"fixing a number of inflated bladders under their thwarts with a view of taking up the room

which would otherwise be taken up by the water," says the *Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News*. The effect of the arrangement was doubtful. The race made the seventh consecutive victory for Oxford.

Cambridge was a length ahead at Hammer-smith Bridge, which was reached in 7 minutes 45 seconds, and a length and a half ahead at Corney Reach bend and the oil mills, and at that point Oxford seemed to go to pieces, and the race seemed over. Mr. Gold rallied his men, however, and finally won. A hundred yards from the finish the two boats were on a dead level. Here the rougher water hampered Cambridge, and Oxford by a desperate effort shoved the nose of her boat 25 feet ahead, over the line!

Would that we might live to witness a race like that in this country! The reasons why both boats stuck so closely together were: because (1) both rowed nearly the same stroke, (2) both were about the same weight, (3) same length of boat and shape of boat, (4) the narrow river. This last cause is often overlooked. Two boats rowing on Long Island Sound, or out to sea, or on a wide river necessarily are affected very differently by wind slants and tides.

It is another interesting thing to note that in the evening, after the race, the crews dined together *as usual*, the *Café Royal* being the place of meeting. J. A. Tinné, the old Oxford blue, who rowed in the four which beat Harvard in 1869, being chairman.

* * *

IN THE Oxford-Cambridge field sports, some of our old friends of last year took part.

W. Fitzherbert, after a very game struggle, won the quarter-mile run in 49 3-5 seconds (record time), by four feet over Jordan. F. S. Horan, whose interesting essay in the January *BACHELOR*, giving his impressions of America, is so well known, tried the three-mile run, but was beaten by J. M. Fremantle (Ox.) in 15 minutes 12 seconds. Cambridge won the odd event as follows:

100 yds., G. Jordan (Ox.), 10 1-4 sec.
 120 yds., hurdles, Garnier (Ox.), 16 3-5 sec.
 Quarter-mile, Fitzherbert (Cam.), 49 3-5 sec.
 One-mile, Howard (Cam.), 4 m. 29 2-5 sec.
 Three-mile, Fremantle (Ox.), 15 min. 12 sec.
 High jump, Kirlew (Ox.), 5 ft. 8 1-2 in.
 Long jump, Batchelor (Cam.), 22 ft. 7 in.
 Hammer, Johnstone (Cam.), 107 ft. 7 in.
 Weight, Bullock (Cam.), 38 ft. 2 in.

Art.—New York picture-lovers are among those who greet most eagerly the coming of spring, bringing, as is fondly hoped each year, a fresh inspiration to our painting, and a fresh testimony to the public of its worth. It is doubtful, however, how long this hopeful spirit can nourish itself on the trivial and commonplace work which is gradually altering the whole aspect of American painting. This seems to many of us fully and sadly exemplified in the present exhibition of the Society of American Artists, a society which, after maintaining for years a high standard of excellence, seems to be slowly giving way to a series of fashions in palette-setting, almost as meaningless and conventional as the styles in Easter bonnets. And really the color effect is much the same.

This color effect is certainly charmingly

bright and cheerful as one enters the room. The exhibition is beautifully toned and hung, and is perfect in the quantity and arrangement of the pictures. A dull pink wall sets off excellently the pale, diaphanous painting of the majority of the canvases, and lends them a solidity which they would scarcely possess if placed in one of the old, dark-toned galleries, next a Millet or a Corot. The landscape work, however, is on the whole the best we have. Much of it is very delightful. Mr. Platt's quiet Windsor snow-scenes are excellent in their sincere and sympathetic treatment. His "Garden in Winter" is full of feeling and well painted; more attractive than his snowy hill-side, which is yet very true and solid. Mr. Weir and Mr. Twachtmann give us quiet work, with much of their old charm. Some few of the impressionist landscapes are full of light, though thin and unsubstantial. Miss Elizabeth Curtis has work very good in this respect. All over the walls one may pick out canvases pleasant to the eye and possessing good qualities; but they are very slight, and when anything larger is attempted it lacks the spirit of earnest workmanship.

In one picture of this year this latter quality is, however, strongly felt. A tall girl, darkly dressed, against a deep black-green background, holding in her arms a gray monkey, and looking steadily out from the canvas, seems to promise even great work in the future. The head is exquisite in feeling and treatment, full of the quality of pure portraiture. The picture may be slightly green in tone, but it gains more and more as one watches it. Mr. Hopkinson is to be congratulated on this pict-

ure, which is throughout dignified, poetic, and solid. The Sargent of the year cannot, of course, be omitted, but it is among the poorer portraits of children, which he has shown here. He can sometimes reveal their whole personality and atmosphere ; and though this carries well across the room, as one approaches the treatment seems summary and we learn little of the child. Miss Beaux's portrait is not as good as her last year's exhibit, but her work always tells well. The baby's head in Miss Emmet's "Mother and Child" is excellent, but the picture is sentimental in arrangement, and the work through the rest of it is not nearly so good. The portraits of men are uninteresting, though some appear to be faithful likenesses. There are two or three very delightful still-life paintings.

The decorative, emblematic, and allegorical pictures are the poorest part of the show. Mr. Benson's "Summer" is the best, by far.

But throughout the work one feels a tendency to sacrifice all serious qualities to cleverness and tricks, and it is this which is the really discouraging feature of the exhibition. Few of our modern painters seem to have any real convictions. They do not at all events succeed in impressing us with the reality of their beliefs. They seem occupied, not with learning and teaching new truths about nature, but rather with the fact that some gentlemen in France are painting in pure color, or that some other group has taken to working in somber flat masses. They can change readily from one to the other, for they are very clever, and can easily adopt the style of the moment, and use it plausibly and often with attractive results.

What might they not accomplish, then, if they would only use this cleverness to solve a few of the problems which confront the student, if they would but employ their technical skill to revive beautiful craftsmanship, in paint and in charcoal! How many of these canvases show any real and profound sense of the beauty of a line, or its possibilities of exquisite combinations? Why should not these artists, as mere workmen, try to come somewhere near the beauty of the handling of the old masters? Is there any use in trying to persuade the public or themselves that it is good flesh-painting to make a summary outline and fill it in with the combinations of paint already used in the grass, sky, or other ingredients of the composition? Is it necessary to waste time in proving that a girl among leaves cannot be adequately represented by alternate stripes of white and pale green? And when men, who have done beautiful, solid, and thoughtful work, rest on their achievement, and repeat their old discoveries without soul or care, or else use the knowledge won by true study to carry off an unreal, flashy fashion, it is yet more dispiriting. We shall not forgive our painters if they neglect these years which should be forming our traditions in art. We do not doubt their ability to give us beautiful painting, but we need stronger evidence of it than is furnished by this exhibition.

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NOTHING so architecturally disappointing has been erected at Yale for a long time as the Phelps Memorial Gateway. Its completed appearance is that of a tall New York apartment-house. The gateway itself is too small

and unimposing. The apartment windows above are too prominent. As a gateway it is a failure. As a college building it harmonizes well enough with the dormitories alongside of it, and may answer a practical purpose, if it is not highly ornamental.

In this connection, we have heard it rumored that Old South Middle College at Yale is soon to be removed, in order to make way for modern improvements. We trust this is not the case. Surely this old first building of Yale, and perhaps the old first chapel (Lyceum), should be preserved. We invite Yale graduates all over the country to send us their protests against the destruction of these two first buildings of Yale. We invite letters on the subject which we may present to the Yale corporation.

President Dwight, at the Orange dinner, said :

It is a cause of grief to many Yale men that the old buildings are rapidly disappearing. But they were not built for all time. Our fathers had neither the means nor the knowledge of the future to build in that way. Old buildings have no value but that of association, and while this means much to those who have used them, it is not valuable to future generations, and we are building for them.

This reasoning may apply to every old building on the Campus, except the two first pioneers.

* * *

THE YALE Faculty has abolished the course in fiction, conducted by Dr. Phelps during the last year, the reason being that it was much too popular, and students devoted too much attention to novels, to the neglect of more important studies. Students will spend time

over novels whether prescribed by the curriculum or not, and it is well to have the best kind of novel pointed out to them. We can hardly conceive of any better youthful enthusiasm than for George Eliot, or Thackeray, or Meredith. The faculty may, perhaps, succeed in a further stimulation of novel-reading by proscribing it.

Theological.—The Rev. Charles F. Dole, of Jamaica Plain, has an article in the last number of the *Harvard Graduates' Magazine* in which he proposes what amounts to the abolition of divinity schools. According to Dr. Dole, now that the notion that "God had communicated moral and religious truth by a kind of miraculous inspiration to individuals of a given race" has been abandoned, the reason for theological schools has ceased. Dr. Dole's conclusions are: "That the knowledge of Hebrew to-day, except for philological experts, is merely a scholarly accomplishment." That "the minister wants to know whatever the best educated man should know"; that the "old-time distinctions that separated the students for the ministry from the rest of the university" should be "altogether removed."

"I would," says Dr. Dole, "have the students for the ministry free to choose whatever course of study they may find most profitable. . . . I would permit no course of study to be considered as for 'ministers' only. I would encourage students for the ministry to room in the buildings where the other students are."

"The professor of botany, chemistry, or astronomy," says Dr. Dole, "ought to be as

truly the helper and inspirer to this result as the professor of Semitic languages."

So far, there appears to be no objection to Dr. Dole's plan, for under it every man is to be a divine scientist or a scientific divine. Each department is to arrange itself so as to be in accord with the views of the other; and we are not to see our institutions of learning teaching one set of theories in one department and an entirely different set in another.

But here there seems to arise a question of great importance. "To sum up my plea," says Dr. Dole, "it is briefly as follows: I believe the university, in its broadest sense, ought to be what our forefathers intended Harvard College to be—a divinity school." Very good, yet might not trouble arise if, for instance, the theological or spiritual department, which is now especially engaged in the education of ministers, were to determine that there were certain conceptions of life which it was essential to uphold in order to turn out efficient ministers?

The ordinary man of education is not bound by any *à priori* theories on this point. His objects in educating himself or in permitting himself to be educated, may be many, and among these objects may be the intention of finding out, as nearly as he can, what kind of a place this world is, and to inform himself as deeply and as widely as possible, in order that he may make up his own mind for himself on this question.

The educated man, uninfluenced by theological consideration, might fairly conclude, from the knowledge that any good university affords, that beneficence and malevolence have no part

in the affairs of nature, except in so far as they are manifested in living things, and that, as Huxley puts it, "the cosmic process has no sort of relation to moral ends." Now, if the makers of ministers agree with Dr. Dole that education "is not complete till religion pronounces the universe divine and beneficent," they will see to it that the young men whom they turn out are duly impressed with this view, and they will arrange courses of instruction, in which the affairs of the universe are so marshalled as to cause this idea to stand out as prominently as possible. It is of course a matter of history that just such *à priori* notions as this have in the past been the worst obstacles to the advancement of science, when introduced into scientific work, and in these days young men will have difficulty in finding astronomers, botanists, or psychologists who will deal with their subjects on this basis. They will not be apt, therefore, to get the training they require from the scientific side of any well-conducted university. It would seem, therefore, that so long as animus in nature is considered an essential belief on the part of the ministry, special arrangements in the shape of theological schools will have to be made for their education.

College Notes.—HARVARD HAS voted to appoint Leo Wiener, late of the University of Minnesota, to be instructor in Russian. This is as it should be. Each modern language, in preference to the dead ones, ought to be taught in our colleges.

* * *

YALE CLAMORS especially nowadays for funds

for its library, which has lost part of its income by the lawful and compulsory diversion of \$50,000 of Phelps' money, which, after the death of Mr. W. W. Phelps, had to be taken for the Phelps' gateway.

* * *

MISS GEORGINA MORRILL, of Wolcott, N. Y., is the first woman from this country to obtain a German degree of Ph.D. with honor at Heidelberg. Says the *Journal*:

Miss Morrill has been studying in Europe since the fall of 1893. She spent a term at Zurich, Switzerland, another at Leipsic, in Saxony, and was then for about eighteen months under the tuition of the renowned Dr. Tupsiter, of the University of Berlin. All these universities admitted her to their lectures, but denied her regular student standing, merely on account of her sex. As she was desirous of obtaining a degree, Dr. Tupsiter endeavored to have his university concede her that honor, but failed. He interceded, however, more successfully with the Heidelberg authorities, and she went there last September, and was regularly enrolled.

Miss Morrill is the first American woman to obtain a German degree, and the second of any nationality. She graduated from Vassar in 1882, receiving the degree of A.M. from that college seven years later.

* * *

THE DEATH of Thomas Hughes, author of *Tom Brown*, etc., ends the career of one of the most distinguished of alumni. Dr. Hughes was always pre-eminently a college man, a forerunner of a class of graduates who are increasing in numbers both in America and England. They are men who keep up their interest in their college, and have not the old-fashioned dread of being accused of being considered "young" because of it. The fact is the college life seems to extend to later years to-day, and college matters are of real vital interest where formerly it was the custom to forget

them. Tom Hughes in England stood for the best type of University culture, manly, sturdy, honest, friendly. His Rugby book, as it was intended, hit the middle-class religious heart, and struck deep. His Oxford book is not so popular, because, on the whole, it is not so universally true of University life,—being, perhaps, true enough of his particular time. For a long time Tom Hughes stood as the representative of “muscular Christianity.” Athleticism at the end of the 19th century owes a great deal to him. He made athletics—wise training, resulting in good health—popular. He developed the rowing hero, the football hero, the cricket hero. And what a splendid Englishman he himself was! in body and mind, surpassing. Over six feet in height, of fine, noble countenance, of splendid health till his last illness. When he rose in Parliament and the cry went around, “Tom Hughes is up!” the members hurried to their seats feeling that they would hear the *best* that could be said on the subject—the best from the best college graduate living!

He had, too, the good of humanity at heart. He endeavored to relieve the poor farmers of England by establishing a Rugby colony in Tennessee. This failed, but the effort was a kindly one, and creditable to him who tried to help the poor.

We reprint a characteristic letter from Mr. Hughes, for which the *Tribune* is the authority that it has never before been published:

Dear boy (for you must be a boy still): You ask whether Tom Brown was “a real boy,” as “it would be so much nicer to think that he was a real boy than to know that he only existed in a story.” No, he wasn’t

a real boy (unless, indeed, on your side "boy" is a noun of multitude). He was (and I hope is still, and, so far as an old boy of seventy-three can judge, certainly is) at least twenty boys, for I knew at least that number of T. B.'s at Rugby, and there were no doubt as many at a dozen other of the public schools. What I wanted was to draw the average English boy, who came from a good, pious, English, country home, not particularly clever or studious, but with good church-catechism training, which wouldn't let him be an idle loafer, though he might look on the masters as "the other side" in the education game, and, so long as they played the game fairly, would respect and like them, as he did "the other side" at football.

If you want to meet a specimen on your side, you will find one of the type at Hymen Ranch, in the Pandhandle of Texas, where our youngest boy is the managing partner of a cattle ranch. He never could take kindly to Latin, Greek, or mathematics, but learned "to ride, shoot, and tell the truth," which was (according to Herodotus) considered the best result of the higher education among the persons of two thousand years ago. Almost all of such boys get fond of good, healthy literature later on, and regret that they didn't "sap" at school; but I doubt whether they would have made half as good Englishmen, even if they had learned to turn out good "longs and shorts" or Greek alcaics before they left school. Yours very truly,

Chester, 3-11-'95.

THOMAS HUGHES.

BOOK NOTICES.

From the *Nation* of April 9 we quote, below, some amusing remarks *à propos* of the present literary crisis supposed to exist in this country. There seems to be an ill-suppressed feeling among American authors that they are a more or less abused community. We have observed certain organizations of authors gotten up for the avowed purpose of subduing the recalcitrant publisher, and assisting the "unknown" author in marketing his wares. That a literary crisis is upon us seems to me admitted now on all sides. The general impression is that we are being driven out by the foreign author, and that we should have a system of ample protection. Of course this proceeds from the author's standpoint.

It is our belief that there never was a time when publishers were more anxious to recognize genuine merit. Mr. Steven Crane has attained a height of notoriety to one book, which is very essentially American in structure and in detail. There never was a time, however, when more writers were giving us more or less indifferent work than to-day. The reason for this is that in the struggle to live, writing is the resource of any one who can obtain pen, paper, and ink. The number of books put out is enormous. The number of manuscripts received is a thousand to one book that is printed. On the whole, it seems to us on a general survey that the method and manner of what is published are very much superior to what they were twenty years ago, but the thought and matter are not superior, but are spread over very wide space. We have learned how to write better, but we have not learned to work, and it is in this capacity for work that the English excel us. We are even more original, more ingenious, more amusing, but our effort is not so well sustained as that of our English cousin. His novels surpass ours by the very reason that they are more carefully studied.

The *Nation* says, apropos of the literary crisis :

The first remedy is, to suppress competition. It is not stated in this bald way, but that is what is meant. The phrases are : Emancipating ourselves from "the

colonial attitude"; stopping "the adoration of the foreign writer"; getting the press to devote more space to "domestic literature." All this means that there is a literary crisis because literature cannot stand competition, and that protection of the native product will cure the crisis. But this remedy is really a confession of inferiority. It is like dread of the evils of competition in society. "What shall we do with our boys," ask alarmed parents, "in the face of the fierce competition in all businesses and professions?" This question really means, as Leslie Stephen has remarked, "What shall we do with our fools?" A bright, energetic boy has everything to gain from competition. And so, it may be said, only dullard books have anything to fear from literary competition. Anyhow, they cannot escape it. This remedy is very like a prescription of a bottle of port and terrapin every day for a person on an income of \$3 a week. The thing cannot be done.

If it were possible to dispose of living competitors, what are you going to do with dead competitors? Short of another Omar to burn the British Museum and all its works, the "dead hand" of literature will continue to labor, even if all modern authors go on strike. This was rather brutally put by a London publisher in controversy with the Authors' Society. Pay our authors more, he was told, or you will get no books to publish and will starve. Not at all, replied the publisher; it is you who will do the starving, for the reprints I can make from the stores of the British Museum will last me long after every one of you has been driven to manual labor. Needless to say, the authors shrank from the unequal combat, and continued to take their beggarly 10 per cent. and be thankful.

The other remedy is more to the point. Make literature prosperous by getting great writers to produce it. From this no one can dissent; but the trouble is that when they say great writer they mean great reputation. "Scarcely a year passes," says Mr. Tait, "without London making three or four great literary reputations. How long is it since New York made one?" Alas, my masters, how obviously "made" such reputations are! Here we come upon a very curious phenomenon. The public were never so eager

as now to have a literary genius to pet and flutter about. They run off impetuously on false scents and at every hasty cry of lo ! here, and lo ! there. And if they ever do find the first sign or glimmer of genius, they straightway do their best to extinguish it. They do this by the method of what is called "making a great literary reputation."

The process has often been witnessed. An author produces something unusual, something showing an original turn, giving promise of genius. Immediately the signal is given, and the whole pack of destroyers of genius is let loose upon him. The reporter runs him to earth. The photographer levels the deadly camera at him. A dinner is given in his honor at the Aldine Club. He is invited to write for the *Ladies' Home Journal*. Then the end is not far off. Only one step remains. It is to be "syndicated." Genius in the clutches of a syndicate is a melancholy spectacle. It soon becomes subdued to the medium in which it works, and appears as dull and ditch-watery as if the divine spark had never glowed at all. As long as we go so painstakingly about the work of putting every singer of native woodnotes wild in a gilded cage of publicity, of denying expanding talent the time to read or think or commune with its own heart, of making a great reputation by means of puffery and wind, it is certain that we shall not get ourselves out of perpetual literary crisis.

The Amazing Marriage, by GEORGE MEREDITH (Scribner's).—George Meredith, the greatest living English novelist, has so clearly the poise and gift of imagination, that one may almost call him, with all sincerity, one of the truest poets of the last half of the century. His novels are deep poetical studies of life and manners. He is far away from the school of Thackerayan or Reade journalistic fiction. He is at the opposite pole from Mr. Howells. What he writes is finest imaginative literature. What fiction Mr. Howells has given us (always excepting *The Day of their Wedding*, *The Lady of the Aroostook*, *Venetian Studies*, and *A Chance Acquaintance*, and his poems) is thoughtfully reportorial, graphic, *what he sees*. Meredith seems to see not only beyond the surface, but to feel the spirit. He may be

compared to the Röntgen X-rays. The speakers are felt. He is realistic in a sense, too, since everything he says rings true, and has a basis of solid fact, like great poetry. Every one might enjoy Howells, who thoughtfully enjoys a newspaper and likes detail. Meredith is an acquired taste, rare, exquisite, imaginative, spiritual. The facts with him are unimportant.

Meredith is not fond of narrative, and he is fond of characterizing the same attributes—courage, resolution, honor, wit. He will thus often repeat himself. Meredith's women are much alike in their class. We have the "Diana" class, in which his women are very brave, very witty, and follow their hearts. Aminta is of this bold, brave class. The women seem to build themselves on a sure foundation rock of truth and love, and to astonish the world by their sportive disdain of convention. Such of his women are commanding, overpowering, fascinating, dashing creatures. The author calls them sometimes his sweet "boys." Then we have the Cecelia or Letitia class. This class is more femininely loving, sweet, pure, beautiful. In the mid-class we have Rosamund and Clara class, who are self-sacrificing to the last. Then among the men we have the everlasting stilted Lord Romfrey class—the peculiar old nobleman, modified Sir Willoughbys—quaint studies from life in English aristocracy. Lord Ormont is one of these.

Is Meredith merely talented? Read the wonderful scenes between Rhoda Fleming and Dahlia. It is passionate, full life. No writer of fiction should fail to study this novel for its genuine feminine heart-feeling. There is nothing surpassing it in our language. If it is not the work of genius, then we may despair of genius finding its way into fiction. For this book alone (not all of it, but for parts of it) Meredith will live, when George Eliot's hot-housed philosophical studies of life will have been forgotten. Meredith sees the world as it is—Mrs. Lewes saw it through G. H. Lewes's despairing spectacles.

In *The Amazing Marriage* we have Carinthia, who is the sweet boy like his Chloe. Have you ever read that exquisite short story? "Chloe became the comrade of men without forfeit of her station among sage,

sweet ladies, and was like a well-mannered *sparkling* boy, to whom his admiring seniors have given the lead in sallies, whims, and flights, but pleasanter than a boy—the soft hues of her sex toned her frolic spirit; she seemed her sex's deputy to tell the coarser when they could meet, as on a bridge above the torrent separating them."

The same people appear again. Lord Fleetwood, the inscrutable young nobleman who deserts his wife, and then falls in love with her too late, reminds us of Richard Feverel. Carinthia, in trouble and in love, is a repetition of Cecelia. The book is not one of the best examples of Meredith, but is delightfully poetic and imaginative. He speaks of gambling. "That ball (roulette) has a look of a Nymph running round and round, till she changes to one of the Fates," His descriptions of Swiss scenery are exquisite and surpassing, because they are the purest poetry.

The One Who Looked On, by F. F. MONTRESOR (D. Appleton & Co.).

This is a gentle, charming story of quiet domestic life. It is full of delicate pathos occasionally relieved by humor. It is essentially a woman's novel, and women will probably appreciate the retired English life it describes more than men.

Ruminations, by ALBERT MATHEWS (Putnam's). Mr. Mathew's has published a second edition of his "Ideal American Lady and Other Essays." Mr. Mathews writes in a pleasant style, and what he says is always sensible, sound and incontrovertible. He is one of the last links we have now in New York, connecting us with that agreeable literary society of which Nathaniel P. Willis was a shining ornament. These essays are pervaded by a refinement and culture not common in our day and generation. There is a sense of large leisure, of ease, of broad perspective—of a gentle optimism in them which speaks of other days, when time was not so pressing.

Comedies of Courtship, by ANTHONY HOPE (Scribner's).

These stories of Anthony Hope are masterpieces. If

the reader wishes in one volume Hope at his best, in piquancy, in style, in dialogue, get this book. As a master of dialogue—for conveying so much in expression and inuendo, besides the literal words—he has no equal. It may be true that his women repeat themselves. They usually say the same kind of smart things—and one tires of monotonous brilliancy—but one need not read more than one of these finished sketches a day! The author is sometimes too artificial, too finished—but he is distinct and the best of his kind—the intellectual kind, and not that of the heart.

Robert Atterbury, by THOS. H. BRAINERD (Cassell Pub. Co.).—This book, by a woman, is another “sex” story. It appeared in *Munsey’s*—and perhaps no further criticism is needed. It is worthless as literature—and is only of value as another milestone in the race to invent sex difficulties. We trust the modern race will soon be run. Here the lovely but possibly lunatic Sara must not wed the consumptive Robert—and such maunderings, sighings, and “problems” which these two hapless creatures undergo are enough to send Robert to his consumptive’s grave and Sara to her lunatic asylum. They finally wed, but “live apart”—and as they are fond of children some friends considerately die and leave them a boy and a girl—so they are thus well fixed, it may be said. But such a time these creatures have! They happen to read the “Kreutzer Sonata,” and from that time all peace and calm disappear. Scripture is quoted, psalms and hymns appear on every page, Robert wears himself to skin and bone, and Sara grows desperate and tries to drown herself; her leap into the sea, however, proves only a pleasant and refreshing bath—she changes her mind, as all women have a right to do, and swims swiftly to the shore.

What impels a woman to write such a book? We must confess we can find no reason for it. Such “reasoning” as this adds little to the world’s knowledge: “Man’s body is his means of communication with the outside world, and with men and women. It is through physical powers that his soul finds expression. His eyes look the love and tenderness to which his tongue gives utterance” (p. 151), etc., etc., so on

page after page. Maundering rhapsodies, bursts of not song, but *hymns*, "Robert" finds, as it were, with a sudden surprise, that "his body is the temple of the Holy Ghost." He is "astounded by the thoughts that press on him," and maunders through meads of prose and rivulets of hymns, and so on to the end. Are our young people "afflicted" with these "problems," as a rule, nowadays? When we see them sitting beneath one sun-umbrella on the rocks of Mt. Desert—are they discussing the "awful" relation of man, God, and woman? (These semi-religious women's novels always are keenly aware of the third party's chaperonic presence in these confabs) or are they "just boy and girl together, in the sweet summer weather"? We hope that race problems do not really invade the happiness of that happiest time of youth and love, and that this ridiculous book is not a true picture of life even by the shores of the Western sea, "the far-rolling Pacific."

A Few Memories, by MARY ANDERSON (Harper & Brothers).—Madame de Navarro has given us a very charming book. "I have," she says, "as I am well aware, no literary skill, and assuredly do not wish for further publicity." She has shown the best of literary skill—simplicity; she has brought herself again into further publicity of the most delightful kind—indeed, by her book she raises an interesting question, whether she would not have done better with her life in the literary rather than the histrionic field? Her Parthenias, Juliettes, Galateas, Perditas, or Julias were not great creations—Mary Anderson was a beautiful Grecian—and is to-day, at thirty-seven, a magnificent woman, and her beauty rather than her art gave her the fame she attained. Her book shows her to be possessed of a fine, high, and singularly intrepid soul. She was an actress by will rather than by talent. She had the English grit (her father was an Oxford graduate) and the American push. But her heart was not in her work. She was glad to leave the stage. Her book breathes the delight of her present happy marriage. She casts no envious eye back at her splendid career. She writes as a woman pleasantly disenchanted, and finding in life and motherhood her truest happiness.

Those who remember her on the stage will thank

Mary Anderson for this last bow to her world-audience. There is a pathetic note through all that she says of the past popularity, the Irishmen who dragged her carriage, the flowers, the applause. Perhaps she never thrilled us old fogies quite as the glorious Adelaide Nielson did—she was always a little cold, a vestal virgin—but for ten years she was our stage star, and carried the traditions for us of Rachel, and Siddons, and Cushman. Since her day the stage has grown tame, and we see comedies of manners, and women whose dresses are Paris-made, and who are heroines of the drawing-room. Where are the crude passions? Hate, rage, despair, love, revenge? They are veiled, as in real life, behind dress and manners. Our heroes are extremely refined, our heroines ladies. The curtain rises to no ranting tirades, which formerly were so edifying. Acting is now not “acting,” but merely doing. As our civilization advances, our feelings are subdued. If we feel deeply, we do not express the feeling, except by silence. Nothing so marks the modern novel, for example, as the frequent “silences.” The old novels required tears on every page, or laughter or violent expressions. The heroine is either turning red or white, or fainting, or shrieking, or falling in a fit. To-day she turns away in “silence.” Her feeling is to be inferred.

So the day of tragic “queens” of the stage is over. “Our Mary” Anderson was about the last of them in America. We cannot imagine her in a Paris gown, playing *The 2d Mrs Tanqueray*! In saying good-by to her and her noble race, we are full of interest and curiosity as to the future of the stage. Will we continue to have mere studies of life, phases, episodes? What is the dynamic attractive force of Shakespeare—to hold as a model for all time? Will the stage go far away from Hamlet and Macbeth, or will it return to them?

The Damnation of Theron Ware, by HAROLD FREDERIC. (Stone & Kimball).—The hero of this novel, of 512 pp., is a commonplace young Methodist minister who comes to Octavius, N. Y., and settles over a pastorate with his wife Alice. Octavius is a small village containing some strange people; first and foremost,

Miss *Celia Madden*, a beautiful red-haired Irish girl, who is the daughter of the rich wagonmaker, and who lives at her father's house, but amid white marble balustrades, statuary, glowing pictures, fountains, silk hangings, etc., and sleeps on "an extravagantly oversized and sumptuous bed," beneath "white silks, white draperies of varying sorts, which shaped themselves into the canopy and trappings" (p. 300). Celia is the mistress of the fat, sleek, and "talented" Catholic priest of the village, Father Forbes. The third of a remarkable quartette is Dr. Ledsmar, the agnostic scientist. Celia is the Greek Hedonist, Father Forbes the liberal Epicurean, Mr. Ware the ignorant, groping, human fool, who is treated in a most shabby and unpleasant manner by one after the other of these village people until he is thrown into a fever, leaves the ministry, and goes to Seattle to begin life anew. Such is the plot.

Mr. Frederic again returns to his childhood home for the scenes of his last novel. It is a tradition among the protestants of these Mohawk-Valley towns that the priest usually keeps a mistress, and on this erroneous tradition he has, it seems to us, done a cruel wrong to the rural priesthood. The Roman Catholic priesthood, as a body, is sincere, pure, honoring its vows of celibacy, faithful, upright—as is the body of any Protestant denomination. There may be instances of hypocrisy and lewdness, but these are rare. The author's Father Forbes may exist in the Mohawk Valley somewhere—doubtless does—but he is not a type, and the Roman Catholic clergy will quickly denounce such a character as a fair type of the modern priest—so profoundly skeptical, so deeply hypocritical, such an epitome of lust. The inference that all priests are secretly living in concupiscence is utterly false. Celia is quite impossible and destroys all semblance of realism in the picture if it is intended to be true to life. Her father and mother were born in the bogs of Ireland. She poses as a red-haired Hypatia, with her "astonishing Greek magnificence." She would be ridiculous were it not that the author makes her vilely contemptible. She breaks the fool's heart without compunction, without joy, without triumph. She is but a vulgar quæen, as Dr. Ledsmar says; and Theron Ware is really much too good for her, after all.

Theron gradually degenerates until he "comes to look again" at Irish country girls swinging in high swings and showing their fat legs. He then leaves his poor uncomplaining wife, to run off with Celia, who has come to New York on a three-day junket with the priest, and who calls him a bore, and so abruptly fires him.

The whole book is distressingly unpleasant—as if the author set out to be disagreeable, and saw the cleanly rural people only through a glass darkly. The two "Debt Raisers"—the Soulsbys—hypocrites—former criminals, now "reformed for the money that's in it"—has any one ever compressed such creatures into a novel? One may say that in striving after originality the author has fallen into the slough of the most obstinate vulgarity. The book is sodden, dull, containing not one character of real interest, a gray dispiriting picture of the Mohawk towns which they will be the first to reprobate. As far as we know the beautiful valley, the novel should be marked libel! Nor is Mr. Frederic a fair critic of rural religious life. He does not seem to fathom the meaning of the word religion; to him it is synonymous with hypocrisy. He would have us believe that true faith is dead, that the church is now useless except as a cloak for misdeeds. In striving to get at the truth the author has gone too far—he has not seen the spirit beneath the crude rural life. The joyousness of the Roman Catholic religion is continually contrasted with the gloom and the hell-fire of the Methodists. The Catholic picnic gives beer and the Irish get drunk at it. The Methodists sing long interminable psalms and hymns. But as a study of religion in country life the author is not very happy, because he is not in sympathy, is ignorant of its meaning, and looks upon it all much as Dr. Ledsmar does—as a poor sort of folly. To read this book after Meredith is like going into outer darkness, where the absence of the spiritual is so keenly felt that we can only feel pity for the benighted author. Not one gleam of the spirit—the soul. Not one ray of hope—rather the fetid atmosphere, say, of the billiard-room of the Octavius hotel, where debauched leery-eyed loafers may meet and exchange loathsome stories—surely this is not our rural life! Yet the book is well written and shows honest, hard work. It cannot be quickly

tossed aside. It speaks of fresh fields and new characters in fiction, but we do not enjoy the pessimistic treatment nor the rural life filled with diseased rot—while fair outside. The book is not wholesome—it is not true.

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BOOKS RECEIVED.

- The Mighty Atom*, MARIE CORELLI. (Lippincotts.)
The Sorrows of Satan, MARIE CORELLI. (Lippincotts.)
Barabbas, MARIE CORELLI. (Lippincotts.)
Cameos, MARIE CORELLI. (Lippincotts.)
On Parody, by A. S. MARTIN. (Henry Holt & Co.)
In India. Translated from the French of A. CHEVRILLON, by WM. MARCHANT. (Holt & Co.)
A King and a Few Dukes, by ROBT. W. CHAMBERS. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)
Robert Atterbury, THOS. BRAINERD (Mrs. JOHN R. JARBOE). (The Cassell Publishing Company.)
The Massacre of the Innocents, etc. Translated from Belgian writers, by E. W. RINDER. (Stone & Kimball.)

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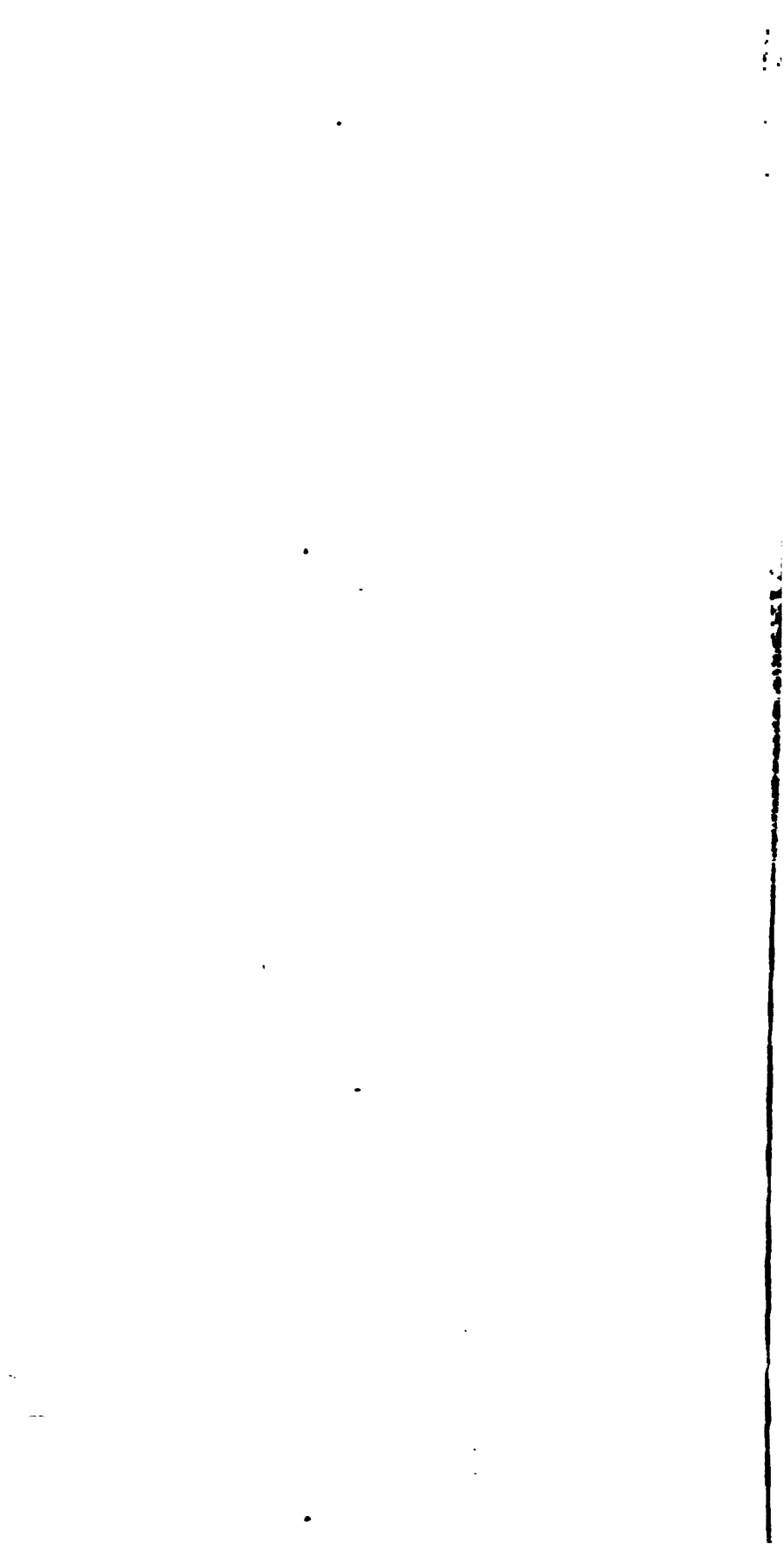
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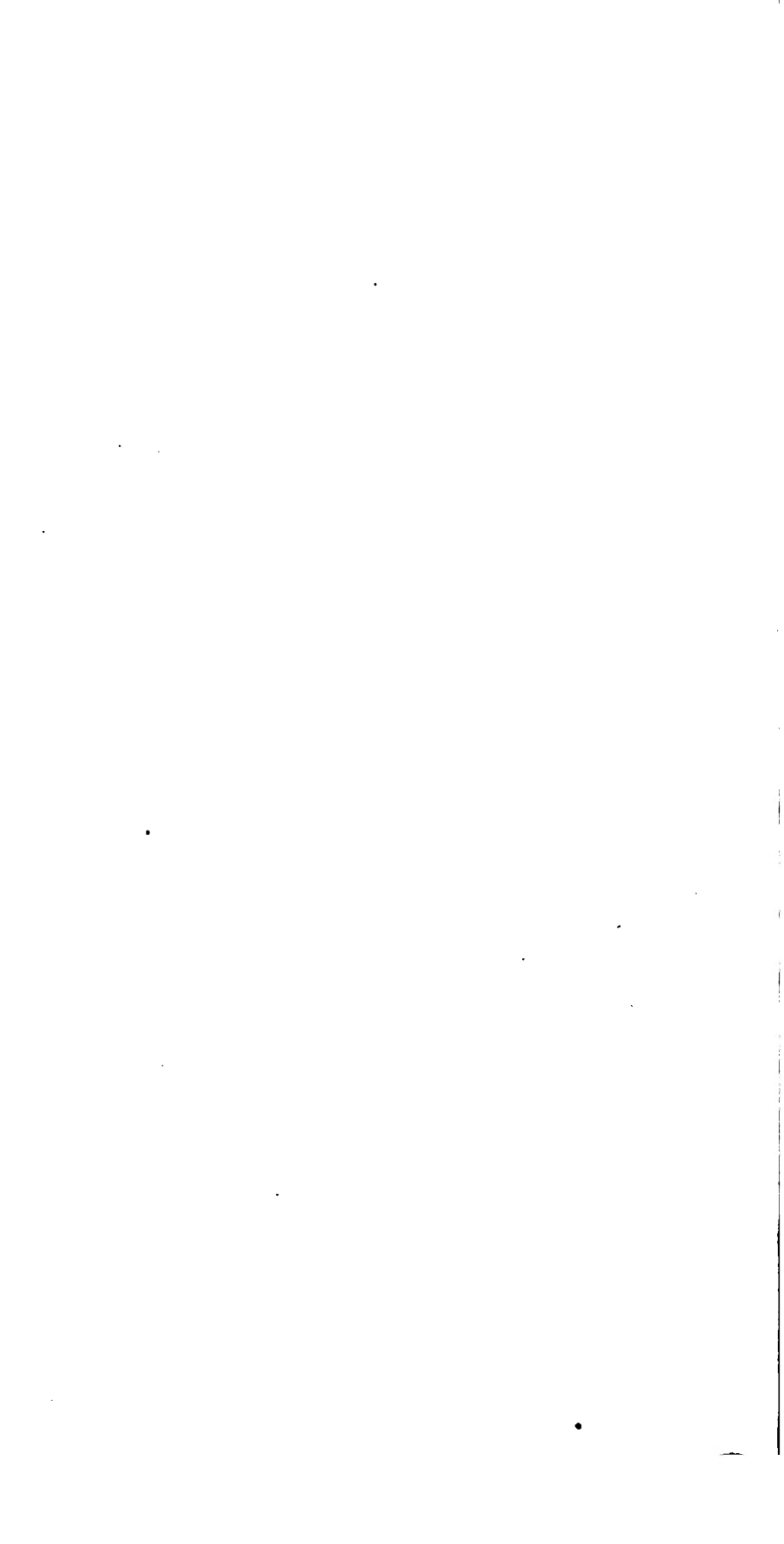
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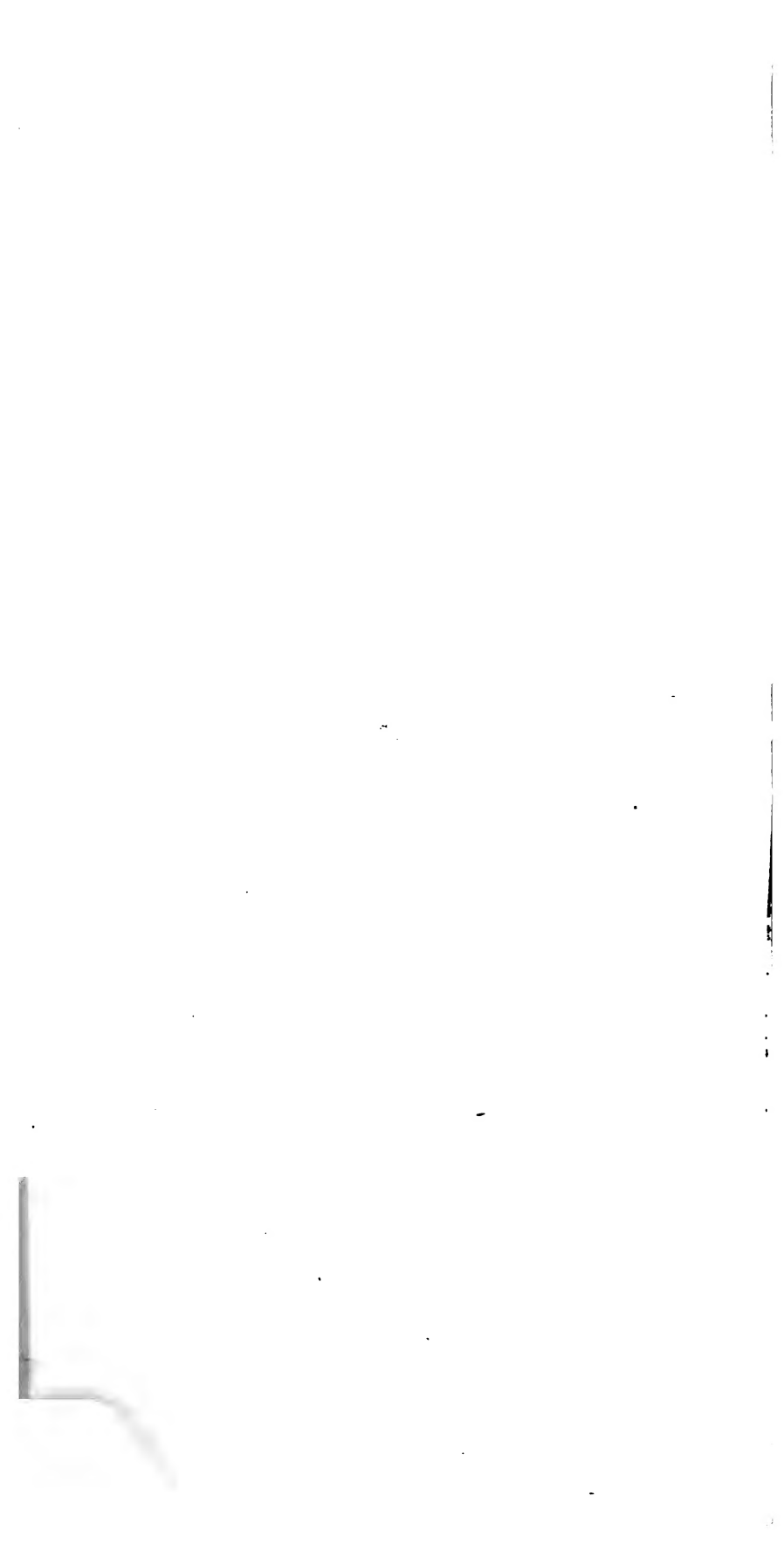
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